

The Buckeye Country

BOOKS BY HARLAN HATCHER

The Buckeye Country: A Pageant of Ohio
Tunnel Hill
Patterns of Wolfpen
Central Standard Time
Creating the Modern American Novel
The Versification of Robert Browning



RM SCENE NEAR WADSWORTH

By Ewing Galloway, N

The Buckeye Country

A PAGEANT OF OHIO

By HARLAN HATCHER



ILLUSTRATED

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This book is for
EMERSON AND JANE
and all that young generation
who are inheriting Ohio.

Acknowledgment

A book like this one has three principal sources, not counting the interest, imagination, and bold invitation of H. C. Kinsey; and the enduring sympathy under oppressive circumstances of D. H., my favorite Ohioan. The first is personal observation, travel, and family tradition, including the journals and records left me by my father and grandfather. The second is the great and growing library of books about Ohio; I have set down in a bibliography the most helpful of these, and I hereby record my debt to and admiration for the labors of generations of men and women who have helped to preserve and to interpret the record of our Commonwealth.

The third is the many happy hours in conversation with friends about the State, and the generous help given me by them from their expert knowledge and love of Ohio. At the top of that long list are the learned and devoted men at the head of our prize Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, its unrivaled library of Ohio material, and its entrancing museum covering every phase of Ohio life. Henry C. Shetrone, Director, Harlow Lindley, Librarian, and William D. Overman, Curator of History, have often instructed me about Ohio, and have been gracious in making their vast resources available to an interested citizen.

The libraries and museums and their staffs in Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Columbus, and Dayton have been help-

ful to me. Paul A. T. Noon, our State Librarian, and his energetic staff, and the Ohioana Library under the leadership of Mrs. Myers Y. Cooper, have served me greatly, as they do all their patrons. I am much in the debt of Harry Graff and his inspired co-workers on the Ohio Writers' Project which he directs with vision to the enrichment of this State; and to my colleague William H. Hildreth who seems to know nearly everything about Ohio, and who read and contributed to portions of this manuscript.

For their conscious and unconscious help in the making of this book I have also to thank:

Philip R. Adams	Robert Price
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Emerson Hansel	George W. Rightmire
Howard H. Hatcher	Christopher E. Sherman
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Francis P. Weisenburger	

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God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all.

—*Rudyard Kipling*

Grandfathers

AMONG THE MANY EARLY WESTERN TRAVELERS WHO WENT down the Ohio from Pittsburgh by boat was the genteel and discriminating Fortescue Cuming. He left Pittsburgh on July 18, 1807, "in a batteau, or flat bottomed skiff, twenty feet long, very light, and the stern sheets roofed with very thin boards, high enough to sit under with ease, and long enough to shelter us when extended on the benches for repose, should we be benighted occasionally on the river, with a side curtain of tow cloth as a screen from either the sun or the night air. We had a pair of short oars, or rather long paddles, for one person to work both, and a broad paddle to steer with; and a mast, and a lug or square sail to set when the wind should favor us; we had a good stock of cold provisions and liquors." In this luxurious conveyance, and with the river "neither flooded, nor very low" but just right for pleasant navigating, he proceeded down stream with eyes wide open, ears alert, and journal at hand to describe what he saw—and he even counted the number of houses in the towns and noted whether they were of stone, brick, log, or clapboard.

When Cuming rounded the great bend at the most southerly tip of Ohio, now the village of South Point, he drifted

with the three-mile-an-hour current over near the mouth of the Big Sandy (he called it Great Sandy) which separated Virginia from Kentucky. It was 12:30 P.M. of Monday, July 27, 1807, and Cuming was sitting under his neat awning sheltered from the rain that was falling. He was looking at two large houses, "one of logs and the other framed and clapboarded with a sign post before the door—probably the scite of some future town"—now the town of Catlettsburg. An hour later he noted two small creeks opposite each other, "and a good brick house building at the mouth of that on the left," that is, on the Kentucky shore. This moment in Cuming's journey has especial interest for me. The current of the Ohio River still hugs the Kentucky bank at this point, Cuming was under his tent, his attention was fixed on the new brick house, and he failed to look closely at the mouth of that creek which he had noted on the Ohio side. If he had, he would have seen a grove of locust, buckeye, walnut, and chestnut trees below a seventy-foot cliff of yellow sandstone, and in that grove on the high west bank of the creek above the lower bottom-land a big, comfortable log house. If he had stopped to rest and talk, as he so often did, he would have met my great-great-grandfather who had come to this spot from Virginia just four years earlier. Or as Fortescue Cuming would have said, "Farley Hatcher is four years from the county of Bedford in Virginia, from whence he came with his family to farm and grow apples and grapes on a fine level, or bottom, as the language of the country calls all the flats between the hills and the banks of the river."

And if it had not been raining, and if a fat and sullen Kentuckian of "boorish gluttony" hadn't soured his day

with an insult by handing him breakfast outside instead of permitting him "to enter the eating room" where the family were at table "loaded with viands," he might have observed, a few miles farther down the river at the mouth of Panther Run, another log house with a "wood chopper shanty" as a work shop nearby. There lived my great-great-grandfather Melvin, a cooper and surveyor from Vermont. He made kegs, barrels, cedar buckets and tubs in the shanty which had been his first house in 1804. He sold them far and wide, and supplied many of the French families at French Grant down the river. Even in my day, some of the old Lawrence County families still had a few cedar buckets and small kegs made by this artisan. And I well remember a soft April afternoon in 1913, after the devastating flood had gone down and left the graceful Ohio looking guilty and shrunken, when my grandfather and I crossed the river from Kentucky where we were then living, to see what damage had been done the old home place. It was high and safe. My grandfather then took me down the old river road, up along the hill underneath the sandstone precipices overlooking miles of river and the city of Ashland, Kentucky, and showed me the cedar stumps, as large as a man's body, cut by Jonathan Melvin for his cooperage shop in 1804 and 1805. And as we tramped about the place, my grandfather told me again the story of his grandmother Melvin, and the first night they had spent here in April, 1804.

Jonathan Melvin of Cambridge, Lamoille County, Vermont, came to Ohio shortly after the Treaty of Greenville in 1795, walking most of the way, to join his brother-in-law

Levi Whipple, Deputy Surveyor General of the Northwest Territory, to assist in making the surveys of townships and sections from the Ohio River north to the Greenville Treaty line from Pennsylvania to the Big Scioto River. With him were several other robust and healthy young men who wanted to see the western country. They passed close to the windward side of a small village in western New York where the citizens were burning infected bed clothing and cleaning up generally after a terrible scourge of smallpox. In my grandfather's words, "Jonathan Melvin, being fair and tender skinned, in about nine days afterward took smallpox, and had to stop travel and to be cared for until he was able to pursue his journey to Marietta, Ohio, where Mr. Whipple, and the balance of his party had a few weeks previous taken transportation down the Ohio River, supposedly on an improvised log raft, to begin their work where the town of Procterville now stands on the range line between ranges fifteen and sixteen."

Jonathan spent several days diligently searching out this surveying party but could find no trace of them. He went back to Marietta short of funds after his illness and, encouraged by General Putnam, set up there at his trade of cooper. He expected to go home to Vermont, but during the year he fell in love with Nancy Ann Broom, a Hessian maiden whose folks had come to Marietta from Maryland. They were married in 1798, just a hundred years before I was born. My great-grandmother Sarah Melvin was born in Marietta, May 6, 1802. In the spring of 1803, Jonathan found his trade inactive, and determined to go to Fort Washington (Cincinnati) which, he was told, was a very prospec-

tive place for a cooper. He went by pirogue with his wife, two children, Nathan and Sarah, and a big white mastiff bitch. But Fort Washington was an unhealthy place where newcomers were afflicted with chills and fevers, and after a most unpleasant year, Jonathan concluded to return to Marietta.

I have sat often enough on a summer day on the banks of the Ohio River trying to imagine the kind of man Jonathan Melvin, cooper and surveyor, was, and what visions or what hopes buzzed in his head as he looped one end of a long rope over his shoulder and trudged along the bank in the wet sand under the willow trees, the big white bitch at his heels, "cordelling," as they said, his pirogue upstream, loaded with his tools and a few goods, the two babies under Nancy Broom Melvin's Hessian eye as she sat in the bow with a long pole keeping the skiff out from the shore, and watching for rocks and sunken logs that always waited to smash in the bottom or overturn an unsuspecting pirogue. I don't know what, if anything, was in his head, but he pulled that boat twelve miles each day through the April sun and the cold April rains, up the river from Fort Washington, until he arrived at nightfall, wet to the skin, at the mouth of Panther Branch opposite the present city of Ashland. There, where I stood with my grandfather after the flood, he made an "open-face" camp on the second, or low bank, built a fire and hung their wet clothing to dry.

Baby Sarah, who was still nursing, fretted and cried, and her weary mother scolded her and told her if she didn't hush the "painters" would come and get her. That part of the story made a lasting impression on her mother and all the succeeding generations, because a panther did come and

get baby Sarah, and thereby altered the lives of two families. The baby lay by her mother next to the fire, Jonathan and Nathan on the other side of them, the dog nearby. Worn out with hard travel, they fell asleep. About midnight, when the fire had burned low and was covered with ashes, a panther stole quietly in and caught Sarah, sinking its lower teeth into the top of her right shoulder and its two upper teeth just below the crown of her head; but in closing its mouth, the teeth being very curved did not penetrate the skull but tore the scalp several inches when it jerked the child from her mother's side.

Again in my grandfather's words: "Grandmother awoke and screamed, and as everything was in commotion in a second's time the panther aimed to turn round with mother in his mouth and struck her against the barrel by the fire. At the same moment the white female dog grabbed it behind and it had to leave the child and attend to the dog, and by this time Grandfather had the fire stirred up and the panther had given the large female dog a slap with his paw sending her a summersault; but the sight of the fire scared it and it jumped up a small sapling nearby. Grandfather got a chunk with fire on it and threw it up the tree and the panther jumped off; as it alighted on the ground, the dog closed in with it again, but with a stroke or two of its paws it had sent the dog several summersaults away. Then the panther ran up on the river bank and on the ledge of rocks immediately above where my house now stands. It made such yells and vicious growls that Grandfather and Grandmother thought the woods and rocks around there might be full of them. And as they had no gun with them they thought best to get away from there. So they put their things

back in the pirogue and floated down to what is known along the river as Ferguson's Bar, two miles below Hanging Rock where they had seen a new hewed log house as they had passed up, which proved to belong to Mr. Luke Kelly, arriving there about daylight."

Here Jonathan met Colonel Poage who was developing bottom-land across the river with the help of several Negro slaves and many hired hands. Colonel Poage urged him to stay in the vicinity for a while at least, and practise his trade; and when he heard what had happened that night, he generously sent two of his best Negro men to help him erect what is known in our furnace region as a good "wood-chopper shanty." With two trained mastiff dogs, two-ounce-ball deer guns, and axes they went back to Panther Run to build the cabin. At sundown the Negroes, being experienced hunters, took their guns and trained dogs cautiously along the animal path up the branch to a point, as my grandfather would exactly specify in his surveyor's manner, "just before where the present county road begins to ascend up to the low gap, where they could see over a low point close to them some distance up the hill. There they discovered the panther coming waddling along toward them." The panther jumped up a tree at the foot of the hill, climbed to a big limb about thirty feet from the ground, and perched there with his rump against the tree and his eyes on the men. The Negroes got in range and fired on signal together, both bullets going into the panther's head. He fell among the dogs and lacerated both of them before his muscles relaxed and he died. The Negroes tied his feet together, placed a pole between his legs, and carried him to camp on their shoulders. When

they placed him "in a natural position for a dead animal" he measured eleven feet from tip to tip.

3

So Jonathan settled in Lawrence County, and the following year built the house which Cuming did not see. He raised his family there, and in 1824, Charles Hatcher, youngest son of Farley, came down and married Sarah. She was adored by her children and grandchildren who loved to sit on her lap, and to part her beautiful hair along the scars as she told them of her first night in their Ohio home. It was my father who, as a little boy, asked her if it had killed her. When she died in that place on July 4, 1891, the marks made by the panther's teeth eighty-seven years before showed on her right shoulder and the right side of the crown of her head as plainly as the fingers on the hand.

Cuming would doubtless have heard that story if he had stopped that July day of 1807, but then he might have been bored by it, as he often was by the talk of the early settlers. But, knowing both families as I do, I am sure that Cuming would not have had cause among them to lament as he did, "that wherever we have stopped on the banks of the river, we have rarely experienced hospitality, which might be expected to prevail amongst people so remote from polished society." In fact, just nine years later almost to the day young Dr. Mercer took the same journey by boat, stayed all night with my great-great-grandfather's friend Catlett at the mouth of the Big Sandy, and entered in his recently published diary that is filled with complaints against bed, board, and disobliging landlords along the river this glowing tribute: *Friday, August 24, 1816, "Stopped at an excellent*

house kept by Catlett, where we remained during the night. Contrasted with the filth and misery of the places at which we have heretofore been obliged to put up, the cleanliness and comfort of this tavern delighted us." And he expands on "The appearance of the country at this place; the courteous and obliging disposition of the people, and our excellent fare, inspired us with a favorable opinion of the state of Kentucky and its inhabitants, as well as with a hope that our accommodations on the river would now improve——" But Fortescue Cuming passed the families by, and they went on farming, gardening, fruit growing, and making articles from wood, and later, making pottery, iron, and lumber, teaching school, and surveying as the State of Ohio grew great.

And that is the way hundreds of Ohio families made homes and fashioned a Commonwealth in the Buckeye Country.

II

The Lay of the Land

I

OHIO IS A WELL-FAVORED AND COMFORTABLY SIZED STATE, neither too big nor too little. Only thirteen states are smaller. The Western Reserve in northeastern Ohio is about the size of New Jersey, and the ancient swamp lands in the northwest, now drained and richly farmed, were once as large as Connecticut. On the other hand, Texas would hold six Ohios and still have room for the Western Reserve and the Maumee Valley. If you are pressed for time (you shouldn't hurry through Ohio, but of course you do) you can drive across the State from east to west or from north to south over any of the dozen big, and, alas, somewhat cluttered, U. S. highways in four hours or so. You may start from the Ohio State University on the banks of the Olentangy in Columbus, and reach even the most remote of the four corners of the State in about three hours. You would, of course, miss the few charming side roads as yet unspoiled by our ambitious Highway Department, where you can idle at leisure, and sometimes even walk for a mile under trees along a creek bank.

If you should elect to fly across our State, as more people are doing every year, you would go from the Pennsylvania to the Indiana line, over the air lane above the National

Road, in just one hour and thirty minutes flying time. The historic pike below in the sunlight looks like an endless wheat straw lying across green meadows carved into a checkerboard pattern of farms and villages and clumps of wood-lots; the few small lakes and ponds and creeks are silver coins and spun threads in the fields; and the railroad tracks are spider webs linking the cities and the towns.

Ohio is not widely thought of as a tourist resort, but rather as a thickly settled industrial state exceeded in population only by New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois; and yet a lot of people do come here—or go through. The U. S. Travel Bureau puts it all down in cold statistical form to show that Ohio ranks fourth among all the states in tourist spending “for recreational purposes” (\$295,738,644 in 1938), and is exceeded only by New York, Pennsylvania, and California. Of course the scenery alone could hardly lure so many people to spend that much money as a pleasurable end in itself. A geographical necessity lies behind it. If you come from the West to the East or if you go from the East to the West, you almost have to cross Ohio. Most of the roaring big cross-country routes, pushed together by the Allegheny mountain passes, and by the Ohio River on the south and Lake Erie on the north, converge in Ohio and then fan out from Boston to Richmond, and from Seattle to San Diego. It is hard to avoid Ohio. It is the crossroads of the nation, a few hours from New York and Chicago by highway, a few minutes by the air lanes. Its natural geographical position on the continent and the lay of the land within its boundaries have strongly influenced its development and its history.

The natural beauty of Ohio, though not so sublime or sentimentalized as Vermont's or New Hampshire's, has a simplicity and intimacy all its own, and a few Ohioans have always been powerfully moved by it and bitterly jealous of its spoliation. All the early white men who saw it, from the legendary visit of La Salle to George Washington and his shrewd land agents, praised the extraordinary beauty of this land. It must have been a sight for the winged angels in the days when its vast forests undulated with the gentle contours of the land from Fort Pitt to the Great Miami, broken by broad savannahs like the Pickaway Plains and the plains of Upper Sandusky, veined by its dozen large rivers with the melodious Indian names, Maumee, Walhonding, Muskingum, Miami, and a thousand streams flowing from the divide northward into Lake Erie or southward into the beautiful river, and teeming with wild life and even with flocks of gay green paroquets which were still seen in great numbers in the Ohio Valley a century ago.

Sherwood Anderson, who was made dreamy and visionary and was nearly ruined by the beauties of the Ohio countryside, grieved satirically over the wreckage of the land by the hard-working New Englanders in his famous piece, *Ohio: I'll Say We've Done Well*. It was a hard and expensive job to make Ohio ugly, he said, because there was an unbelievably great opportunity to make it one of the lovely spots of the world. But by the time the ambitious citizens got through ripping up the Cincinnati hills, that had enraptured all visitors and made the poets liken them to the breasts of reclining goddesses; had made the incomparably fine situations of Youngstown, Akron, Cleveland, and Toledo as ugly, as noisy, as dirty and as mean in civic spirit

as any American industrial cities anywhere; and made the lake shore of Cleveland rival the Cincinnati river front in unsightliness and slums—when, by hard work and materialism, Ohioans had accomplished this difficult feat, they could lift their heads and be proud of their good, up-and-coming, Middle-Western American State. To be sure the job isn't done yet, Anderson added, because there are lots of places where you can still see green hills, and every once in a while a citizen of a city like Cleveland gets a glimpse of the lake—but things are getting better, we can't do everything at once, and in time we will shut off the view, and workmen may walk home past the finest cinder piles and tin can dumps without paying a penny. And, he prophesied, if all the old New England stock isn't dead, the farmers and dwellers in small towns should be able to modernize and knock dreaminess and appreciation of natural beauty galley-west. "And so, as far as I can see, what I say is, Ohio is O. K."

Anderson wrote that in 1922, in the Main Street, Babbitt days of sharp self-criticism after the war. What he said was true. Fortunately in the last two decades a change has come over the State; it is beautifying itself and it is taking the risk of restoring some of its ancient loveliness. The Cincinnati hills have covered many of their scars, and from her arbored, dead-end streets, from her new boulevards, and from her parks high over the Basin, the views of the city, the sweep of the river, and the green bottom-lands and hills are dream-begetting enough to please Anderson. The lake front at Cleveland now has the Mall, and some new Federal Housing groups, the rubbish is being cleared away from the east shore, and both here and in Youngstown the workman

going home at night already misses the ash and tin can dumps. One of these days he will see Mill Creek and the Lake. And all over the State, parks are being developed, trees are being set along the barren yellow shoulders of new highways where the old trees and hedges have been slaughtered, and there are now magnificent stretches along the Muskingum where for a full mile no signboard, hot-dog stand, or gaudy filling station spoils the countryside from which the Indians once watched the ominous infiltration, and heard the axes, of Revolutionary War veterans.

The abandoned canals, long unsightly wreckage, or squatting grounds for shantymen and Negro fishermen, are being converted into roads, or improved for boating, and playgrounds, with room along the old tow paths for those who haven't forgotten the art of walking. The great highway along Lake Erie now affords more uninterrupted views of the blue water, with the long awkward freighters drifting under their plumes of smoke, than any eastern seashore route with the exception of the winding outer road, 1A, between Portsmouth and Newburyport. Gallipolis, New Richmond, and a few other Ohio river towns have their public squares or esplanades on the water front in Continental fashion, and on soft summer afternoons and evenings harder heads than Anderson's can be set to dreaming there as the cardinals call, the breeze starts up, and a lone steamer with its red and green lamps bright against the dark Kentucky hills comes slowly round the bend. This is only a small beginning after a century and a half of exploitation, but it is a good start. Yes, what I say is, Ohio is O. K.



GLACIAL GROOVES
TWO FEET DEEP
LEY'S ISLAND
*Below SERPENT MO
BLUFF ABOVE BRUS.*

From Ohio St.





From Ohio State

PREHISTORIC WORKS AT MARIETTA AS FIRST SETTLERS FOUND THEM



2

Ohio, nearly surrounded on three sides by navigable water, is not only strategically located in the nation, but its own configurations, its natural richness, and the lay of its land invited and held in residence for some fifteen hundred years or more mound builders, Indians, and whites who fought successively for its possession. It is a pleasant land, interesting, varied, and homelike. For many of its best points we have to thank the glaciers that visited Ohio, some say as late as eight thousand years ago, others thirty thousand; but years in geology are like billions in the public debt, hard for the Ohio farmers to get a picture of. The friendly glaciers, that once covered two-thirds of the State, left their footprints and baggage strewn boldly all over the landscape when they withdrew to Greenland. These glaciers more than paid their way. They left Lake Erie for our northern boundary, and the contours of its successive beaches, three marked ones, each with its local name, may be noted in the Maumee and lake counties around Toledo and east to Cleveland. The principal one, about five miles inland, and running past Elyria, Milan, Bellevue, is almost level throughout its course, and carries the highway on its shoulder much of the way. The glaciers also gave our farmers their first bonus by leveling off farmlands and grinding up enough good soil to make Ohio one of the great timber regions and agricultural states of the world. They did not, of course, disturb the basic rock structures, which are also among the rich and easily accessible veins of the country, as are the clay, coal, oil, and gas under its fields and pasture lands. A beautiful collection of Ohio's varied rocks and minerals is on

display in the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society Museum in Columbus.

These strata were laid down at immense leisure by the warm salt sea that covered Ohio before the world grew cold and the ice came. All along the gorge cut through the limestone by the Scioto River north of Columbus you may see in the solid stones the colorful corals, the plates, teeth and bones of ancient fishes, and other remainders of those far-off millenniums when Ohio was being fashioned in the quiet beneath the sea. The flat ledge on which the immobile Negro sits watchfully over his fishing pole in the long afternoons is decorated with sea lilies, and the flat gray stone walls heaped up by farmers in this region were laid down atom by atom in that shifting sea.

The glaciers merely covered over this solid foundation of Ohio, and made rivers to carve through the rocks and the drifts so that we might not miss the eloquent record of the days before our minute upon the land. In some places they left behind drifts five hundred feet deep. The terminal moraine is rather clearly marked by a curving line that enters Ohio just south of Youngstown and roughly follows the present towns of Salem, Canton, Millersburg, Danville, Newark, Lancaster, Chillicothe, Bainbridge, Winchester, and Georgetown. The great Ohio watershed, about which we shall speak a few pages ahead, is formed, in the western part of the State, by vast piles of this glacial drift. The rivers that cut through to the south carried with them in those super-flood times of melting ice enormous tonnage of this glacial debris which they deposited in those striking series of terraces that catch the eye along the main streams—particularly the Tuscarawas River near New Comerstown,

Killbuck Creek near Millersburg, the Licking River near Newark, the Hocking at Lancaster, Paint Creek near Bainbridge, and all along the Scioto and the Big and Little Miamis and at their entrance into the Ohio. The railroads in their boom days gouged these vast pits for ballast for their tracks, and now the highway trucks haul away gravel by the millions of square yards for building roads.

Those gravel pits have told many a stirring tale as Ohioans have robbed them. For they have held undisturbed for thousands of years the loot brought into the State from Canada by the glaciers. This has included bits of precious metal, a few implements chipped by ice-age man, skeletons of mastodons (one of which, a perfect specimen found in Bucyrus in 1838, was acquired by Barnum for his museum) and in the Tuscarawas banks, where the deposits are quite deep, quantities of red-cedar logs, long since extinct, so well kept in their hiding place under the earth that they could be made into household articles—and that is almost as romantic as the Pharaohs' grains of wheat recovered from the tombs and sprouted in our time.

The glaciers also plowed, gouged, carved, and polished those amazing parallel furrows from a few inches to two feet in depth in the solid rock that people go to see on Kelley's Island off Sandusky, that are overlaid in other parts of Ohio but come to light down in Highland and in Butler Counties and show vividly the direction the glaciers traveled. And on the journey down, they brought those nigger heads and granite boulders that lie in the gravel pits and on the surface of the land. One massive and well shaped specimen nearly four feet square was brought down from the Lawrencian region to my neighbor's front yard to serve

as a number plate for his house. Yes, the glaciers were friendly to Ohio.

The most dramatic feature of the lay of our land, formed in large part by the glaciers, is the divide, or watershed, that runs west by south across the State roughly paralleling the Lake Erie shore about thirty miles away. Hiram, Ravenna, Akron, Medina, Ashland, Mansfield, Marion, Bellefontaine, and New Bremen all lie directly on or near this ridge which separates the State into two drainage basins—Lake Erie and the Ohio River. Around Akron and Bellefontaine it is prominent and rugged. The highest point in Ohio, claimed for Yellow Springs by the orators who inducted Horace Mann as President of Antioch College, is just east of Bellefontaine and has an elevation of 1550 feet. The divide is so flat above Marion that the Scioto and Sandusky headwaters almost meet. In truth they did meet in the super-flood of 1913, and the water stood there like a pond trying to decide whether to flow north harmlessly to the lake or join the excitement of flood in the Scioto and Ohio valleys.

The ridge, over which blow the coldest winds with sleet and snow in winter, makes this section of Ohio more interesting to the eye. In fact the Akron-Mansfield region, and the hills and caverns around Logan County are worth a tourist's hour. The ridge has also served the poets and romancers, and even the politicians, for a single ridge-pole of a chicken coop may part the waters for the south from those of the north. The most celebrated spot along the three-hundred-mile divide is a barn on the Craig farm at an elevation of 1265 feet a few miles west of Mansfield between the Palmer Springs head of the Sandusky River, and the

pond whence arises the Mohican branch of the Muskingum River. In the Victorian eloquence of Ohio's Garfield, "a little bird standing on the ridge of that barn, can by the flutter of its tiny wings cast a drop of rain into the Gulf of St. Lawrence or the Gulf of Mexico." In later years, since Ohio emerged as a pivotal state in national elections, this observation has taken on a political twist; for the flutter of an Ohio ballot may decide the destiny of the Republic.

This watershed has subtly affected the course of events in Ohio. It is not very wide, as Garfield's figure indicates, but from it flow north or south the historic rivers of our State. The terrain, as we have noted, is comparatively flat, and although we divide it formally into the unglaciated eastern and southeastern section called the Allegheny plateau, the fat farming area of the central plains which covers the glaciated region, and the lake plains where Lake Erie has left its terraces and its flats, there is in general very little difference in elevation, and no important physical barriers to sectionalize the State as there are in Kentucky, for example, or Pennsylvania, or pre-civil war Virginia. In fact Ohio is so thick with rivers, creeks and streams that in ancient times its heavy stand of forest trees was made infinitely accessible along these waterways. And three pairs of the larger rivers made a quick canoe road for the Indians across the State from north to south.

It is still a pleasant experience to follow these ancient routes: The Muskingum-Tuscarawas from the Ohio to the Portage Lakes at Akron, then a seven mile or an hour and forty-seven minute portage over the gap in the divide (now an Akron street) to the deep gorge where the Cuyahoga River, curving down from the north, hits the wall of the

watershed and turns north again some thirty miles to Lake Erie at Cleveland. The second route, famous and bloody, came up through central Ohio along the Scioto River from the old Shawnee town on the Ohio River at Portsmouth, winding through two-mile wide bottoms between the green hills, past the ancient mound-builder and Indian towns at Chillicothe and Circleville to Columbus, and on to the divide above Marion near Upper Sandusky; then, another short and easy portage over a gap in the watershed and down the Sandusky River to the fishing banks on the lake and the bay. The third route paralleling these far over in the west, where the land-loving Twightwees farmed and hunted, was the Great Miami River over which went processions of canoes from Kentucky, past the dangerous confluence of the Mad and the Stillwater, now the site of Dayton, past the celebrated Indian village at Picawillany, now Piqua, and on to the watershed and the easy portage over the gap to the Auglaize-Maumee, on the estuary of which is now Toledo, then Lake Erie, Canada, and the Northwest. These natural roads across Ohio became the pathways for the *coureurs de bois*, the trappers and traders, the soldiers and settlers, for early turnpikes, canals, railroads, and arterial highways.

Although these rivers were serviceable for canoes paddled by trained Indians, and in spring and autumn flood they easily carried out small flatboats and pirogues, they were not deep or constant enough to bear profitable shipping. Of all the rivers flowing southward into the broad Ohio, only the Muskingum is navigable. During the canal age it was improved for a hundred miles at great expense by a system of locks, dams, and short lateral canals, and goods of all sorts were transported over it from Dresden to Mari-

etta. Even this trickle has dwindled with the years and the triumph of the motor roads; and today if you drive down the scenic highway through this beautiful valley you may see only one small launch on the whole watercourse. The rivers flowing north are extremely shallow except for a short distance at their mouths where Lake Erie forms estuaries in the Ashtabula, Grand, Cuyahoga, Black, Vermilion, Huron, Sandusky, and the long, wide Maumee at Toledo, providing the port cities with fine harbors for the great lake boats. Although the rivers themselves were useless to the white men as shipping lanes, their flat valleys banding the State in several places were built to order for the thousand miles of canals that were actually dug, and other projected sections that got benighted in the advance of the railroads and were never finished. Modern highways now follow these routes. But these ancient waterways, though now largely abandoned as anything more than a flood menace to be controlled, still show clearly how they dictated the location of important Ohio towns like Marietta, Coshocton, Youngstown, Portsmouth, Chillicothe, Circleville, Sandusky, Cleveland, Toledo, Piqua, Maumee, and Cincinnati.

Between these rivers and their ancient villages, winding along creek beds and through the heavy forests, was a maze of overland trails, a half-concealed network of intercommunication that bound the entire wilderness together as tightly as the modern highway system. During the Revolution, Colonel William Crawford commenced his advance in May, 1782, from Mingo Bottom toward Sandusky with every safeguard of secrecy, but the news spread over these Indian trails with such mysterious speed that, although his men made good time over the 175 miles of wilderness, the

braves were all apprised of his coming well beforehand. Accessibility then as now was the outstanding feature of Ohio's geography.

Take a long look at a highway map of the State, spot on it the important towns and cities, then shut your eyes and let those far-off days of trees and grass, of rivers and trails, of wild game and Indian hunters, erase the farms, the industrial towns, the railroads, and highways of today, and dramatically in your mind's eye you may see how the hand of the white man, by a gradual transformation of this land, has written his own story over the faded traces of earlier men, their ways, and their dwelling places.

Almost Forgotten Men

I

THIS IS THE LAY OF OUR HOME-SIZED, INFINITELY ACCESSIBLE and diversified land that men have fought for through twenty centuries or more. The weapons and the warriors change but the fight goes on. Many people, I find, think of Ohio as the east of the middle-west with only a recent history; but as a matter of fact the psychological middle-west begins at the Maumee and the Great Miami, Ohio's history among the colonies is in its way as old as that of Vermont or western New York, and its prehistoric record extends back no man knows into what dim age. We had a long frontier history before we became a state in 1803, only eight years after Vermont; and all the great European wars of the eighteenth century whose issues arose far from our isolated shores had instantaneous repercussions in the Ohio wilderness from the Muskingum to the Maumee. In the light of twentieth-century hopes for isolation, there is something ominous and portentous about the fact that the seizure of Silesia by the high-handed brigand of Prussia, Frederick II, precipitated war in the Ohio Valley that cost the French their Fort Duquesne (Fort Pitt) and completely altered the destiny of the new world opening up beyond the mountains.

An afternoon's drive along the highways of central Ohio

and a visit to the unrivaled museum of our Archæological and Historical Society that stands at the entrance to the Ohio State University campus will place before your eyes the most eloquent testimonials to the lives and struggles of these men who walked before us on these lands. On this brief journey you may see the baffling wonders of the mound-builders in which Ohio is abundantly rich: their intricately designed, pre-historic earthworks at Newark (now a golf course); their puzzling stone forts—Fort Hill in Highland County, and the vast stone wall on Spruce Hill in Ross County—enclosing defensible hill tops; their Mound City on the plain of Camp Sherman, and other interesting and varied mounds near Chillicothe; their great Serpent Mound that curls with some enigmatic religious symbolism for 1350 feet on the bluff above the steep stone cliffs of Brush Creek, commanding fine views of hilly Adams County along Zane's Trace, and suggesting a story of a forgotten zeal and primitive devotion no less fascinating because nobody now knows how to read it; the three and a half miles of earthworks around Fort Ancient, most intriguing of them all, on the heights above the Little Miami gorge in Warren County, with magnificent panoramas of this rugged region unfolding from favored lookouts on the walls, and a tale of our mysterious predecessors crying dumbly at our unanswering ears from the skeletons, arrow and spear heads, tools, granaries, and cooking stones that lay covered up for centuries under the dust of the enclosure.

You may, at the same time, see the sites of Indian villages; contemplate the pits in Flint Ridge where Indian artisans from all regions came to quarry the multicolored

flint and chip it into their beautiful and efficient tools and weapons; and you may climb about among the dozens of caves and rock-house shelters around Lancaster and in the Hocking Valley—Echo Cave, Indian Cave, Kettle Hill Cave (once a hideaway for horse-thieves and outlaws), Old Man's Cave, et cetera—where generations of Indians found shelter and safety, and left under the heaped up dust on the dry floors their skulls, mummified bones, tools, sandals, fish nets, pouches, and bits of clothing, to tell us of their ways. And alongside these ancient memorials you will see on this single brief journey monuments to the perennial wars, covered wooden bridges with fragments of Zane's Trace and the original National Road, traffic lamps and four lane highways roaring with trucks through villages that once were beautiful with trees and yards and romantic with inns and toll gates. Every stage of two millenniums of Ohio history, not to mention the remains of the friendly glaciers, lies visible on the landscape, and is dramatically particularized in the museum to remind us of the patiently continuing process of life between our river (it belongs to Kentucky as far as the low water line) and the lake.

2

Nobody knows what white man first set eyes on the Ohio River nor where. A sprightly controversy flares up from year to year among the historians over the claims for René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. I hold with those who favor La Salle. It is perfectly possible, of course, that some obscure and nameless fur trader may have reached the great river in his wanderings long before the romantic young La Salle sold his La Chine holdings at the rapids above

Montreal and set forth with his four canoes loaded with baggage and his fourteen hired men as escort guard for his journey "across the wild and lonely world." It is also possible that La Salle did not reach the beautiful river on that trip in the late summer of 1669. The record is interrupted by a two year gap that can be leaped only by speculation. But there is no good reason why he shouldn't have reached the Ohio, the French tradition entertains no doubt of his discovery, and he is the ideally perfect man for the honor. Young, noble, euphoniously titled, handsome and strong, enormously capable and adventurous, impressive and distinguished in bearing, conducting himself among men with style and grace, this strong-willed French gentleman and statesman of the wilderness was the kind of explorer who would look with kindred and responsive eye upon those graceful, sweeping bends of the river, the water clear and green in early autumn, flowing leisurely between its two parallel rows of broken, forest-covered hills rising four hundred feet above its surface, hugging them first on one side and then on the other and making a fertile bottom in the arm of each bend.

As for our northern shore, the record is a little more positive; in 1688, two decades after La Salle's legendary visit to the river, La Hontan, another colorful Frenchman, in company with a few friendly Indians, paddled along the Ohio edge of Lake Erie, and, though the geography of the time is temperamental and the maps vague, he no doubt looked into the mouths of the rivers that came from the watershed down to the lake.

These early visits to Ohio were uncertain and sporadic, for the French were too busy with their Canadian settle-

ments and their fur trade with the Northwest to bother just then with the unknown Ohio wilderness, and the English colonists had their hands too full of troubles east of the mountain wall to seek still others beyond its protection. So the choicest acres in the nation were permitted another half-century of natural serenity under the Indians before the spoliation by the whites began.

3

Quite honestly, our Ohio Indians were very decent people, as human beings go; loving and wanting to keep for themselves their happy land with its rivers and paths; its fertile bottoms where their corn, tobacco and vegetables grew with indifferent attention from the squaws; its savannahs, its woods, and its salt-licks prolific with game; its lakes and streams stocked with fish and mussels, and its gravel pits and flint veins at hand as tool factories and munitions dumps. They were as peaceful as most men, usually responding in kind to good will or duplicity. At the time the British and French got interested in Ohio, there were probably twelve to fifteen thousand Indians within its boundaries.

It is traditionally alleged that the Indians as the white men knew them had not been in Ohio a long time. They had come up from the south and down from the northwest driven before the wars. Apparently they drifted along the lake, down the Ohio, and up into the present State on the inviting inland rivers, making settlements here at about the same time that England was defeating the Armada and Shakespeare was leaving Stratford for his siege of London at the close of the sixteenth century. Relics of their locations are still visible to the trained observer, but most people pass

them by. A glance at the map of Ohio with its two dozen rivers, twenty of its eighty-eight counties, and a hundred villages, towns, and creeks all bearing Indian names, will quickly locate for you with rough accuracy the villages and hunting grounds of the seven important tribes who first welcomed and then tried to fight off the advance of the settlers.

The courteous Miami were in western Ohio from Cincinnati to the Maumee. Their chief town, celebrated in early Ohio history, was Pickawillany, along the Great Miami near Piqua. They held the rich and beautifully rolling territory bordering the three rivers that bear their name: the Great and Little Miami, and the Maumee. The land around their ancient village is called Miami County, and the great university at Oxford in Butler County, overlooking the valley of the Great Miami, honors the name of this tribe.

In the northwest from Toledo back along the Maumee and in the valley of the Sandusky were the chief grounds of the Wyandottes, though in Croghan's day they also had a village where Coshocton now stands. Their memory is kept alive by Wyandot County, impartially bordering Crawford County named in honor of Colonel Crawford who had been barbarously tortured to death by the tribesmen near Upper Sandusky. They were still in Ohio, but getting ready to leave, when Dickens visited their settlement at Upper Sandusky in 1842. There is pathos in his account of the tribe, debauched by poor liquor bootlegged to them by traveling peddlers, and now about to leave "the familiar scenes of their infancy, and in particular . . . their burial-places of their kindred" to go to a land "a little way beyond St. Louis" in return for a government annuity. The last rem-

nant of this unhappy and demoralized tribe was herded onto a fleet of boats at the Cincinnati wharf in 1845 and shipped down the river.

The Hurons, the Ottawas, and the Senecas were also scattered about in this northwestern Ohio region. Huron County in the Firelands tract, Ottawa County just east of Toledo, along the lake and among the islands, and Seneca County where this tribe was once confined on a reservation, between Wyandot and Huron, are reminders of these small tribes in frontier Ohio. And Pontiac, now thought of as a motor car, was, in earlier days, the name of an Ottawa chief, one of the greatest of the Indian leaders.

The truculent Shawnees were in the lower Scioto Valley. Their important towns were at the mouth of the Scioto River, now Portsmouth, at Chillicothe and near Circleville, at Xenia (Old Chillicothe) and at Springfield, their capital during the Revolutionary War; and they hunted and farmed some of the richest and most attractively contoured land in Ohio from Scioto to Champaign County. They have left few place names; the Pickaway Plains in Pickaway County are a historic remainder of their brief command of this valley, but their tribal name is alive in only one small village, a coal-mining town in Perry County, named Shawnee. But the names of three of their great chieftains, Cornstalk, Blue Jacket, and Tecumseh, are still virile.

The Delawares, who had just preceded the whites into Ohio, had chosen and occupied the select Muskingum Valley. It was, and is, one of the most beautiful sections of our country and the Muskingum River, together with its many large tributaries—the Licking, Walhonding, Tuscarawas, and Mohican Rivers, and Killbuck and Chippewa

Creeks, all redolent of Indian life on their waters—bound together most of the eastern third of the State from the Ohio back to the watershed. These tribes were, by their position, the buffer outpost against the white man's invasion of the West. They had villages at the mouth of the Muskingum, now Marietta; at the forks, where the Walhonding and the Tuscarawas meet, now Coshocton, and formerly a vital trading post where Croghan, Gist and other early travelers and traders met with the Indians and did business; and in what is now Delaware County, where, near the town of Delaware, they had extensive corn fields. Like the Wyandottes, they were overpowered and then debauched by the superior race, and were moved out of Ohio a decade or so after it became a state. Howe quotes John Johnston's report: "In 1823 I removed to the west of the Mississippi persons of this tribe who were born and raised within thirty miles of Philadelphia. These were the most squalid, wretched, and degraded of their race, and often furnished chiefs with a subject of reproach against the whites, pointing to these of their people and saying to us, 'see how you have spoiled them,' meaning they had acquired all the bad habits of the white people, and were ignorant of hunting, and incapable of making a livelihood as other Indians."

The Tuscarawas, one of the famous league of Six Nations, were in the northeastern section of the Muskingum Valley where several of the dams in the extensive conservation program for this region have been built. The county in which the first white settlement was made in Ohio, and the river which cuts through its middle both perpetuate the name of this band.

The Mingos were also encountered in the east, along



By Ohio Highway Department

AST OF THE CHARCOAL FURNACES





By H. P. Fischer

THE RATHBONE ELM, LARGEST ELM IN THE COUNTRY

STRUCTION OF SCHOENBRUNN, AS OF 1772

By Frank J. Roos, Jr.



the Ohio and near Logstown, although they were more mobile and less clearly defined as a group than most of the other tribes. Their fame is greater than their numbers or their historical importance because of the moving speech of Chief Logan, and the sinister connotation of their name. Among the pioneers, Mingo was the word for treachery. They had villages on or near the present sites of Steubenville, Columbus, and Lewistown which the whites in due course destroyed. Like the other tribes, they wandered about a great deal, and came at intervals to Upper Sandusky where the British paid off their Indian allies once a year during the Revolution. They have left their name in a village in the upper Mad River valley, and at Mingo Junction, a grimy river village just below Steubenville.

These tribes, roughly disposed about the State in these locations, but wandering freely from place to place, from fishing grounds to hunting grounds, from farm lands to the flint pits, held Ohio when the white man came. They intermingled freely and were generally at peace among themselves; Céloron reported in 1749 that he found at Logstown, a village of eighty cabins, tribesmen of Iroquois, Shawnees, Ottawas, and others; and at Shawneetown nearly all the Ohio tribes were represented. After the long series of tribal wars in the East, the South, and the Northwest they had found an ideal home. They had recovered their discipline and their morale, and were ready at first to trade with, and then to defend their land against, the European trespassers.

The Fight for the Land

I

THE GENERAL PATTERN OF THE STRUGGLE FOR OHIO IN the white man's time is as simple as greed. It was no lightning war, but a long, sordid series of small outrages and revolting atrocities, relieved too seldom by courageous and generous acts of men of nobility, and the sometimes amusing incompetency of the French. This is not the time nor the place for an extended account of the generations of episodical fighting in the backwoods before Ohio achieved statehood, but we must have a look at a few significant pages from the chronicles of those days.

From 1689 to 1715, Britain and France fought a terrific duel for control of the colonial world, with America as one of its most coveted prizes. This century and a quarter of wrangling and killing between England and France, Britain and the Colonists, the Colonists and the Indians, is usually chronicled most conveniently on the ladder of dates of the European wars, all having their diplomatic origins far from our Ohio Valley, but all moving relentlessly toward it as one of the richest of the prizes for which men fight. They are important enough to our story to list them here for easy reference.

King William's War was fought from 1689 to 1697.

William of Orange, now Britain's King and mortal enemy of Louis XIV, the Most Christian King of France, because he had made an unprovoked attack on the Netherlands in 1672, opened the mighty conflict for colonial mastery that involved most of the world before France was eliminated and Napoleon safe on St. Helena. Ohio was concerned only as an ultimate issue, but the horrors perpetrated in New England and the Mohawk Valley by Frontenac's Indians were a frightful portent for our quiet shores. The Treaty of Ryswick in 1697 left the French in authority over the Mississippi Valley, but as an instrument of peace it was hardly even an armistice. What might have been the future of Ohio and the material of this book if grandiose Louis XIV and his tiresome ministers at Versailles had followed the advice and the lead of their statesmen and tacticians in New France, geniuses like La Salle, Champlain, Frontenac, and Cadillac, furnishes interesting speculation. But like the endless tribes of home-office bureaucrats, they didn't listen to advice. They knew more in France than their governors along the St. Lawrence, and the course of events is the course of events.

Queen Anne's War from 1701 to 1713 followed as quickly as Louis XIV could defy Europe by placing on the vacant throne of Spain his own grandson and attempt to unite the two mighty nations to sink the fleet of England and seize her expanding colonial empire. He failed to reckon with the Duke of Marlborough who, after a decade of fighting, forced upon the Most Christian King the sour Treaty of Utrecht. Not much of the American frontier was involved in the hostilities, but England grabbed from France Nova

Scotia, Newfoundland, and Hudson Bay, and thought she had done well by herself. She might just as easily have had all Ohio and the St. Lawrence Valley at the same time, but she was strangely content to leave both to the French, even after the shrewd American statesmen pointed out the importance of clearing the frontiers of the colonies once and for all. The French held on, but the British were moving in.

The strained interlude of official peace in Europe and America was interrupted in 1744 with the third struggle between England and France known as King George's War, 1744-1748, for George II. For the last time the Ohio country was scarcely molested. The activities among the Indians of the colonial traders from Pennsylvania and Virginia, and the emerging strategic importance of this region to the control of the trade waters of the West brought home to both France and England that here indeed was the key to the ambitions of both. Ohio was now on the brink of decisive conflict with two great empires determined to control it. The next half-century of wars—The French and Indian, as we called the Seven Years' War, from 1756 to 1763 in Europe; the Revolutionary War from 1775 to 1783, preceded by many minor border engagements; and the mopping up campaigns between 1783 and 1795, all reached into the fields and forests of Ohio.

The last half-century has some interest for us not disclosed in the cold formality of listing by name and date the European wars of the century. For Ohio was now a military objective, and bones of dead men were left on her battle-

grounds. We might, therefore, leave these vaster schemes of Europe for a more national and isolationist view of what actually happened between our river and the lake. It was really very simple.

After fifty years of neglect because of things to be done on the seaboard and along the St. Lawrence, both empires moved into the Ohio country. The French were there first, and, as such tenuous claims went in those days when you had only to look at a continent to claim it for your crown, ignoring of course its occupants, they were in their view its rightful owners. As soon as England, in her slow way, began to see the value of this land at her back door as a fur producing and game nursery preserve, as a military postern into the East or the West which the French already controlled, and as a profitable field for land speculation, she dug up pretensions of her own to Ohio and the West. Had not the Venetian John Cabot, in the service of Henry VII of England, caught a glimpse of the American shore in 1497 when he discovered Labrador, and did not the whole continent become thereby from Atlantic to Pacific the property of His Britannic Majesty, his heirs and assigns? This grandfather of Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queen of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia, Defender of the Faith, etc., also paid good money for Cabot's land, entering into the royal account book: "to hym that found the new isle 10£." Though they pretended ownership, the British didn't even see our river beyond the mountains until two hundred and fifty years later when John Howard ventured out in 1742 and was promptly arrested for trespassing by the gendarmes of the Most Christian King of France

who was already possessed of the land the Englishman was discovering.

The French in their fashion had even colonized it in part west of Ohio. Again it is beguiling to consider what our story would be like had the French type of colonial administration prevailed instead of the English. The question is often argued over, whether the French had genius as colonizers. They failed so sadly in Ohio, both in the fight with England, and in the tragic debacle at Gallipolis and at the French Grant below Hanging Rock, that the evidence seems strongly against them. It might have been quite different if the far-sighted and able Governor Galissoniere's appeal for ten thousand selected French colonists to settle and preempt the Ohio Valley before the British could invade it had been heard and followed. The French failed, however, less as colonizers in New France than as gamesters in Old France in the power politics of empire juggling. They had greater individual administrators in America than the British, and their principle of colonization was defeated not in New France but at European council tables. At any rate, there is more grace in the thought of cultivated Frenchmen living at peace with the Indians without corrupting them, building comfortable houses, planting gardens with flowers and green vegetables, and keeping alive in the wilderness the civilized arts of their homeland, as Willa Cather for example so touchingly describes in *Shadows on the Rock*, than in the picture of the English holding stiffly aloof from the "savages," plying them with rum, seizing their lands for speculation and settlement, driving them, debased and without discipline or morale, into specially appointed corrals, and replacing the tents of their villages with rude cabins and

rougher life and manners. Be that as it may, destiny has its own finality, and the French had no time for the arts of peaceful living in the Ohio wars.

Before the climactic engagements with the English, the French had for the most part stayed in the middle west, using the Maumee-Wabash-lower-Ohio River route, or the Illinois River route to the Mississippi with a chain of forts at strategic intervals for safeguards. This gave them an almost straight and unbroken water road northeast to southwest across their territories from Quebec to New Orleans. It was protected on the east from the English by the mountain wall, and in strategic Ohio by the Indians, with the powerful pro-British Iroquois in western New York and Pennsylvania as a buffer. Here, then, were the rival empires with their vague parallel borders and rival claims meeting in the Alleghenies. The British came back from the sea to the mountain passes and looked down on the inviting land, the traders and "roughs" went in to get the pelts for European gentlemen's hats, ladies' robes, and soldiers' dress parades; the French moved down from Niagara and Detroit and built forts to keep them out, and that is how Ohio entered the wars.

A Frenchman and a Few Englishmen

I

THE LISTS WERE DRAWN BEFORE THE CLOSE OF KING George's War in 1748. The French counted their sous as closely then as now, and, despite their courtesy in living, they exacted their taxes out of all traders and drove sharp bargains with the Indians. This practise gave their Pennsylvania rivals an opening, and the sore Indians a chance for defection. A Huron chief who considered himself defrauded by the French at Detroit, backed by two other chieftains, killed five Frenchmen near the Detroit fort, turned the pelts they had collected over to the English at the trading post on Sandusky Bay, and in 1747 by letter with a French scalp for token, offered a trade agreement to the Governor of Pennsylvania.

This episode is interesting for its dramatic disclosure to the French of the nature and direction of this new offensive against them from the East across Ohio, and for its introduction into our story of George Croghan, the shrewd and energetic trader and negotiator with the Indians, who penned in his own lordly spelling the letter to the Pennsylvania officials of the three seditious chiefs of these "Ingans That has thire Dweling on the borders of Lake Arey." He left an extraordinary journal of his treks over Ohio and of

his deals with the Indians that may be read in Thwaite's edition of *Early Western Travels, 1748-1846*, the first volume containing the diaries of Croghan, of his colleague Conrad Weiser, of Christian Frederick Post, and Thomas Morris.

Croghan, Irish born, came over to Pennsylvania in 1741, learned the ways and the language of the Indians, cultivated a knack for dealing with them in friendly manner, and before King George's War was ended he had trading posts at Logstown, the famous meeting place of white and Indian just eighteen miles down river from present Pittsburgh, at Muskingum, now Coshocton, at the mouth of the Cuyahoga where Cleveland rose, on Sandusky Bay, and at various points in the important river valleys. He negotiated for himself and for his sponsors, the officialdom of Pennsylvania and Virginia, gave presents of rum, cloth, and trinkets, sent his agents with his pack horses over the Indian trails to gather up pelts, undermined the prestige of the French, and advertised the advantages to the Indians of the protection afforded by their brothers, the English. He seduced the Ohio Indians to the British flag, and persuaded them into a series of conferences at Logstown and Lancaster where they could sign away their land and goods with fitting ceremony. More than any other man, this king of the early traders showed the coastal-minded English what a treasure lay ripe for the taking on their back doorstep.

Following up Croghan's success, the English moved in. They sent Conrad Weiser, himself learned in Indian lore and language, with more gifts and power to bargain, and this wily negotiator, with Croghan's companionship, aid,

and advice, went to Logstown where, under the amenities of kegs of rum and rolls of tobacco, he had a successful conference with the tribesmen who had come there, the first meeting of its kind between English interests and the Ohio Indians. Weiser has left by his own pen a priceless day by day account of this epochal journey to the banks of the Ohio in 1748. A good sample of its flavor, and of the Indians' humor, may be had from one of Weiser's speeches to the Indians, Sept. 17, 1748. "Brethren: Some of You have been in Philadelphia last Fall & acquainted us that You had taken up the English Hatchet, and that You had already made use of it against the French, & that the French had very hard heads, & your Country afforded nothing but Sticks & Hickorys which was not sufficient to break them. You desir'd your Brethren wou'd assist You with some Weapons sufficient to do it." Their Brethren were, naturally, only too glad to provide hatchets for so honorable a purpose. At the close of this third war with the French the English had broken through the posterns and were on the Ohio River menacing the French lands and trade.

2

The French naturally took prompt action. The Ohio country, the wilderness west of the mountain wall, was no longer a barrier but a meeting place of the contending dynasties. But France said this wilderness was hers and was not open to British pretensions or Pennsylvania traders. And to make her claims unmistakable she decided to plant corner-stones plainly around her holdings and to fence it off and post it against encroachment by these neighbors whose sense of property rights was unstable. The states-

man-like Marquis de Galissoniere, Governor of Canada, who fully understood the vital position of Ohio, even though French trade and communication still passed over the arterial waterways of the Maumee-Wabash and western routes, sent his picturesque agent Céloron de Bienville to corner-post the land, to tell the English traders to get out of it and stay out, and to bring the apostate Indians back to friendship with their French brothers.

Céloron's expedition is one of the most diverting episodes in the bloody realism of all our early Ohio history. Here were the omnipresent British and their adventurous roughs with their eyes already set on the Indian wealth of Ohio and with their traders already turning the stream of furs from Detroit to Logstown and the passes and rivers to the East. It was fantastic for the French to believe that a polite and formal sign of property rights stuck up around the place would bar the British, who could always set up a legal claim of their own to what they wanted, and who never voluntarily let loose of a single cobblestone—and very few under superior force—from the region. Yet the intrepid Céloron circled most of what is now Ohio and ceremoniously, in the grand style, performed his mission in this wilderness.

This tour is worth following on the map. At the head of his gay retinue of two hundred and fifty men, including an appropriate hierarchy of French officers and soldiers, one hundred Canadians, fifty-five Indians, scouts and guides, Joncaire, the wealthy interpreter, and Father Bonescamp, the learned cartographer, to map the country, Céloron de Bienville set out on June 15, 1749, in a caravan of birch-bark canoes from La Chine, at the entrance of the rapids seven miles above Montreal, from which La Salle had de-

parted nearly a century earlier. Both Céloron and the "Jesuitte mathématicien" Bonescamp, or Bonnechamps, kept notes on the voyage which have been published and may be read by those who find this expedition as interesting as I do. With these records and a map, and an imaginative eye, we watch this colorful assortment paddle up the St. Lawrence, westward over Lake Ontario, shouldering their canoes and baggage around Niagara, still westward by south on choppy Lake Erie, hunting the outlet of Chautauqua Creek, then south, paddling and carrying, across the tip of New York to Lake Chautauqua where a village on the east shore still bears the name of Celoron; and thence, still going south, on Conewango Creek until they entered the Allegheny fork of the Ohio River at what is now Warren, Pennsylvania.

Here at the mouth of Conewango Creek, only ten miles from the northern line of Pennsylvania, and seventy-five miles east of the present Ohio state line, Céloron and his retinue began their long trip down the scenic Ohio water-way and valley that was in dispute, following it across northwestern Pennsylvania, round the irregular southeastern rim of Ohio, westward round the sweeping bends all the way down to the mouth of the Great Miami at the Indiana state line; here, having followed the moat around the region, he turned north by east up the Miami Valley to the village of Pickawillany; there, after a brief rest, he traded canoes for ponies for the seventy-five mile journey to the Maumee River, and then by canoe once more into the western bay of Lake Erie and eastward over the two lakes and the St. Lawrence back to where he started from. He had been gone one hundred and eighteen days, June 15 to Oc-

tober 10, 1749, and had traveled about three thousand miles, or "over twelve hundred leagues."

So much for the geography of this journey by water all the way round the State. This has its own interest, of course, but the expedition is even more notable for the method by which it tried to scare away the British. At the mouth of Conewango Creek on the Allegheny, Céloron assembled his men, drew up his principal officers as witnesses, and with courtly fanfare buried in the ground a plate of lead about the size of a sheet of typewriter paper on which Céloron had engraved a message declaring his mission "to reestablish tranquility in some Indian villages of these cantons," and to certify "the renewal of the possession we have taken of the said River Ohio, and of all those which empty into it, and of all the lands on both sides as far as the sources of the said rivers" which belonged to Louis XV by right of arms and treaties. Then amid cheers, volleys, and toasts he planted crosses and nailed to a tree a sheet of tin, impressively emblazoned with the arms of his King, as a witness in plain sight even to an Englishman of this corner-stone. At each of the important creeks and rivers along the east "which empty into it," Céloron repeated this ritual and posted on a tree his *Proces verbal*. Some Marietta boys in 1798 found the plate at the mouth of the Muskingum—the fourth to be buried—where a freshet had sliced away several feet of the river bank. It is now in the Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Massachusetts, though a bit damaged by the boys who cut off some of the lead. The Great Kanawha plate was found in 1846, almost a century after its planting. A marker and tablet at the Point Pleasant battle-

ground, commanding a magnificent view of the two rivers, commemorates the exploit and the find.

Céloron also sent his messengers before him to prepare the Indians for his peaceful approach, fêted them, warned and solicited them, ordered the English traders to get out, sent a letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania expressing utmost surprise at this encroachment and the hope that his honor would prevent it in the future, and tried to win back the profitable trade. Naturally, he failed at all points. There was no county recorder's office to file a French deed to the lot, and no sheriff to protect it from trespassers. The traders stayed around, while the Indians drank Céloron's liquor but kept friendship with their new English brothers. The whole episode was a courtly gesture, but something more explosive than ceremonial oratory over lead plates would be required to hold our future State inviolate for the Most Christian King of France against the English sitting at the passes and looking hungrily down on this rich demesne. Céloron was hardly out of sight round the river bends before Croghan hurried down to Logstown to undo any French advantage.

3

In sharp contrast to this mission of the French stands the cool and calculating invasion of Christopher Gist that followed on the heels of Céloron's journey. He was an eagle-eyed surveyor and "better stamp trader" from Baltimore, especially selected by the Ohio Land Company of the white Virginia tribe of land speculators, organized in 1748, to reconnoiter and map the Ohio country, and locate good tracts for the Lees, Washingtons and their associates. A better man could not have been found. He could not only

take in at a glance the soil, water, transportation facilities, and strength of the Indians in the territory; he could also trade shrewdly in furs and speeches, and conduct Christian services betimes with evangelistic success. He found time, like those giants of his generation, to keep a vivid account of his ways, of the speeches of the Indians, and of all that befell him during that late autumn and winter of 1750-51.

He started from Old Town on the Potomac, October 31, 1750, crossed the mountains to Logstown, where he found that the braves and Croghan were out of the village, proceeded down river to Beaver Creek, and then struck overland westward, roughly following the present-day Ohio highways 154 to Lisbon, US30 to Minerva, 80 to Bolivar and 93 to Coshocton, where he was happy to find the friendly English flag waving over the King's house and George Croghan's post. He spent a full month there with the tribes from December 14, 1750, to January 15, 1751, setting down for our instruction an extraordinarily vivid account of these weeks of feasting, ceremonies, common living, and tribal tortures.

He then went south to present Dresden across the well-known paths through Lancaster, over the Pickaway Plains to the Scioto below Circleville—where the Negro slave of an Indian chief fed his horses—and down the Scioto to Shawneetown (Portsmouth) for another fortnight of festivities, speeches, and negotiations. From Portsmouth, instead of following Céloron down the Ohio, Gist, like the wily spy that he was, zigzagged overland again northwest through some of the best land on the good earth, passing across the tier of rich counties whose very names call up to us Ohioans pictures of fat, rolling acres, vast barns, and good homes, the cream

of rural Ohio—Adams, around West Union; Highland, around Hillsboro; Fayette, around Washington Court House; Champaign, around Urbana; to Logan, around Bellefontaine. Here at the watershed he turned west by south and crossed the Great Miami on a raft into Pickawillany with a fanfare suggestive of Céloron himself.

Gist was more successful than his lawful predecessor, and immediately won a victory over the French in an exciting parliamentary drama in the savage backwoods. For at Pickawillany he ran head-on into a delegation from the French sent out to treat with Chief La Demoiselle. A barrage of oratory followed, each side trying to win the favor of the chieftain. Gist was the more persuasive, and La Demoiselle repulsed the French delegation with the words: "We have been taken by the hand of our brothers, the English." For these words of loyalty to the British, the chief was named "Old Britain." It was a costly act of loyalty, however, for he was afterwards seized by the enemy, and slaughtered, boiled, and eaten by the pro-French tribesmen whom he had forsaken.

In spite of those lead plates and tin signs and crosses, Gist drew up treaties with the new brothers, in the name of the Governor of Pennsylvania, invited them to the big, forthcoming Logstown conference of whites and Indians, bade good-by to his allies, to Croghan and Montour who were with him, and hastened back to Shawneetown to report to his new red brothers there the good news. After suitable feasts and rejoicings, Gist now went down the Ohio, and so, for the time, out of our story.

Gist buried no lead markers, but he had seen a land ready to flow with milk and honey, to become farms in the river

bottoms and on the rolling plains, with houses and cities where the forests stood, and money in the purse of the new white tribes who would buy this land cheap and sell it dear. He set up no tin *proces verbal* with the King's seal, but as he rode that central tier of counties he set down in his journal a minute description of the richness of this land, of its fine timber of all species, of the buffalo, deer, elk, turkeys, and other wildlife, of the "beautiful natural meadows, covered with wild rye, blue grass and clover," and then added these portentous words: "In short, it wants nothing but cultivation to make it a most delightful country." Behind that observation you can already hear the shot of the Virginia muskets and the ring of the woodsman's ax.

The Wars Come to Ohio

I

THESE ACTIONS, INSTIGATED BY THE OFFICIALS OF PENNSYLVANIA and Virginia, could leave the French in no doubt that some barrier more brutally forceful than lead markers was required to keep out the interlopers. The Marquis du Quesne, Governor of New France, now decided in the spring of 1753 to erect a chain of forts down the route where Céloron had posted his tin notices. These would begin at Presque Isle, now Erie, Pennsylvania, some thirty miles west of Lake Chautauqua, and extend south, with present-day Pittsburgh as the strategic spot, as the Indians had already pointed out to the British in urging them to build "a strong house on the River Ohio."

It was now Britain's turn to warn off the French. Since this warning was one of the last acts of civilized communication before both sides plunged into barbarism, it is worth a few details and excerpts. On the last day of October, 1753, Dinwiddie of Virginia wrote a letter to the French commandant in charge of the Ohio enterprise and sent it in the name of the King his Master by the hand of Major Washington, "one of the adjutant-Generals of the troops of this country."

"Sir," he wrote, "the country situated on the Ohio River,

in the western part of the colony of Virginia, is so evidently the property of the British Crown that I am both surprised and offended on hearing that a corps of French troops is erecting fortresses and establishments on this river which is the domain of His Britannic Majesty . . . If my facts are exact and you desire to justify your conduct, I should wish to learn, if you will do me the honor to state by whose order you have marched from Canada, armed and in force, to invade the lands of His Britannic Majesty, so that, according to the tenor of your answer, I may on my side act in conformity with the commission I have been honored by from the King my Master. Nevertheless, Sir, while obeying my instructions it is my duty first to require you to return in peace and cease for ever to pursue a design capable of interrupting the good understanding which His Britannic Majesty desires to maintain with the Most Christian King. I feel assured that you will be willing to receive Major Washington with all the testimonials of frankness and courtesy which are natural to your nation, and my satisfaction would be at its height if you would return an answer in full conformity with my wishes for durable peace between us."

And with that courtesy, natural to his nation, the commandant sent back word that the letter should have been sent to the General in Canada, and that he was forwarding it to the Marquis du Quesne, the proper officer to "bring forward evidence of the incontestable rights of the King my Master to the land situated on the Ohio and refute the pretensions of the King of Great Britain to the above." He then went on to say in impeccable diction, "As to your requirement that I should at once retire from these regions, I do

not feel authorized to conform to it. Whatever your instructions may be, I also have mine, which are: to remain here by orders of my general and I beg you to believe, Sir, that I shall endeavor to conform to these orders with all the resolution and exactitude which may be expected from a good officer. . . . I have felt it my duty to receive Mr. Washington with all the distinction which is due to your dignity and to his personal merit, and I flatter myself, Sir, that he will do me justice to be the guarantee to you of the testimonial of profound respect with which I have the honor to be, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant."

It is most unfortunate, then as now, that such gentlemanly words of courtesy failed to resolve the issues at hand. Then, as now, an appeal was made to arms. After years of slow approach, the two nations were face to face with muskets on the disputed Ohio. We may summarize rapidly now. Another look at a topographical map of this territory will make clear the key position of the point of land between the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers where the golden triangle of Pittsburgh now stands. It would be a death trap in the warfare of our day, for a few well placed guns on the commanding hills would reduce it to splinters and ashes in a few minutes. But in Major Washington's time, it was easily defended, and held the entrance to the Ohio as firmly by the neck as England's Gibraltar and Turkey's Dardanelles grip the Mediterranean.

Dinwiddie, having failed by letter, sent Captain Trent in February, 1754, to build a fort here to block off the French who were having their troubles farther north. But the French were not having that much trouble; they swooped down on Trent, seized the incompletely built fort, and named it Fort Du-

quesne. They pushed eastward to overcome Washington at Great Meadows, and with his surrender on July 3, 1754, the French again controlled our State. The disastrous defeat of Braddock in 1755 before he could even reach the Ohio, where he hoped to drive out the French, not only seemed to clinch the French hold on the valley, but wiped out British prestige among the Indians and threw them back to France. These skirmishes preceded the declaration of war in 1756. By that time England was thoroughly aroused and, loyally aided by the American Colonists who were not yet rebellious, she soon organized her immense powers for the Seven Years' War. The struggle, aided by England's control of the sea, put frightful strain upon France at all points, and by 1758, when the Moravian missionary, Christian Frederick Post, had induced the Ohio Indians to desert the French for neutrality, France had to let go in the west. In November, 1758, she turned Fort Duquesne over to General John Forbes who named it Fort Pitt in honor of the great English Minister who was winning a war on a nine thousand mile front. Our State passed as a prize to Great Britain.

2

At this point destiny gave a new turn to our affairs. With the French out of the picture, and the danger of Indian attacks on the west apparently removed, the Colonists could move in very much on their own terms. King George's Royal Proclamation Line, 1763, which forbade American settlers to go over the Alleghenies or the Colonial governors to exercise authority there was a well-meant order of statesmanship, and everybody would have been better off if it had been followed. But it was as futile as Céloron's plates.

The Colonists had fought France in large part over that prohibition, and now victorious England was trying to impose it. A mere proclamation, however, could not restrain the four types of Americans who were feverishly looking down upon this region—the roaming traders, the rough, independent squatters, the big land-hungry speculators, and the pious farmers ready to follow them looking for homes.

The fight now shifted to the Indians themselves, for they began to see what their English brothers were up to; they were no longer after their trade but their very land itself. We can't blame them for feeling bewildered; how were the poor simple Indians to know that the French, only yesterday the Colonists' mortal enemies, were today their loyal friends and allies, helping the oppressed Colonists to kill off the British who only yesterday were the Colonists' brothers and allies against the French? This part of our story which tells of all the victories and defeats of the Colonists as they prematurely hurried into Ohio and began pushing the Indians around, and out, is as complex in detail as it is simple in principle and outline; we shall pass over it briefly, though it fills volumes in Ohio histories. It is a sorry and a sordid tale in which we take little pride, but we do remember that the actors were not Ohioans, because this new tribe was not yet, but Virginians, Pennsylvanians, Kentuckians, and New Englanders.

3

The Indians were powerful enough to make unpleasant the first advances from the East, and the migratory stream was diverted southward into Kentucky and Tennessee, a region formally abandoned by Iroquois sanction at Fort Stanwix in 1768—though the Indians retained their claim to the

territory north and west of the Ohio River. But such a treaty assumed the right of certain tribal leaders to sign for all, and the tribes naturally did not concur.

Their formal protests were made with sober courtesy and dignity. The one of December, 1783, to the Congress is notable and might have been written by Sir Nevile Henderson to Nazi Germany during his Ambassadorship there in 1937-1939.

"We hold it indispensable that any cession of our land should be made in the most public manner and by the united voice of the Confederacy, holding all partial treaties as void and of no effect. We think the mischief and confusion which has followed is owing to your having managed everything respecting us in your own way. You kindled your council fires where you thought proper without consulting us, and entirely neglected our plan of having a general conference with the different nations of the Confederacy, by which we have reason to believe everything would have been settled between us in a most friendly manner. Let us have a treaty with you early in the Spring; we say, let us meet halfway and pursue such steps as become upright and honest men; we beg that you will prevent your surveyors and other people from coming on our side of the river. It shall not be our fault if the plan we have suggested should not be carried into execution. If fresh ruptures arise we shall, most assuredly, with our united force, be obliged to defend the rights and privileges which have been transmitted to us by our ancestors. These are our thoughts and firm resolve and we earnestly desire that you will transmit to us as soon as possible your answer, be that what it may."

The answer was more surveyors, settlers, and soldiers and

the border wars became more violent because of the Indians' feeling of being victimized.

Neither side had any monopoly on atrocities. Whatever savagery was native to the Indians was refined and released by both England and France who employed them in their wars. And when the Indians began their fight for themselves to hold Ohio against the Colonists, they naturally employed the methods they had learned from their brothers. The "roughs" at least among these brothers were unspeakable. Christopher Gist has a significant entry in his journal for January 15, 1751. He went over on White Woman's Creek to see Mary Harris who had been captured by Indians and taken from New England when she was ten. She had been reared by Indians, had married an Indian, and was the mother of many children. Gist says that she was now "upwards of fifty," and that "She still remembers they used to be very religious in New England and wonders how the White men can be so wicked as she has seen them in these woods." She might indeed well wonder, but in 1751 the horrors had barely begun. I will mention a few of the incidents that will represent them all during the bloody generation from the defeat of Braddock in 1755 to the Battle of Fallen Timbers that ruined the Indians on August 20, 1794.

Many of the atrocities center around the Girty boys, particularly Simon, born 1741, and second of the four sons of an Irish drunkard in Pennsylvania. Legends grew up around the Girtys as they did around King David and Napoleon, and exploits of others were attracted to the potent name. For over a generation whenever a vicious act was committed on the Ohio frontier, Simon Girty's name got con-

nected with it, and the mere name could terrorize the countryside. It is hard at this date to separate fact from legend, but it is certain that Girty served the British cause during the Revolution, and was one of their expert agents among the Indians. He was, of course, present at many of the vengeful scenes of savagery, and, though he may not have wished to restrain them, it is doubtful if he could had he willed it. He did save Simon Kenton in the name of friendship, but he looked on at William Crawford's torture and mortification without intervention. In appraising Girty's career it is wise to remember that he and his brothers were captured by the Indians in Pennsylvania the year after Braddock's defeat, that they and their mother had to look on while the captors took their step-father, John Turner, tied him up, ran him through with hot gun barrels, tortured him for three hours, scalped him alive, and then finished him off by holding up a little boy who bashed him over the head with a hatchet. Simon, aged fifteen, was then adopted by the Senecas, James by the Shawnees, and George by the Delawares; Thomas, the eldest, escaped. Simon, the most notorious, is therefore a nice study in the intricate balance of heredity and environment. The expedition of courteous Céloron and the elegant Dinwiddie correspondence are tenuous echoes from another world. Ohio was now a land of rule by tomahawk.

This was horribly plain in 1752. After Céloron's orderly warning, and Gist's persuasiveness, came Charles Langlade with a force of two hundred and fifty Ottawa and Chippewa braves in a fleet of canoes from the French fort at Detroit to Fort Miami, and then stealthily overland through forest and swamp to the Indian village and chief English trading post at Pickawillany. On a June morning in 1752, while

the tribesmen were hunting and the squaws were in the fields, these French-controlled Indians fell upon the village, rifled, burned, annihilated it, slaughtered the Miamis, stabbed an English trader to death, took five others captive, then shot, butchered, boiled, and ate King La Demoiselle.

After France was eliminated by the treaty of 1763, the reserved and stingy attitude of the British toward the Indians, the influx of settlers, and the flight of game before them, so alarmed the tribes that they organized a direct attack in Ohio under the leadership of the great Ottawa chief-tain, Pontiac. All round and about Ohio they swooped down on the whites. Nine forts were captured, a hundred English traders were killed, officers and men were taken prisoners, settlers fled east for their lives, and the Indians might have got the country again if they hadn't failed to take Fort Pitt and Detroit. Thanks to armies of Bradstreet and Bouquet, and to the skill and prestige of Croghan as a peaceful negotiator, the Indians were pacified, and the big land companies could get on with their plans. Among others, George Washington was keen on our western lands, and not only did he have certain tracts surveyed for him, but he came out in 1770, went down the Ohio from Fort Pitt to Point Pleasant at the mouth of the Kanawha shrewdly appraising the land for himself. If the Colonists hadn't got so rebellious, or if Croghan hadn't demanded cash of him, Washington might have been one of our first Ohio citizens—or got a tomahawk from an Indian for breaking and entering.

As the opposing interests of the Colonists and the Indians rushed violently against each other, both sides got impatient, hot-headed, and cruel. Among the rough customers along the frontier in these days were a lot of low, lousy, cruel, and

hard-drinking men who would as soon shoot an Indian as spit tobacco juice. A crowd of these fellows, nominally at least under command of Michael Cresap, in 1744 shot in cold blood from ambush and killed a Shawnee and a Delaware as they paddled down the Ohio in a canoe. Then they raided a camp of Shawnees and killed several people. This exploit was but a mild prelude to the vicious murders at Baker's cabin. The white gangsters now scared at the thought of Indian retaliation, sent Daniel Greathouse under the cloak of friendship to the camp of Mingos at Yellow Creek near by to spy out their number and strength, and invite them over to Baker's cabin for a friendly call. They came, men, women, and children, peacefully and without arms. There they were plied with rum, and then when they were at the height of their pleasure, the gang of whites assaulted them, shot, stabbed, and tomahawked them to death, sparing only one babe-in-arms after the pleadings of Chief Logan's own sister who was murdered.

This treachery provoked the bloody battle at Point Pleasant on October 10, 1774, when Cornstalk with a thousand men crossed the Ohio to the tongue of land at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, attacked and almost defeated Colonel Andrew Lewis who that day lost in killed and wounded a fifth of his men. A peaceful park and an impressive monument by the quiet Ohio commemorate the day and the spot. At the very moment this battle was raging, Lord Dummore was overpowering the Indians up in Ohio on the Pickaway Plains. Peace, or rather a truce, was arranged with the defeated Indians. And here, at the place commemorated by the famous Logan Elm, Chief Logan made his celebrated

speech that must now be heard against the background of the white atrocities at Baker's cabin.

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold or naked and I gave him not clothing.

"During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his tent an advocate for peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan; not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

The truce was broken in the spring of 1777 when the white men committed another of those outrages that make you sick at your stomach. Chief Cornstalk took his treaty obligations with high seriousness. But he saw the anger of his people mounting, and, in the hope of preventing further war, he paddled across the Ohio to the fort at Point Pleasant on a mission of peace, taking with him Chief Red Hawk of the Delawares, who had fought at this spot three years earlier. Captain Matthew Arbuckle promptly violated all diplomatic courtesy by holding in custody as hostages the two honorable chieftains who had come voluntarily seeking amity.

Arbuckle dispatched messages to Fort Pitt and to Richmond, and troops were hastily raised for another invasion of Ohio. In the meantime, Cornstalk's son with the beautiful name, Ellinipsico, got worried because his father did not return. He crossed the Ohio to see what was up. Next day when two Virginia soldiers, Hamilton and Gilmore by name, ventured out to shoot deer, some Indians fired on them, killed and scalped Gilmore. Hamilton was saved by soldiers from the fort. Tempers were already hot and now, of course, they boiled. Against all military discipline and honor, a mob formed within the fort and attacked not the Indians across the Kanawha but the defenseless guests at the fort. They broke into the room where the hostages were detained and started shooting. The honorable and dignified Chief Cornstalk, after a brave word of encouragement to his son, fell with seven bullets in his body. Then they shot Ellinipsico as he sat on a stool looking at his murdered father. He fell to the floor by the great chief. Red Hawk was then shot out of the chimney where he had sought escape. Despite certain gestures by Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia at the time, no member of the mob was identified or punished. But as you drive now across the bridge over the Ohio into Point Pleasant you almost bump a fender on the stark memorial stone on the corner of the courthouse yard bearing the name "Cornstalk." These murders inflamed the Shawnees, and they again organized for vengeance, and the Revolutionary War was on along the Ohio.

The following six years of revolting warfare was carried on around the rim of Ohio rather than on its soil. Our moated territory was the base from which the tribes, now backed by the British, carried the barbaric fighting across

to Pittsburgh and Wheeling on the east, to the new white settlements in Kentucky on the south, and into the Indiana-Illinois country on the west. Inside its boundaries was the continuation of those raids and tortures of the wild frontier, the exploits of Daniel Boone, and his colleagues, and the expeditions of Bowman in 1779 and Clark in 1780 to burn the crops, kill some Indians, and plunder the villages of the Shawnees near Xenia, Springfield, and Piqua. The years are not at all heroic. One large chapter is the story of the captivity, torture, and final escape of Simon Kenton, but before we weep tears over his fate we must remember that he came up to our country on a small-time raiding expedition, and that, with all his stalwart virtues, he was on this occasion just another horse thief. After his raids at Chillicothe, he was caught by the Indians, stretched out and tied to four stakes for the gnats and mosquitoes to eat, beaten with hickory clubs, rolled in the mud, and otherwise tortured. He did escape with his life, however; whereas, if he had been caught a generation later by the western whites he would have been strung up by a rope to the nearest tree and hanged by the neck for rough justice.

By this time both sides had reached a new and all-time low in their warfare. I will mention two episodes and have done with the sorry business of man's conduct in Ohio during the Revolution. The first is the most painful to record for it is the most vicious and unprovoked of all the barbarities within our territory. It is the massacre of the peaceful Moravian Indians at Gnadenhutten in March, 1782. This village, settled in 1772, was one of a half-dozen established in Tuscarawas County in the 1770s by the Moravian Brethren under Christian Frederick Post, David Zeisberger, and

John Heckewelder. They taught the Indians many of the Christian virtues, and also the neglected doctrine of non-resistance. But, unfortunately, the frontier could not understand such abnormal principles, and the Moravian Indians, like the ancient Jews, had made the mistake of settling on the high road between the warring nations. Their farms were crossed by both armies moving from Fort Pitt to Detroit. They paid heavy penalty for their faith and their location. In 1781 they were plundered by Indians under British guidance, and carried off to starve through a hard winter at "Captives' Town," a concentration camp along the Sandusky. About one hundred and fifty of the hungry captives were allowed to go back to the Tuscarawas in February, 1782, to gather their corn left standing in their fields the autumn before when the village was raided. They had only escaped starvation at the hands of the British for massacre by the Colonists. With unparalleled brutality, David Williamson with an armed gang of ninety men from Pittsburgh fell upon the harmless Moravians, herded them into two cabins for slaughter pens, and voted seventy-two to eighteen to kill them off at once. They proceeded to tie up men, women, and children, and, after generously giving them time to pray, led them out two by two, battered them to death over the head with coopers' mallets and tomahawks, and speared, shot, and scalped the unresisting Christians as they screamed, moaned, and prayed to the tender Jesus. They killed thirty-four children, and sixty-two men and women. Only two little boys managed somehow to escape in the turmoil. That spot is to this day desolate and foresworn, and the unmitigated evil born in that hour became self-perpetuating. To mark the site, a marble shaft has been set up with the brief

inscription, "Here triumphed in death ninety Christian Indians, March 8, 1782," and the word "Gnadenhutten."

The British and Indian side refined on this cruelty when in the following summer they captured Colonel Crawford near Upper Sandusky whither he had gone to destroy a British trading post. Several other prisoners were promptly dispatched with tomahawks, and John McKinley's head was cut off and kicked about in the dust like a football by a gloating squaw. They tied Crawford up, then blackened his face, stripped him nude, cut off his ears, and shot the entire surface of his bare body full of black powder. They tied his hands behind him with a rope, fastened it to a fifteen foot pole, and made him walk round and round while they beat him with clubs and naked fists, yelling and screeching. Then they burned holes in his flesh with the fiery ends of poles and sticks, squaws got baskets of hot coals and threw them on him, and forced him to walk barefoot over the hot ashes of the fire at the stake. The amazing endurance of Crawford withstood three hours of this before he fainted and fell into the fire. Then the surfeited Indians tomahawked him and tossed his bloody scalp into the face of Dr. John Knight who was forced to sit and watch these tortures of his friend. They were also watched in quite another mood by Simon Girty. Dr. Knight later escaped, and from his own eye-witness account of the horror these few details are taken.

The Revolutionary War came to an end in Ohio a few months later, following the siege of Fort Henry where Betty Zane became a heroine when she ran in view of the attacking, British-led Indians from the fort to a cabin and back with gun powder; and a final raid up the Miami Valley by George Rogers Clark and his cavalry from Kentucky.

4

The close of the war left the territory in the hands of the newly created United States, with conflicting claims among the states holding over from colonial days, and with the Indians weakened but unreconciled to giving up their lands. It took another dozen years of fierce fighting to take Ohio from them and open it to the land companies and the settlers. The desperate Indians in western Ohio managed to defeat General Harmar's untrained mob that marched against them from Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, as far as the Maumee in 1789. They also completely routed Arthur St. Clair's undisciplined militia, slaughtered most of the officers and nearly half the men, and brought St. Clair himself into disgrace in September, 1791. St. Clair, ill and so crippled in his bones that he could barely ride his horse after he was lifted on it, got a few of his whipped men, but little of the stores and supplies, back to Cincinnati. He was relieved from his military command, though personally exonerated for the disaster.

You would think that after two generations of continuous war with the Indians, the white officials would have learned sense enough not to send a hastily collected mob against the versatile Indians. They hadn't, but Anthony Wayne had. He succeeded St. Clair early in 1792. Before he went out to attack the Indians, he drilled, disciplined, and trained his men to the last detail in frontier fighting, and his scouts and spies became as resourceful as the Indians themselves. When his men were thoroughly ready late in 1793, he led them methodically up the western edge of our State to Fort Greenville. He built a stockade where St. Clair had been routed,

and called it, in the spirit of this new advance, Fort Recovery. In the spring of 1794 he pressed on to the mouth of the Auglaize, and there on the Maumee built Fort Defiance. Then in the summer his infantry and flanking cavalry, executing orders like a well coached team, required less than sixty minutes to rout forever the fine Indian warriors who had found Harmar and St. Clair such easy prey. This critical battle at Fallen Timbers, August 20, 1794, and the statesmanlike treaty negotiated with the Indians by Wayne at Greenville in August, 1795, ended the long and bitter contest, and the land belonged without further resort to force to the United States of America.

How it was divided, settled, governed, and made into a State is worthy of a little space to itself.

Forests and Fences

I

THE LAND-HUNGRY HORDES OF SUCCESSFUL REBELS AGAINST the English crown did not wait for Anthony Wayne's exploits and his treaty with the Indians to enter Ohio. The minute the Revolution was won the swarm began. From the New England states, from New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania, from Maryland and Virginia, and from Kentucky and the South, they converged on Ohio in a movement that became, at the turn of the century, a mass migration. The mortality rate was fairly high, even with the protection of the forts and the stations, but people kept coming in.

In our day, when we migrate to the frontier of the city instead of the wilderness, and when we whiz over the highways as fortnight tourists rather than as homesteaders, it is a little bit hard to understand why our forefathers a century and a half ago wanted to leave the settled but quite uncrowded Atlantic seaboard for the perilous Ohio forests and river bottoms. But the answer is simple. They too were restless. The long war was over and won. The soldiers and officers had given up their private business for the public good; many of them had lost what little they had owned, and they had not been paid for their services because the Colonies were poor as church mice in general revenue. New

England farms were small, stubborn, and rocky, but all reports told of gold in the West where even Indian squaws raised fabulous crops of corn on Ohio soil. Prosperity then as now was always just over the next hill. Six hundred and forty acres of fat Ohio land would fulfil the great American dream that had been stunted on the sands and rocks of Connecticut, and the hills and scrub pines of Virginia.

But you had to have a deed to your land, even on the Ohio frontier, and that is a detail that makes for a lot of trouble. Somebody has to own it legally before you can get a clear title to it. Bloody battlefields don't write abstracts. And even though France claimed our territory by right of exploration, and though Britain took it by right of force, and though the Colonists seized it by the same process, first from mother England and then from the Indians, the ownership was still in doubt, and the fight was transferred from the armies to the courts, where, as a matter of fact, it is still going on over certain disputed sections of our State.

Just who did own Ohio after the Revolution? Connecticut said most of it was hers, because her charter from King Charles II in 1662 gave her everything between her state lines right straight back to the Pacific Ocean, though neither Charles nor Connecticut had the vaguest notion of what lay between. By equal right and authority, New York, Massachusetts, and Virginia also owned their strips. They overlapped. A hot and acrimonious debate raged between the claimants. Reason prevailed, however; the states finally took a national view and surrendered their rights to the United States, excepting certain acreages reserved by Virginia and Connecticut to meet their pledges to their soldiers.

The territory thus became the legal property of the new nation; the lands could be surveyed, and deeds executed.

With this thorny problem settled, the land was divided up in record time. Practically all of Ohio was absorbed in vast grants during the first twelve years after the close of the Revolutionary War in 1783. Those grants tell us a great deal about the basic pattern of our State, and account for many of the peculiar characteristics of Ohio to be seen even to this day. And they are absorbingly interesting to all who love this land. I am one of them.

I remember a soft spring morning when I was a boy in those archaic days before the World War when I went for the first time as rodman for my grandfather's surveying party in the Congress Lands of Lawrence County. He was retracing, with a compass which I now own, the old range line near Hecla laid down by the government surveyors of the Northwest Territory. They had designated a fourteen-inch walnut as the range and section corner. That was not very definite. My grandfather calculated the variation of magnetic north on his compass and ran his line for nearly a mile. He sent me forward with the rod to a particular tree and supervised the chainmen who were measuring. He then ordered the axman to cut into the tree, and, to the amazement of the whole party, there were the black scars of the marker's ax buried in the body of the great tree that somehow had missed the lumbermen and charcoal burners of the furnace region. That evening he told me the story of surveys and land-grants in Ohio, and to me it was like opening a secret room in a familiar house. When I drive over the State, the congested villages, towns, and farms vanish for a mo-

ment and these twenty portions of the ancient territory emerge and tell their story.

We can't linger over them, but we must say a few words about them. You can't know Ohio or understand how it got the way it is without having some of them before the mind's eye. There was a lot for the tribe of Virginia known by the arresting title of Virginia Military Lands, 1784. It contained over four million of the good Ohio acres. Its broad base was the Ohio River all the way from Portsmouth to the Cincinnati airport. It extended north in an irregular wedge shape between the Little Miami and Scioto Rivers to the watershed near Marion, Kenton, and Bellefontaine. All twelve of the spies would have reported favorably on this land reserved by Virginia in return for a waiver for her claims in the West, and promised as pay to her state troops to redeem her cheap state warrants. It was the same region that took the eye of Christopher Gist in 1751. It was never surveyed regularly into townships. A man who had a claim chose his plot where it pleased him within the district, provided only that somebody hadn't beat him to it, and had it surveyed. Every conceivable shape resulted, for the claimant and his surveyor took in the better land wherever it lay. Nor were they very accurate in calculating the acreage. One warrant in Scioto County called for four hundred and fifty acres, and a certain tract was surveyed and patented for that amount. But by 1920, as C. E. Sherman reports in his *Original Ohio Land Subdivisions*, "the sum of the parcels inside the '450 acres' had grown to 1,662.36 acres, which is what the state paid for in purchasing it as a part of the

Roosevelt Game Preserve." Squatters sat down on many acres of the district, and a special act of the Legislature had to deal with their claims as late as 1889. Over seventy-five thousand acres, left after all claims by the veterans were settled, or missed in the surveys, were deeded to Ohio, and Ohio gave them in turn to the Ohio State University, then the Ohio Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Connecticut kept a portion for herself which is known to this day as the Western Reserve, 1786. Few people know about the Virginia Military Lands, but everyone knows of this strip of old Connecticut in northeastern Ohio, even if they don't know its exact boundaries. It is about the same size as the Virginia reserve. Its northern border is the smooth curve of the Lake Erie shore line; including the Fire Lands, also reserved by Connecticut, it stretches all the way to Sandusky Bay. Its southern border just takes in Youngstown and Akron; it runs parallel to US224 just five miles farther south for one hundred and twenty miles—half-way across the State. The four million acres were surveyed into townships five miles square. This division is clearly seen today by the precise, checkerboard pattern of the highway maps. The extreme monotony of these roads intersecting every five miles in this flat country is relieved by the charming villages with their greens, little white churches with New England spires, town halls, and Connecticut houses. A blindfolded native of Connecticut suddenly given a view of Leroy, Hudson, Streetsboro, Twinsburg and like villages would never know that he wasn't back in the tiny mother state.

This Western Reserve is in marked contrast to the Virginia lands where you see few if any village greens, but many handsome private brick houses in the southern style

and fine courthouses. The land went for about forty cents an acre, and war veterans and homesteaders who were weary of piling up rocks around their meager farms in the East were soon trekking in by the thousands. The Fire Lands, almost identical with present Huron County with Norwalk as its center, were given to people from Fairfield, New London, and Norwalk, Connecticut, whose houses had been burned during the Revolution in British raids along the coast, led, according to the gossip, by native son Benedict Arnold. The Connecticut school system still profits from the sale of about a million acres of Ohio lands, the proceeds from which bear interest in her state treasury earmarked for that purpose. Ohio has always been glad to help a neighbor out.

The third large portion, let also in 1786, is known as the Seven Ranges. It is a triangle; its base on the north runs forty-two miles due west from the pottery town of East Liverpool on the Ohio to Magnolia; its perpendicular drops south across the hill counties to the Ohio River just east of Marietta; and the ox-bowing Ohio bounds its eastern side. It is pretty, unglaciated country, but not very good farm land. It was nearest to Fort Pitt and the passes from east to west, and apparently the easiest to settle. Men from Pennsylvania, especially Quakers, Dutchmen, and Irishmen came here. But the land didn't sell well because it was poor and the Washington heirs who owned it asked too high a price for it. People preferred the better tracts at cheaper rates farther west. And it didn't get its name for seven ranges of hills, as many people seem to think, but from the nature of the survey. A range is six miles in the public-land survey, and seven such lines were run south from the base to the Ohio River. As a matter of fact, Ohio was the proving

ground for land surveying, and from the experiments conducted within its boundary was worked out the system that became standard for all surveys of the vast western territories of the United States.

Next to the Western Reserve, the portion of a million and a half acres called the Ohio Company's Purchase, 1787, is best known to most people. It included the extreme lower Muskingum Valley, extended west to take in Athens and the Hocking bottoms, and the long Ohio River frontage all the winding distance from Marietta to the start of the great bend at Huntington, West Virginia. These bottoms on the three rivers were good land, but in the rest of the region the company certainly picked a lemon. It knew almost nothing of Ohio terrain, and reports of its unvarying fertility were exaggerated back in Massachusetts. From the good New England and French stock that built Marietta, Belpre, and Gallipolis, and founded the great university at Athens, came important leadership for the territory and the State, but after a notable beginning the region as a whole declined. Much of it is now submarginal and a problem child. The tract was well surveyed into sections and is famous in the history of the State because section sixteen in each township was allotted to the schools, section twenty-nine to religious institutions, and two townships for a college —Ohio University. The land went for a dollar an acre with a third off for bad land—a provision as fortunate as it was unusual.

Symmes Purchase, 1794, is almost as well known. It is the portion of more than three hundred thousand acres which Judge John Cleves Symmes got around Cincinnati for sixty-seven cents an acre. It took in the twenty-seven miles of

Ohio River bottom from the mouth of the Little Miami River to the mouth of the Great Miami at the Indiana line. It went north between these two Miamis to Lebanon and Hamilton. Again sections sixteen and twenty-nine were set aside for schools and religious institutions and the two townships for a college—Miami University.

Few of our citizens know the rich portion in the center of the State set apart in 1796 as the U. S. Military District. It started just above Columbus, went up the Scioto almost to Marion, crossed the State to the Magnolia corner of the Seven Ranges, and has Cambridge, Zanesville, and Newark on or near its southern border. These two and a half million acres were surveyed like the Western Reserve into five-mile-square townships, and allotted to officers and veterans of the Revolution in acreages proportionate to their warrants for claims.

Besides these historic grants, there are many smaller portions each with an interesting origin and a bright comment on the pattern of life in our State. There is the Donation Tract above Marietta. It was pay for protection against Indian attacks. A hundred acres went to each settler who would keep powder, gun, and a man able to use them; and if he did that for five years and still lived he got a deed to the acres. The French Grant, which I used to survey in with my grandfather and my father, is a twelve thousand acre plot just below Hanging Rock on the Ohio, and was given to the French people who were swindled at Gallipolis. Another twelve thousand acres up in Tuscarawas County known as the Moravian Lands were given by Congress in 1787 to 1796 to the Indians who became Christians.

The three Zane Tracts, each one mile square, one at Zanes-

ville, one at Lancaster, and one at Chillicothe, were given to that intrepid surveyor, Ebenezer Zane, for opening the famous Zane's Trace road across Ohio from Wheeling to Maysville over which such celebrated travelers as Cuming passed and in whose journal a vivid account of the journey may be read. Over in Champaign County were three other tracts given to Isaac Zane for the kind things he did for our side during the Revolution when he was living with the Indians.

Our state capital is in the narrow strip of fifty-eight thousand acres known as the Refugee Tract. A generous Congress made it the portion of our friends from Canada and Nova Scotia who lost their property because they sympathized with our American Revolution. It was not all claimed. Up in Tuscarawas and Harrison Counties is the Dorham Grant of one township, a romantic and typically American gesture to a Portuguese merchant who aided and protected our ships and men-of-war at Lisbon during the Revolution. An equally nice sentimental gesture was made in 1805 when the Twelve-Mile-Square Reserve around ancient Fort Miami, including Wayne's battle ground at Fallen Timbers, was set apart. Those hardy souls who had settled on the land under the protection of the fort during the wild days were given deeds to their holdings.

The Maumee Road Lands went in 1823 for what is now US20 between Bellevue, Fremont, and Perrysburg. The Turnpike Lands were set apart in lieu of toll on the new roads for U. S. mail, troops, and property. Over a million acres went to the Ohio canal system in 1828, and over twenty-five thousand acres of the great swamps that once brought death to travelers and settlers in the Toledo dis-

trict were given to the State if it would drain them. And there were even twenty-seven thousand acres reserved by Congress as Salt Sections because the salt wells were so all-important to the early settlers that they had to be held for the common good. This is another reminder of those romantic and almost forgotten aspects of early life in Ohio. Sale of the lands was authorized in 1824 when there was at last plenty of cheap salt for everybody.

The remaining portions of the State were surveyed and sold prosaically in short order, and the land where the Indian had roamed freely was fenced off as private property with deeds and recordings in courthouses. The struggle was now with wilderness, transportation, and government.

Settlements and Villages

I

AS SOON AS TITLES WERE POSSIBLE, SETTLEMENTS WERE quickly made on those natural and favored spots at the mouth of the rivers and on the open plains which the Indians had picked long before as sites for their tents and villages. In fact they sprang up so thick and fast that we shall single out only a few of those that had marked effect on the bent of our future State.

Marietta on the Ohio and Muskingum was, as that proud city quite properly does not let us forget, the first permanent settlement in Ohio. The first two villages, founded by Moravian faith in 1772, were wiped out in the wars; Schoenbrunn is now a restored museum village, and Gnadenhutten is, as we have seen, a desolation around a shaft of marble. But as the heart and soul of the Ohio Company's Purchase, Marietta had so propitious a start on April 7, 1788, that the Father of our country himself declared, "No Colony in America was settled under such favorable auspices." The colony was built by the side of an ancient and impressive earthen fort, and named in honor of Queen Marie Antoinette because she had been kind to our own Benjamin Franklin in the doubtful days of the Revolution.

The "favorable auspices" were solemn and disciplined

New England at its best, uncontaminated by the Virginians or the Pennsylvanians. The colony was led by the highly competent General Rufus Putnam, one of the two hundred and eighty-eight officers of the Revolution who got no pay for their labors, and therefore petitioned the Congress for bounty lands in Ohio. He was by common consent the benevolent dictator of the party, an able, imaginative, hard-working man. I do not wonder that he could persuade the discouraged Jonathan Melvin to stop at Marietta and practise his trade as cooper. Putnam was Surveyor General of the United States, and a judge on the supreme court of the new territory. He guided Marietta through her most difficult years, he helped draft the constitution of our State, and died in peace, full of honor and of years, in his pioneer town where his house is now a museum piece enclosed in a brick and glass building. He was ably supported in his labors by Dr. Manasseh Cutler, a Yale man, who helped frame the high-minded by-laws of the company with their exalted views of freedom, religion, education, and morality as the corner-stones of the colony. Both men got their pictures on a special commemorative issue of Mr. Farley's postage stamps one hundred and fifty years later. Such men as these had the unconquerable faith of their century in democratic ideals, and their faith moved mountains—or, more significantly, the covered wagons of the pioneers.

A trip to Ohio from Massachusetts in 1787-88 was no lark; it was an act of trust and courage. There is a fine passage in Hildreth's rare book on the early pioneer settlers of Ohio that writes a chapter for us. He tells about the marriage of the second daughter of the Reverend Chandler Robbins of Plymouth, Massachusetts, to Benjamin Ives Gil-

man, a worthy merchant of Marietta. "Nothing marred the joy of this festive occasion, but the circumstance of her being removed to so great a distance from her parents; the location of her future home being on the banks of the Ohio, far toward the setting sun. The New Englanders at this time were an untraveled people; they had not then learnt to roam into all parts of the earth, but a journey of a hundred miles was a great event in the life of that primitive people, and seldom undertaken by the pious, without the public prayers of the church for its success. How formidable then must have seemed to the old people, this journey of eight hundred miles; so far, that the expectation of seeing her again in this world, was almost hopeless, and the final adieu was affecting and solemn."

That was the feeling at Ipswich, Massachusetts, when at break of day on December 3, 1787, twenty-two young pioneers listened to Dr. Cutler's farewell before the church and started "far toward the setting sun" with the words "**FOR THE OHIO COUNTRY**" painted on the cover of the wagon drawn by oxen. It took them eight weeks to get to West Newton, some thirty-five miles up the Monongahela-Youghiogheny from Pittsburgh. Here Putnam's twenty-six men who had come over the Old Braddock Road, joined them; they built boats, and drifted with their stuff down to the Muskingum opposite Fort Harmar. The whole drama was reenacted in 1938—all but the clearing of forests and planting crops and building the blockhouses and being received in friendship by the Delawares and Wyandottes. Franklin D. Roosevelt came out to help celebrate this sesquicentennial, and after one of his less inspired addresses, un-

veiled Gutzon Borglum's monument of six heroic figures carved in native sandstone, "A Nation Moving Westward."

The Marietta colony had its hardships, but life at the settlement was not all grim. We read in Perkin's *Annals* that people were arriving faster than new houses could be erected, and that "our first ball was opened about the middle of December, at which were fifteen ladies, as well accomplished in the manners of polite circles as I have ever seen in the old States. I mention this to show the progress of society in this new world; where I believe we shall vie with, if not excel, the old States, in every accomplishment to render life agreeable and happy." From this cultivated center other settlements soon branched out to Belpre and Newbury, the fabulous Blennerhassetts came to their island nearby, and the State was indeed off to a good start with this first New England contingent.

2

The settlement of Cincinnati on the river edge of the Miami country brought a quite different group and pattern of life into Ohio. This country had been famous for over a century before the white settlement was made, for wandering traders had brought back good reports of its accessibility and extreme fertility. The appraising eye of Major Benjamin Stites, a New Jersey merchant and traveler, fell upon it in the summer of 1787. He had joined with a party at Limestone (Maysville) to invade the region in search of Indian horse thieves. Stites found no horses or thieves, but he did see the tall timber and rich soil between the two Miamis. The land fever struck him then and there, and he got himself post haste back to New Jersey. There he eloquently



From Ohio State Mu-



BLOCKHOU
MANSFIELD, I
IN 1813

By Frank J. Roos,



GENERAL RUFUS PUTNAM

From Ohio State Museum



described his find to Judge John Cleves Symmes, another of those amazingly versatile men of all trades produced in that day, born on Long Island, but now of New Jersey where he was in politics and a judge of the Supreme Court. Symmes, too, was captivated, and in short order a land company, similar to the Ohio Company, including Symmes, Stites, General Jonathan Dayton, and twenty-one others was formed, and Symmes Purchase was got under way.

Without loss of time three settlements were planned and planted on the Ohio in the winter of 1788-89. Curiously enough, both Symmes and Stites chose unwisely. Stites landed his little party of a score of eager men at the low, flat, easily-flooded mouth of the Little Miami, where he laid out his village of Columbia in November, 1788. It failed. It is now the Cincinnati airport.

Symmes went on down to the Great Miami where, in January, 1789, under military protection sent down from Fort Harmar, he set up his village. He named it North Bend for reasons which a glance at a map will make clear. This village did not flourish either; to this day it is chiefly known and visited as the shrine of William Henry Harrison, son-in-law of Judge Symmes.

The site rejected by the leaders became the center of a great city. On the high bank of the basin opposite the mouth of the Licking River and surrounded by those hills that were to be the glory of Cincinnati, three men—one from New Jersey, Matthias Denman; one from Pennsylvania, Colonel Robert Patterson; and one from Kentucky, John Filson—in December, 1788, made a settlement and called it, after the Latin vogue of the time, Losantiville: *L* for Licking, *os* for mouth, *anti* for opposite and *ville* for town, or the

town opposite the mouth of the Licking River. It was destiny's own spot. The wide bottom, the bastion of hills, the bend in the Ohio, the Licking route to Lexington, Kentucky—in every detail it was strategic. It was the inevitable choice of the military as the location for Fort Washington, and of St. Clair for the seat of government of the territory in January, 1790. Its cosmopolitan colonists who were soon flocking here from all over the United States and from Europe, and its central location in the territory gave it a character and an importance in the life of our State which it has never lost. Throughout the pre-Civil War period, Cincinnati was the center of western commerce and of culture.

3

The third settlement was the picturesque and poignant tragedy of the French Five Hundred who, in the year 1790, were lured with impossible promises to America and to Gallipolis, the beautiful town on the Ohio River just four miles below Point Pleasant. These Frenchmen added a flavor to Ohio history out of all proportion to their small numerical strength, but they had little effect on the shaping of Ohio. Their story deserves and will get a short chapter to itself.

The extensive Virginia Military District was first settled early in 1791 at Manchester on a low flat bottom opposite the last of three islands in the great slow bend of the Ohio just twelve miles up river from Maysville. The site of the town is so low that the river front was nearly obliterated in the flood of 1937. The migration to Manchester was the beginning of the Virginia-Kentucky crowd that completely dominated early Ohio politics. Nathaniel Massie, Colonel and General, was the amazing power-house genius behind

the movement of peoples into this central block of Ohio lands. He had enough courage, craft, and endurance with or without food to see a dozen men through life. He was born in Virginia in 1763, fought in the Revolutionary War, then went to Kentucky as a man of affairs at the age of nineteen —a pattern of training for early adulthood common to that day and incredible to this when the period of infancy has been lengthened by at least half a decade. This natural-born leader, entrepreneur, trader, and frontiersman became deputy surveyor of the Virginia Military Lands.

He made a lot of money locating and surveying land on commission for men who held Virginia warrants. He got a fee of about ten pounds per thousand acres, or from one-third to one-half of the lands, and earned every cent and every acre. The story of these surveys is an epic one, but this is not the place to tell it. This surveyor built "Massie's Station" as a shelter and refuge in this lonely country, and then, in 1791, persuaded thirty families to come in, take lots in his town, clear farms outside, and build cabins and a stockade with blockhouses for protection against the Indians. We must remember that Massie was doing all this four years before the Treaty of Greenville, and that he saw his farmers and even his chainmen on his surveying parties captured and carried away by hostile Indians.

There was no stopping such a man. He made his Manchester settlement a port of entry into the Virginia Military District, and an important transfer point on the busy stage route from Lexington and Maysville, Kentucky, to Chillicothe and the roads to the East. And from it as a base Massie surveyed the region nearby into farms in 1791-92; he explored and surveyed on the Scioto and Paint Creek at the

site of Chillicothe in the late autumn of 1793; he surveyed the Little Miami during the winter 1793-94 while Wayne was preparing his march against the Indians; he continued the surveys in the winter 1794-95, and was ready to found Chillicothe in 1796 when the Indian menace was removed. Appropriately enough his now static bones are at rest in Upland Cemetery overlooking from the western hilltop the wide Scioto Valley, Mount Logan, the river and the city of Chillicothe which his courage founded. He died in 1813.

Manchester is and always has been a pleasing river town—except when the floods invade it and leave it scarred with mud and its houses smashed. But early in our state history the flow of goods and peoples began to pass around Manchester, leaving it in isolation and sleepy peace. Leadership of the Virginia crowd quickly passed from this little village backwashed on the Ohio, to Massie's new, thriving, and strategically located town on the Scioto bottoms half-way between Columbus and Portsmouth.

This town, the pride of Massie's heart, named Chillicothe by the Indians, was founded in August, 1796, just a few weeks after Moses Cleaveland had planted the first colony in the Western Reserve and the fifth in the State—thus making Chillicothe sixth. It is hard not to be expansive—and romantic—about this charming town with its nice people, its cultivated way of living in the wilderness, its rich and able citizens, and its overwhelming importance in the first few decades of Ohio statehood. Even to this day you can feel the leisure and the confidence of this individual old town coming out to meet you as you approach it on a spring or summer day. And as you idle along its wide, tree-shaded streets and look in at the handsome, aging doorways, you

wonder how this town got misplaced in Ohio—just as you wonder about those bits of old sea-coast Connecticut south-east of Cleveland. Massie is the answer. After he had surveyed it, he lured in a group of Kentucky families to break the sod with thirty plowshares. They were soon joined by a little band of cultivated, energetic, and well-to-do Virginians who wanted to make a new Virginia for themselves in Ohio. Dr. Edward Tiffin, his brother Joseph, and his brother-in-law Thomas Worthington, came early in 1797, built houses and, later, mansions, planned saw mills and grist mills and attracted scores of fine families to the level farms along the Scioto, Paint Creek, Pea-pea, Pigeon and Darby Creeks. So powerful and industrious were these settlers that Chillicothe soon became by common acceptance the leading center of the Ohio country, and the logical location for the first capital when Ohio became a State in 1803. Edwin Tiffin of Chillicothe was the first Governor of Ohio, 1803-07; Thomas Worthington was Governor, 1814-18; and Duncan McArthur, a Pennsylvanian who first came to Chillicothe as a chainman with Massie's party in 1793, was Governor, 1830-32. Massie himself was a member of the legislature of the Northwest Territory, a member of the first Constitutional Convention; an early advocate of Ohio's statehood, and lacked only a few votes of being Ohio's second Governor. As a Virginia-Ohioan he did prevent the election of a newcomer from the new Connecticut Western Reserve, Return Jonathan Meigs, Jr. The Chillicothe influence in the early days was dominant in Ohio.

4

These settlements were all made from the Ohio River, down which daily went home-seekers and adventurers by the hundreds. Over four thousand were reported as passing through Fort Harmar in the seven months from December, 1787, to June, 1788. The Lake Erie shore was at first less hospitable, perhaps because it was more austere than the Ohio valley and was cut off from markets. You could float a barge of flour down to New Orleans on the river current, but you had to pull hard for every inch you traveled on the lake. Still this northeastern section was not entirely overlooked during the first restless upsurge of energy after the Revolutionary War, even though it was slow to attract settlers in large numbers.

Moses Cleaveland was the Putnam and Massie of the Western Reserve.

On Independence Day, 1796, while Massie's new company was erecting log huts and raising three hundred acres of corn at the mouth of Paint Creek and planning the town of Chillicothe that was not actually laid out until August, Cleaveland and his party of surveyors and settlers from Connecticut, fifty in number, landed at the mouth of Conneaut Creek where, says Cleaveland, "We gave three cheers and christened the place Fort Independence."

Thus was the first settlement planted in New Connecticut. It was even more heroic, considering its isolation, than the settlements along the river. For these fifty people, including only two women, were for a time in practical exile where no daily passing of pirogues or visits from distinguished travelers relieved the tedium of solitude on the frontier. Hope and

hard work, and possibly some memory of those piles of Connecticut rocks, sustained them. Moses Cleaveland, after the custom of the time, kept a journal of those days. It is a most readable document; by its disclosures we may reconstruct their routine of living and see what manner of men they were. On that Independence Day he recorded his hopes for the future success and prosperity of the new venture and added that they "drank several pails of grog, supped, and retired in remarkable good order."

The bouncing adjective that might have been a mortal adverb is the making of the sentence and a key to our man. We look long at the portrait of this forty-two year old citizen from Canterbury, Connecticut, Yale '77, lawyer, soldier, assemblyman, land speculator, and surveyor, with that Cromwellian skull, Napoleonic brow and eyes of cold command above a Jeffersonian nose, and John Bull's own jowls, rigid, thick, and military, and then we peep over his shoulder and watch him at the end of an exacting day set down in his journal by the light of a torch that after drinking several pails of grog they could still retire in "remarkable good order." A little door has opened into the bright interior of Moses Cleaveland's city-founding spirit. Remarkable good order, indeed!

A couple of weeks later, Cleaveland and a few of his party paddled westward along the Lake Erie shore in search of the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. After one false start up a deceptive creek, which they called "Chagrin River," they arrived at the "veritable Cuyahoga" and the site of an ancient Indian post and traders' depot. There they built a depository of their own, threw up some cabins, and named the spot, pregnant with future greatness, after their leader

from Yale. The story goes that the shorter spelling without the *a* now in use was commenced over a century ago by the Cleveland *Advertiser* because its type was too wide for the form. The reader will remember, however, that in those days a man might spell as his spirit moved him.

The Western Reserve was now open for the Connecticut folks. They came slowly at first, and they played a minor part in the territorial period of Ohio. But early in the life of the State they took firm hold. They became a powerful strain in Ohio history which even Nathaniel Massie could not keep suppressed. Their tight, Puritan New England ways and style of living are visible even to this day in the Western Reserve and in the State as a whole.

Following settlement of these six historic centers came so many new ones that it would be unrewarding to tell of them in detail. Dayton, now one of the finest cities in Ohio, was begun in the spring of 1796 at the vulnerable spot where the Great Miami, Mad and Stillwater Rivers, and Wolf Creek, came together. The settlers came up from Cincinnati. Portsmouth got its first permanent white settler in 1796. In 1797 Lucas Sullivant, another of that mighty generation of frontier surveyors, a Virginia gentleman with the profile of a Roman senator, founded Franklinton on the west bank of the Scioto at the mouth of the Olentangy where the Mingoes and other tribes once had villages. It is now Columbus' west side. Athens, cultural center of southeastern Ohio, was settled the same year, Youngstown got started in 1798, Zanesville and Coshocton in 1799—that is the way they mushroomed all over the State.

5

In the space of one decade the Ohio country was in this fashion transformed from a land of Indian villages and roving white traders into a region dotted with settlements of some of the best American stock determined to make homes and exploit the wilderness. These settlements fixed the basic pattern of the State. To know Ohio you have to keep in mind the fact that it was settled at an extraordinarily fast pace, and that the people came from the most diverse and individual regions. Francois Michaux, another of those priceless travelers who kept a journal, recorded his impressions of this phenomenon the year before Ohio became a state. He observed the growth of population in thirty years from three hundred to one hundred thousand, and noted with French perspicacity that "although the plantations on the roads are scarcely four miles distant from each other, it is very rare to find one, even among the most flourishing, where one cannot with confidence ask the owner, whence he has migrated; or, according to the trivial manner of the Americans, 'What part of the world do you come from?' as if these immense and fertile regions were to be the asylum common to all the inhabitants of the globe. Now if we consider these astonishing and rapid ameliorations, what ideas must we not form of the height of prosperity to which the western country is rising. . . ."

This mass migration from all the New England states, from Pennsylvania across into the Seven Ranges, from Maryland into Central Ohio, from New York, New Jersey and the South, came right after the Revolutionary War when the colonies were still provincial in thought and loy-

alty, when men were first of all Virginians and were Americans only as an afterthought. They carried this feeling of separateness with them into Ohio where all kinds of people from everywhere came in so quickly in search of Eldorado that the State was from its inception cosmopolitan and decentralized. It has never lost these characteristics. Moreover, as we have now seen, separate groups with distinct backgrounds and attachments settled in equally distinct districts in Ohio. The New Jersey-Kentucky group at Cincinnati knew little of and were concerned less with Moses Cleaveland and his Connecticut Yankees up north on the lonely lake. To this day Cincinnati patronizes Cleveland and has to think twice to remember that both cities are in the same State. Likewise the Virginians knew little about the good Massachusetts folks down on the Muskingum River. And though communication was comparatively easy on rivers and over trails, the settlements were geared to the Ohio, and then to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans, rather than with each other.

This condition lasted for half a century. It is simple to see why Ohio has remained sectionalized for all its cosmopolitanism, why even its legends have never bound it into a spiritual unity, and why Ted Robinson could say truthfully of the thirteen writers whom he lists "as legitimately designated Ohio authors," that there are "no two who are even acquainted with each other. And if I am wrong, and there is a mutual acquaintance among several of them, I will hazard a second guess that they met at some gathering of writers in New York." It should also explain in part to interested outsiders why a hard-working Brown County farmer,

whose Virginian great-great-grandfather came from the Revolutionary War into the Virginia Military Lands, fails to contribute with enthusiasm to the support of Cleveland's and Toledo's unemployed.

Fashioning a State

I

ON OCTOBER 5, 1787, GENERAL ARTHUR ST. CLAIR WAS APPOINTED Governor of the Northwest Territory. He was a fine Scotch gentleman, a University of Edinburgh man, with little natural understanding of this new democracy. He came to America in 1758, and had been here nearly thirty years, therefore, before he took up the cross of his new appointment. He had behind him a distinguished military career with Wolfe at Quebec, as commander of Fort Ligonier in Pennsylvania, as a high officer in the battles at Trenton and Princeton, as a Major-General at Ticonderoga which he bravely surrendered and for which he underwent trial by a court-martial, only to be praised for his generalship and acquitted with the highest honor. After the war he retired to his thousand-acre farm at Ligonier, but was immediately sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress and chosen as its president. He was serving as President of the Senate when he was made Governor of the Northwest Territory. He would seem to have been a choice man for the post.

The assignment was difficult. The Territory was vast, none of the settlements we have mentioned had been made, the population was sparse, vagrant, and scattered over hundreds of miles of forests without roads, and menaced by the In-

dians. There was no army, and no money, and the Congress was inexperienced, uncertain, preoccupied, and a long, hard distance off. St. Clair had to hold court throughout this domain, fight off the Indians, travel in all weathers, eat wherever and whatever he could, sleep in the open or in frontiersmen's beds, and the Governor had the gout. No wonder even this iron man broke under such punishment.

These tribulations were still unseen in the future, however, when Arthur St. Clair arrived in Marietta on July 9, 1788, eight months after his appointment, to govern his charges. Marietta was now three months old, and Rufus Putnam and his colonists were all ready to receive their Governor. We must give ourselves the pleasure, and the insight, of watching the landing and feeling its spirit through the emotional description of Charles Moore:

"On the morning of the 9th of July the boom of a boat's gun awoke the echoes between the forest-lined banks of the broad Ohio, and soon a barge, hurried by the swift current and twelve stalwart watermen, turned into the Muskingum and swung up to the rude landing-place at Marietta. The Governor of the Northwest Territory had arrived at the capital. It was a great day for the new colony; and with the true New Englanders' love of dignity and order, they were determined to make the most of it. The Revolutionary veteran General Harmar and his handful of soldiers from the fort were drawn up in line, the burnished gun-barrels glistening in the July sun; there too was Rufus Putnam, unwearied surveyor, matchless engineer, veteran soldier and founder of the great state that was to be; and Judge Varnum, who, apostrophizing the new governor in sonorous periods on the nation's birthday, had called on the gently flowing Ohio

to 'bear him, oh bear him safely to this anxious spot,' and on the 'beautiful, transparent Muskingum to swell at the moment of his approach and reflect no objects but of pleasure and delight!' Amidst the ruffle of drums and the booming of the federal salute of fourteen guns, the commanding figure of Governor Arthur St. Clair stepped from the barge of state, closely followed by Judge Parsons and Secretary Sargent."

On July 13 the Governor was formally inaugurated; on the twenty-fifth the first law was published "for regulating and establishing the militia"; on the twenty-sixth the Governor, exercising his delegated power, made most of the eastern half of the State into Washington County with Marietta as its seat; and on September 2 the first session of the court was held after elaborate and solemn ceremonies. The Reverend Doctor Manasseh Cutler offered the prayer and invoked God's interest in the proceedings. And we get a better idea of the spirit of these men and of those days when we remember that Dr. Cutler, in order to get to this ceremony, traveled all the way from Connecticut, eight hundred miles in twenty-nine days, by sulky, by horseback, and finally by barge propelled from the stern by "a machine in the form of a screw with short blades" turned by a crank which the Doctor made with the help of "a number of people," as he says in his diary of the journey. Well might George Washington himself say, "I know many of the settlers [at Marietta] personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community."

There were five men in the new government to promote

the welfare of such a community, and their qualifications for their job were impressive. St. Clair, as we have noted, was trained at the University of Edinburgh. Winthrop Sargent, secretary of the Northwest Territory, was a Harvard man, '71, from Massachusetts. The three judges were John M. Varnum of Brown University and a Massachusetts man; Samuel H. Parsons, a Harvard man from Connecticut; and John Armstrong, a Princeton man from Pennsylvania, though he resigned the appointment and John Cleves Symmes took his place. All these men were officers in the Revolutionary War, and most of them were distinguished for service in local assemblies or the Continental Congress. It looked like a good start for Ohio.

2

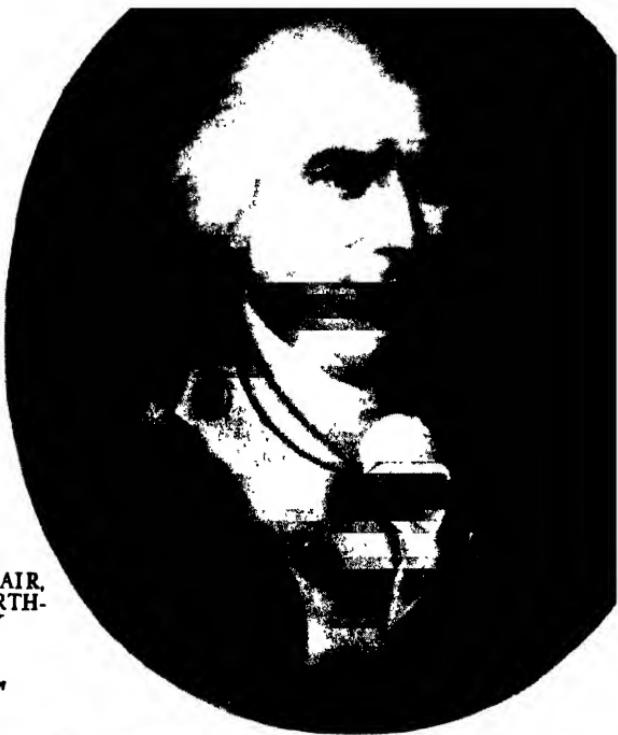
The instrument of authority for these five officials was "An Ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of the river Ohio," passed by the Continental Congress, July 3, 1787. It is familiarly known as the Ordinance of 1787. That is to say, other ordinances had preceded it, especially the one of 1784 in which the sometimes fussy brain of Thomas Jefferson proposed that ten states be carved north of the Ohio River to be called by classical names conjured out of his own scholarship. If this great founding father hadn't gone to Europe on an important mission, or if the Congress hadn't been more folk-minded, our beloved State might have been quartered and named Washington, Metropotamia, Saratoga, and Pelisipia, with neighbors addressed as Cherronesus and Assenisipia.

The Ordinance of 1787 is one of the great documents in a century noted for its high and noble constitutions and

instruments of government. It has been praised by great men. Webster's words are the most famous: "We are accustomed to praise the law-givers of antiquity; we help to perpetuate the fame of Solon and Lycurgus, but I doubt whether one single law of any law-giver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked and lasting character than the Ordinance of 1787." He was thinking not only of the Ordinance itself, but of the fact that the state governments set up in the West were modeled upon it in spirit and principle. The Ordinance was elevated in tone, earnest for freedom and tolerance, and untainted by any imperialistic desire of the seaboard states to rule the West as a colonial empire. In fact, the famous six articles of the Ordinance were preceded by the affirmation that they were to be considered "as articles of compact, between the original States and the people and States in the said territory, and forever remain unalterable, unless by common consent."

Article I assured to all men of "peacable and orderly manner" freedom of worship or religious sentiment. Article II guaranteed trial by jury, the right of *habeas corpus*, moderate fines, no cruel or unusual punishments, and protection of property. The third and most celebrated, as it was most far reaching in its effects (we still feel them and the end is not yet) declared in ringing words: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." The linking of good government with the happiness of mankind, and both with religion and knowledge is one of those inspirations that make our forefathers great before our thankful eyes.

Articles IV and V defined the relation of the territory, and



ARTHUR ST. CLAIR,
GOVERNOR OF NORTH-
WEST TERRITORY

From Ohio State Museum





THE LANDING OF SETTLERS AS REENACTED IN 1938

From Ohio State Mu



the states in the future to be formed from it, with the Federal government in matters of lands and titles, taxes, public debts, waterways, and conditions under which not less than three nor more than five states might be formed and admitted "into the Congress of the United States, on an equal footing with the original States, in all respects whatever."

The final article VI is second in importance only to article III. Remembering that the year is 1787, it was a tremendous portent of the conflict being stored up for the great-grandsons of the framers; "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." But escaped slaves, lawfully claimed in any of the original States "may be lawfully reclaimed, and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labor or service as aforesaid."

Good government and a good life for a people should grow out of those principles and, on the whole, they did. But that was only half or less of the total Ordinance upon whose authority the military-trained Governor was to act with mounting friction for fourteen years. The first part of the document set up a government for a growing state that would, in the vision of the Confederate Congress, pass through three stages. During the first phase, when the territory was growing from three hundred scattered souls into the settlements already noted, the Governor, appointed for three years, and a court of three judges to serve "during good behavior," were to legislate, administer, adjudicate, and govern the territory largely as they saw fit. A secretary appointed for four years was to report their stewardship to the Congress. The second stage, with an elected general as-

sembly and an appointive legislative council, would be set up when there were "five thousand free male inhabitants, of full age, in the district." This condition was officially met in 1798 with a margin to spare, and might have been fulfilled earlier if St. Clair hadn't bucked the agitation for representative government and the census. The third stage, reached in 1803, was, of course, full statehood "whenever any of the said states shall have sixty-thousand free inhabitants therein."

This basic instrument took no chances on penniless fellows getting into office. Governor St. Clair had to have one thousand acres to qualify, Secretary Sargent and each of the three judges had to own at least five hundred acres. During this first period no plain citizen could vote; the governor and the judges did that. Even in the second phase a qualifying property test was set up. If you didn't own at least fifty acres you couldn't vote, and no man could represent your district unless "he shall likewise hold in his own right, in fee-simple, two hundred acres of land within the same." There was to be in this transitional period a "legislative council" of five, chosen by the Congress from the nominations made by these representatives; and each member must "be possessed of a freehold in five hundred acres of land." Of course we should remember that land was cheap. But in those early aristocratic days of our democracy the land wasn't so easy to come by as many seem to suppose.

There was not only a suspicion of the common frontiersman, but the rules of land granting excluded him from favor and passed him over to the mercies of the great speculators. For the Government began by granting tracts of not less than two million acres which only a big company could

afford. They had to come down to million acre tracts, and then, under pressure, to four thousand acres. Moreover, you had to buy at the treasury at Philadelphia, or on public sale at Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. Not until the Ohio country got its own territorial legislature and its delegate to Congress in December, 1799, did the democracy get a break. Then General William Henry Harrison, formerly commander of Fort Washington (1796-98), Secretary of the Northwest Territory (1798-99), and now the first delegate from the territory to the Congress, got a bill through offering for sale farms of a section or even a half-section—six hundred and forty or three hundred and twenty acres—on the comparatively easy terms of twenty-five per cent down and four years to pay, with land offices conveniently distributed over the territory. Democracy was at work in Ohio to give the land and the government into the hands of those who, amidst every privation and hardship, were building their State. And it was the set determination of these spirited new Ohioans who overcame the schemes of their territorial governor and made themselves into a State for the Union.

3

The ins and outs, ups and downs, over representation and statehood between St. Clair and the leadership of the territory, are involved, long-drawn-out, and of little profit to revive. The hot political strife of Ohio got off to a good start in its prenatal period. St. Clair, for all his fine qualities, was an aristocrat by nature and a military man by profession. He did not want to yield his governorship, or surrender any of his wide authority. Theodore Roosevelt saw his limits when he wrote, "He was devoted to the cause of Union and

Liberty; and was a conscientious, high-minded man. But . . . he possessed no capacity for getting on with the frontiersmen, being without sympathy for their virtues, while keenly alive to their unattractive faults; he was an autocrat both by military training and political principles."

St. Clair kept his headquarters at Marietta little more than a year, and then moved his capital to the more central location at Cincinnati. Here he commanded his army, appointed all officials below the three judges, and for ten years ruled his people. Perhaps it was natural that he should be reluctant to see his child grow up and want a house of its own. At any rate he delayed the first elections until December, 1798, and when the elected assembly finally met at Cincinnati near the end of September, 1799, he was uncooperative and jealous of his old authorities. In fact he augmented his jurisdiction instead of relaxing it, for he now had the power of absolute veto over the legislative acts, an authority which he did not have over the decrees of the previous government. He was in fact a close approach to a dictator. He vetoed right and left, too, killing eleven of the first thirty bills of the legislature. The one thing he wouldn't stand for was any limitation on what he considered his sole right to establish counties, and name county-seats. This one item, along with his ingenious plans for gerrymandering the territory into districts to prevent any one from having the required sixty thousand for statehood, brought him head-on into a fight with some of the ablest and most determined men in Ohio: Meigs and Fearing from Marietta; the influential Cincinnati delegation that boasted men like Judge Jacob Burnet, Princeton '91, from New Jersey, McMillan, a keen lawyer out of Williams and Mary, and James Findlay from Penn-

sylvania; and more noteworthy still, the powerful Virginia crowd with leaders like Langham, Tiffin, Worthington, and Samuel Findlay from Chillicothe, and Darlington and Massie from Adams County. The natural qualities of leadership among such men who were determined to make Ohio into an independent State may well have incited St. Clair's concern for his autocratic governorship.

The issue over the founding of counties and county-seats was something to fight about in those days, and it continued to be so for many years. It grew more hilarious and farcical through the canal and early railroad days when rival villages actually staged pitched battles over which should be the county-seat and thus raise property values and increase trade. It is another little saga by itself. Waverly and Piketon, to mention just one example, waged a comic war for the honor in Pike County. Piketon got it, but Waverly ruined Piketon in a road-building game, "downed" her, and stole the county-seat. Waverly is today an important trade and county center of sixteen thousand and three souls; Pike-ton is a sleepy village of seven hundred and thirteen, and you drive through it before you see it. The first skirmish between the new Assembly and St. Clair was over Massie's proposal to make his town of Manchester the county-seat of Adams County. The General Assembly authorized it on the ground that they now had jurisdiction; but St. Clair refused to consider the bill and didn't even bother to veto it or return it to the Assembly. The Virginia crowd took up the issue, forced it before the Congress, and won.

From this point on the Ohio men grew more determined on quick, independent statehood. In spite of St. Clair's obstructive tactics, and a bitter controversy at Chillicothe, where

the Assembly met in 1800 and again in 1801, that brought an angry mob right into the Governor's own boarding house from which he barely escaped physical violence, they went rapidly forward with their plans. Politics played in their favor, and on April 30, 1802, Thomas Jefferson approved the Enabling Act for the creation of the new State. The plain citizens rejoiced at the news and celebrated with bonfires before their cabins and on the village greens. They were happy, too, because suffrage was again extended to permit any man to vote in his own district who paid taxes and had lived there one year. Thirty-five delegates, many of them men of great distinction, met at Chillicothe on November 1, 1802, to frame a constitution. With Edward Tiffin himself presiding, they got their document drawn up and unanimously signed in just twenty-five days. It did not require approval by referendum. Remembering St. Clair's fourteen years of dictatorship, nobody should be surprised to learn that all important powers were retained by the legislature, and that the governor, elected for only a two-year term, could not even veto a bill. And for a full century no Ohio governor had veto power. This constitution was approved by a senate committee appointed on January 7, 1803. Then on February 19, 1803, Jefferson signed the bill creating a United States district court in Ohio. Edward Tiffin was inaugurated as first Governor of Ohio on March 3, and the new State was officially born.

But there is an epilogue to the story. St. Clair was firm in his belief that the policy of the convention, and the authority upon which it was acting was illegal. He went before the

meeting and said so. President Jefferson heard a report of this speech, and summarily dismissed the old soldier on November 22, 1802, just three months before his term expired and while the convention was still at work. A good case could probably be made for St. Clair's view, if not for his methods, that Ohio should grow up to independence more leisurely. For the whole process, from the opening of the country to settlement while the Indians held it to the demand of the proprietors for statehood, was a premature speed-up. The territory was enormous, and the population sparse. The first journey of the elected representatives, which included delegates from Kaskaskia on the Mississippi, and Vincennes on the Wabash, as well as from Marietta on the Muskingum and Chillicothe on the Scioto, was through a country so bleak and sparse in that winter of 1799 that even the men from Marietta found habitations only at the Scioto Salt Works, at Chillicothe, and at the crossing of the Little Miami River. That journey was no holiday tour. They camped at night in the snow, followed a blazed trail through the forests, and got wet crossing icy rivers and creeks. No wonder that outlying communities objected to the new stage of their government, and wanted to return to St. Clair's territorial rule to avoid hardships and expense. It might have been better if the pressure had been allowed to grow naturally from within instead of forcing growth by hothouse methods.

This was, at least, the view of Arthur St. Clair. But he was hopelessly beaten. Ohio was on its own, and he was out. He retired, an unhappy old man, broken in health and penniless, to live at Ligonier with an equally destitute widowed daughter.

He was humiliated and held under suspicion by petty officials in Washington who refused even to reimburse him for funds in amount of three thousand dollars which he had advanced from his private purse for the public weal, to buy pack-horses and outfit an expedition against the Indians. He had waited so long to present his claim, they argued, that he must have been repaid before the War Office in Philadelphia was burned and the vouchers destroyed. Their humiliating treatment of the proud and aging public servant was a great pity. Ohio completely ignored and neglected him, but Pennsylvania finally did him the honor that was due a great man who had ruined himself for his country and gave him a pension of three hundred dollars a year, later six hundred and fifty dollars. In the summer of 1818, his horse ran away and killed him at the age of eighty-four. By that time Ohio was booming with activity, and settlers who knew not the Governor were swarming in from everywhere.

The River Called the Beautiful

I

THE OHIO RIVER WAS THE ARTERIAL HIGHWAY TO THE West. It bore with ageless leisure the men in boats hunting a better life around its bends. There is no river in the world quite like it. The French who had seen the Rhine and the Rhone, the Seine and the Thames, the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, and the great Mississippi, looked upon the Ohio and spontaneously exclaimed, "La Belle Rivière." Beautiful River it was as a living part of the country through which it flowed, and as a smooth wide surface for communication through almost a thousand miles of forest. It was an object of inexhaustible beauty to the eye, and it was the vital center of life for a swelling multitude. Day and night for more than a century and a half the people along its banks have turned their eyes daily to look at it and watch its rise and fall. It is always a living, moving, vital being in its own proud right, and its people live with it as with a kind and neighborly but temperamental king of a small principality who may send gifts one day and seize your house and farm tomorrow. But you are always aware of it forever going by but forever there, and you never quite turn away your consciousness from it.

You have to live with this river to know it fully in all

its moody grandeur and in its quiet intimacy. I was born on its banks in a house from whose upper rooms you could look out upon its willow fringed banks all day long. It was always the same and yet always changing, with the fast packets going gracefully by, blowing their three-toned steam-boat whistles for the landing at Ashland, Kentucky, hugging the channel on our Ohio side of the river, then swinging around easily like a great swan, heading upriver and gliding without a bump alongside the wharfboat on the wide, steep, cobble-stoned river front where horses and mules and wagons by the dozen awaited the unloading.

This river is just the right size for a man to live by. The Mississippi and the St. Lawrence are too wide; they make a man feel small; they are a barrier between the two shores. The Hudson is too austere, too wide between its steep palisades lower down, too shut in, or too narrow and without bluffs further up. But the Ohio was designed on a rare scale. Its parallel ridges from three hundred to six hundred feet high follow its course and gently restrain its windings without ever showing the hand of authority as the Storm King and Bear Mountain sharply discipline the Hudson. These hills are from one to three miles apart, while the river is about eighteen hundred feet, or a third of a mile wide. There is plenty of room left on both sides for good farms, gardens, and orchards; for houses and barns; for towns and villages, and even for the double tracked railroads and paved U. S. highways that now run on both sides of the river and deflect the flow of goods. It is just wide enough to make good neighbors of Ohio and Kentucky. You can row a boat across it in ten or fifteen minutes, and boys who swim pretty well often cross it in July when the water is low.

It accommodates all its boats without jamming traffic, and makes no distinction between the lowliest dirty little stern-wheeler with its barges loaded under with coal and the proudest white side-wheeler that glides swiftly past it and breaks waves over the barges' edge. And it has always been friendly to the hundreds of little shantyboats tied to willow trees, with a plank stretched across to the bank, and some fishing poles dangling over from stern and bow. You see them now-a-days clustered on the Kentucky shore above Cincinnati; and near the larger river towns, or propped up on the bank near the villages where the people raise a small garden when the spring floods are over, fish, and just set. Some of these shantyboat people would surprise you if you think of them all as vagrant river rats. I used to know a shantyboat family who owned a good house at Gallipolis, and a small business in Cincinnati, but they lived most of the year on their snow-white shanty with four cabins, a kitchen and living quarters where they also ate. They floated down from Gallipolis each year, tying up wherever it pleased them, visiting with friends in the river towns, and at the end of the season being towed by a packet back to Gallipolis for the winter. I used to sit through lazy summer afternoons on a coil of rope on that boat listening to the talk of Cap'n Greer and his wife who had known most of the famous rivermen.

That is one way to get to know this river. I have swum in its waters, fished a little, rowed boats across it, surveyed it, and plowed corn in its bottoms. I have watched it by the hour, and by the year thinking of the great men like Washington and Lafayette, Blennerhassett and Burr, Clay and Jackson, Dickens and Thackeray who had traveled on it, and

of the thousands of nameless Irishmen with their noisy broods and their jugs of homebrew whisky, New Englanders with their stern code and orderly families, gaunt Southerners hunting 'guvment lands', Germans, men from almost everywhere taking boat at Pittsburgh and passing down the river on their way to a more golden West. This by-gone pageantry of the expanding Republic that once moved down the Ohio takes the place of castles on the Rhine and the squirearchy on the Hudson in lending romance to the river.

The Ohio is never monotonous. The fogs rise and cover it, blotting out the red and green beacon lights on the banks by which the captains steer at night. The sun shines on it, making it lazy and somnolent. The moon casts a glow over it, and it becomes soft and dreamy. The rains fall, and you may see the advancing front crossing the river, changing it from green or yellow to dull lead color as first the Kentucky hills and then the shore line disappear.

The cold winds lash it into frothing whitecaps dangerous to small skiffs. The ice slabs fill it as it did when Eliza crossed, and force all boats to tie up. Sometimes it freezes, and I have heard tell of my grandfather driving his horse and buggy over it from Coalgrove to Ashland one winter back in the eighties. I have seen it almost full of rafts in the spring. Before the bridges were built in the post-war boom, ferries scurried across at every town, the government dredger made its regular trips to clear the channel of sunken logs and debris, and transfer boats took freight cars across the river from Ashland and Coalgrove. The ferry boats and the wharfboats were endlessly entertaining and a sure mark of the river stage that always engaged our attention. For the

ferry boat and the steamers kept pulling the float and the wharfboat farther down the bank in August, September, and October, when the river got lower and lower and the teams could hardly haul their loads up the long steep bank; but they kept pushing, up and up from December to March when the regular and inevitable rises came. The river has a normal range of fifty or sixty feet in this section but it is always an ominous week when you first see the smokestacks of the ferry or the packet rising above the river front. And when you see first the pilot house and then the wharf and float almost level with the street in a river town, excitement grips the people; for the Ohio is again in flood, and in the low sections the gentle eighteen-hundred-foot river is a raging and destructive mile-wide menace. How high will it go? It can go mighty high at times, but the people are used to its vagaries and are tolerant of it as of a wayward child. It always goes down, and the endless, fascinating cycle repeats itself.

2

Largely because of this river, Ohio was a maritime state until near the middle of the nineteenth century. The river touches four hundred and thirty-six miles of Ohio on the east, southeast, and south. Scores of communities have been dependent upon it for their lives. Craft of every sort went down it daily: Indian canoes of birch-bark or hollowed logs with a covering for the stern; batteaux or flat-bottomed skiffs like the one Cuming bought at Pittsburgh; pirogues like Jonathan Melvin's; the flatboat, sometimes called a Dutch scow, favored by poor pioneering families, a big barge sometimes twenty feet wide and a hundred feet long, hold-

ing household goods, cows, pigs, and chickens, that was floated down, then knocked apart and the lumber sold for what it would bring; the popular broadhorn, a fancier flat-boat structure than the Dutch scow, with a deck, often with a nice roomy cabin, usually piloted by two broadhorn oars mounted on the deck; the barge of larger tonnage, equipped with sails when the wind was right, floated down, but pulled upstream by its crew of a score of men tugging against a tow line, while others on board kept its bow in the channel, the method known as cordelling; the long, narrow keel-boat of from thirty to seventy tons, polled up-stream but manipulated down-stream usually with four to six oars and a rudder, and fairly comfortable and fast for passengers in the early days; and then, of course, after 1812, every variety of steamboat. These boats and rafts kept the river alive with moving people and goods. And the demand for boats made of every town between West Newton, Pittsburgh, and Louisville a busy dockyard.

Pittsburgh was most thriving. Hundreds of families with their household goods piled on the river bank awaited transportation or the completion of their boat. And while they waited they could study the famous Pittsburgh *Navigator* that described in great detail the hazards of the journey they were about to make. Some of the Pittsburghers were clever tricksters and profiteers who liked to sell defective boats to greenhorns at high prices. They sold James Flint a fifteen and a half foot long skiff that went to pieces before he was well started, despite the fact that his copy of the *Navigator* warned against this very thing. He wrote in his diary "The system of boat building at Pittsburg [sic] cannot be too strongly reprobated. Defects in caulking, in the number, and

in the strength of the nails, were in the case of my boat, disgraceful." He finally gave up skiffs for a keel-boat bound for Portsmouth, but he had to row for his passage. "I changed my place, but did not improve my condition." Flint records the eagerness of boatmen for any diversion: "When one small boat comes up with another, a sort of race is almost invariably the consequence. I have already acted a part in several of them, and have uniformly got foremost." Flint's experience was disagreeable, but Pittsburgh did build fine boats, including the first steamboat on the Ohio.

All the early travelers speak of the boat building boom. Michaux in July, 1802, noted a three-mast vessel of two hundred and fifty tons and another of ninety tons nearly complete in the yards at Pittsburgh, and had the happy surprise of seeing the bigger one, now christened "Pittsburgh," docked in Philadelphia when he got back from his trip. It had been round by New Orleans and up the Atlantic coast. At Marietta he saw three brigs, one of two hundred and twenty tons, being built in the shipyards "on the Great Muskingum." The steamboats were constructed chiefly at Pittsburgh and Cincinnati; but the little settlements built flatboats by the hundreds to float their produce to market.

Flatboat or three-master, the goal was the Mississippi and the New Orleans markets. Some of the larger boats like the "Pittsburgh" went on to Baltimore, New York, and Philadelphia, and some built in the Ohio River towns actually sailed to markets across the Atlantic. But the barges, keel-boats and flatboats headed always for New Orleans, for, strange as it may now seem, this port at the mouth of the Mississippi, twenty-one hundred miles from Pittsburgh, was

Ohio's outlet in the days before the canal system and the National Road.

Michaux recorded in 1802 that Marietta men first "had an idea of exporting directly to the Carribee Islands the produce of the country, in a vessel built in their own town, which was sent to Jamaica." Their success was emulated by others. Pittsburgh was forty to fifty days from New Orleans by barge, five and twenty by pirogue. The cargo and boat were sold, and the crew walked home. Cuming fell in with one of these men, with whom he did not enjoy sleeping, as he walked across Ohio from the river over Zane's Trace. "He had travelled on foot from Tennessee river through a part of the state of Tennessee, quite across Kentucky, and so far in Ohio in nine days, at the rate of thirty-six miles a day. He had assisted in navigating a boat from Indian Wheeling, where he lived, to Tennessee, for which he got thirty dollars, ten of which he had already expended on his journey so far back, though using the utmost economy. He remarked to me, that although he was upwards of sixty years of age, and apparently very poor, he had not got gratuitously a single meal of victuals in all that route. Are not hospitality and charity more nominal than real virtues."

Little isolated towns like Ripley built boats of all kinds, even small steamers in the 1820s. Ripley became a thriving port in those years to which farmers in the Virginia Military District drove in their pork to be cured, packed, and floated down the river to market in cargoes of a thousand barrels or more on the popular broadhorn flatboats. Howe records that as many as ten to fifteen such boats would leave Ripley in a single season. Even the interior towns on the tributaries, like Chillicothe, engaged in this trade. John Fink of Bellaire, a



By Ewing Gallow

BOATS ON THE OHIO
FROM AN OLD PRINT.



*Left THE "BEN HUR
EXAMPLE OF "STEAM
GOTHIC"*

By H. P.





CINCINNATI
WATERFRONT

By Charles H. Longley Co



relative of the celebrated Mike Fink, the Paul Bunyan of the river saga, told Howe that in 1830 he built a flatboat, mined a cargo of coal on his place, and floated it down to Maysville where he sold it for two hundred dollars—the first enterprise of its kind, and one which almost solely keeps tonnage on the river today. He then entered the New Orleans trade, carting coal to his flatboats, floating it down the Ohio and the Mississippi to the sugar refineries which couldn't keep heat with wood alone, and unloading it in reinforced flour barrels tied to a pole with ropes, each weighing two hundred and twenty pounds loaded, and carried to the river bank on the shoulders of two men. Price \$1.50 a barrel. Fink, who had worked on a ferry, cooked and "pushed" on a keel-boat, got rich enough in this new business to buy and be the captain of his own steamboat. The father of William Dean Howells on his way to Ohio traveled from Pittsburgh to Warrenton by keel-boat, and noted how this now forgotten place was bustling with flatboat building to send the flour and produce of this region, only eighty miles from Pittsburgh, down the two thousand miles of river to New Orleans.

Traffic was not all down-river, however. Just below Logtown, Cuming met two large keel-boats with cotton in bales from Nashville bound for Pittsburgh. Nine men were navigating—six poling, one steering, two resting. Down at Gallipolis he saw at the landing "a keel loaded with lead from Kaskaskias [sic] on the Mississippi. It was worked by eight stout Canadians, all naked, except a breech clout. They are descendants of the original French settlers, and they resemble the Indians both in their manners and customs, and complexion; which last is occasioned by their being exposed

naked to all weathers from their infancy; which also renders them very hardy, and capable of enduring much fatigue. They are temperate in the use of spirituous liquors, while engaged in any laborious employment, but they must be fed double the quantity of food which would suffice American or English labourers. The meat which they prefer is bacon or salt pork, of which they use daily about four pounds each man besides bread and potatoes. They are preferred to any other description of people for navigating the craft on the rivers in this country, being patient, steady, and trusty, and never deserting their boats until their engagement is fulfilled, which the American boatmen frequently do." The labor of getting boats up the river was too hard to bother with anything but such scarce and profitable goods as cotton and lead. Larger boats did come up-river, however, and legend which old residents still swear hotly by tells of a Spanish galleon that sailed up the Ohio and into the Mahoning seeking a route to the Lakes, and was lost in the swamps of Ashtabula County where it slowly sank from sight.

The river also had its navy, in a manner of speaking. George Rogers Clark in his attack on Vincennes was supported by a crude gunboat, the "Willing," mounting two four-pound guns and four large swivels, built at Kaskaskia, and brought up the river by forty-six soldiers under Lieutenant John Rogers. Another man-of-war like it, with forty men and two cannon that could be swung round at need, was designed by the same resourceful colonel to patrol the Ohio from the Licking River to Louisville. And during the Civil War, an Ohio army was transported regiment by regiment up the river by steamboats from Cincinnati to the Virginia

battlefields while cheering citizens lined the banks, fired cannon, and waved the flag in salute.

3

All this small craft, important as it was in the pioneering days, was temporary and thrown together to meet the opportunity and the emergency. The great and colorful period burst over the astonished river communities when the first steamboat on a western river left Pittsburgh on September 28, 1811, reached Cincinnati on the second day, and Louisville on October 1. Some of the natives thought the British had come, and fled to safety; others were sure the comet had set fire to the river; but before long all knew that it was the "New Orleans" and that a mighty revolution had occurred in the West. The boat was well over a hundred feet long, better than twenty feet wide, rather graceful in design, with the pilot house well to the front, the smoke-stack and side-wheel propellers near the center, the deck low, with cabins aft for ladies, forward for gentlemen, and ample freight space and promenade deck above. It cost thirty-eight thousand dollars. Through all the famous years of steamboating the design of the boats varied little from this original.

The "New Orleans" was built and launched by the Ohio Steamboat Navigation Company, made up of a roster of names that sounds like a Who's Who of New York including Robert R. Livingston, Robert Fulton, and De Witt Clinton. But the far-sighted man behind the boat was Nicholas J. Roosevelt. Nearly everybody pooh-poohed the idea of the new contraption on western rivers because of the sand bars and the sharp bends. Even if they got it down the river, they'd never get it back up. But Nicholas Roosevelt made a

painstaking, accurate, and exhaustive survey of the rivers, their flow and velocity at given periods, their depths and hazards all the way from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, in a special kind of house-boat of his own design. The facts proved that he had been right in theory. He went back to Pittsburgh in the spring of 1810, and, with plans designed by Fulton and modified by Roosevelt, built his famous steamer. With his young and active wife and a small crew, he made the fast trial run, inviting his incredulous friends to see what he had done. At Louisville, where the water at the falls was too shallow for passage, he gave his guests the shock of their lives by taking them for a short trip up-stream against the current. He then steamed back to Cincinnati to the unbounded amazement of the people who refused to believe their own eyes. When the annual autumn rise came in the river the "New Orleans" crossed the Louisville Falls, and went into service on the Mississippi.

Within a single decade a hundred steam-driven vessels were navigating the Ohio and the Mississippi from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, and Louisville, and down to New Orleans. The bare catalog of steamboats, their names, dates, and records is fascinating to those who love the river. In these first years appeared the "Comet" out of Louisville to run on the Mississippi; the "Vesuvius" out of Pittsburgh, built by Robert Fulton in 1814; the "Washington" out of Wheeling, a fine two-decker of four hundred tons that easily made the round trip to New Orleans; the "New England" and "New England No. 2," tank boats owned by W. D. Howells' maternal uncles in the 1840s, et cetera. The "General Pike," thirty-seventh in the list of boats, was famous for its commodious quarters, with fourteen state-

rooms, a central salon forty by eighteen feet, with a graceful "gradual lift at the stem and stern and a dip midway" and "machinery and apparatus perfectly safe and in fine order."

Each boat had its own legend and its own adventures. The "Paragon" out of Cincinnati, one of the trimmest steamers of the day, had the distinction of rescuing Lafayette himself and the Governor of Tennessee from the "Mechanic" which sank one dark night off the Indiana shore below Cincinnati after a week's voyage up from Natchez. The "Mechanic" was almost completely submerged, and the passengers, who had hurried from their staterooms to safety in the dead of night, were huddled miserably around a fire on the bank where lay the remains of the cargo—a little food, a case of claret, and a keg of Madeira. Only the General was fully dressed, for he had prepared himself with aristocratic care, even to his beaver hat, before he left the sinking vessel—though he lost his hat in the river in the dark and the confusion. By a coincidence the owner of the "Mechanic" was aboard the "Paragon," and the captain bore a letter from General William Henry Harrison to General Lafayette inviting him to Cincinnati. By the courtesy of the river, the "Paragon" took aboard Lafayette and the survivors of the "Mechanic," and steamed back to Cincinnati where the General was handsomely entertained for three days and nights.

Within less than two decades after Nicholas Roosevelt steamed down the river in the "New Orleans," Cincinnati alone had built eighty steamboats for her skyrocketing river trade which, in the four months' spring run of 1829, brought five hundred boats and over twenty thousand passengers to the teeming public landing. This prosperity continued to

mount year after year. The spacious water front at this meeting point of the North, the East, and the South was one of the most colorful spots in the country with elegant ladies and gentlemen walking across the gangplanks with gambling men from Louisville, iron merchants from Hanging Rock, pork packers from Ripley, and humble artisans, laborers, and foreigners, with just enough money for a deck passage, with Negro roustabouts hustling the freight, singing, and dancing, and with all the nondescript population that daily gathered about the docks.

4

The romance, however, was dependent on the state of your soul. One of the most notable travelers on our river was Charles Dickens who came down from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati in the spring of 1842. He did not like it. He had got off to a bad start. Western steamboats, he had heard, usually blew up at the rate of one or two each week, and he tried to find out which of the boats lying in the river had the best presumption of safety. People recommended the "Messenger." Dickens booked passage only to find, despite advertisements of starting time, that the captain had no "very fixed intention on the subject." This, too, annoyed the great man. He finally got aboard on Friday, April Fool's day.

His love for the "Messenger" did not improve with closer acquaintance. His own fresh foreign British account of this boat, typical of hundreds of such river steamers, and of his journey down the river is worth setting down here in all its patronizing fullness.

"The Messenger was one among a crowd of high-pressure steamboats clustered together by the wharf-side, which,

looked down upon from the rising ground that forms the landing place, and backed by the lofty bank on the opposite side of the river, appeared no larger than so many floating models. She had some forty passengers on board, exclusive of the poorer persons on the lower deck; and in half an hour, or less, proceeded on her way.

“We had for ourselves a tiny stateroom with two berths in it, opening out of the ladies’ cabin. There was, undoubt-
edly, something satisfactory in this ‘location,’ inasmuch as it was in the stern, and we had been a great many times very gravely recommended to keep as far aft as possible ‘because the steamboats generally blew up forward. . . .’

“If the native packets I have already described be unlike anything we are in the habit of seeing on water, these western vessels are still more foreign to all the ideas we are accustomed to entertain of boats. I hardly know what to liken them to, or how to describe them.

“In the first place, they have no mast, cordage, tackle, rigging, or other such boatlike gear; nor have they anything in their shape at all calculated to remind one of a boat’s head, stern, sides, or keel. Except that they are in the water, and display a couple of paddle-boxes, they might be intended, for anything that appears to the contrary, to perform some unknown service, high and dry, upon a mountain-top. There is no visible deck even; nothing but a long, black, ugly roof, covered with burned-out feathery sparks; above which tower two iron chimneys, and a hoarse escape valve, and a glass steerage house. Then, in order as the eye de-
scends toward the water, are the sides, and doors, and windows of the staterooms, jumbled as oddly together as though they formed a small street, built by the varying

tastes of a dozen men; the whole is supported on beams and pillars resting on a dirty barge, but a few inches above the water's edge; and in the narrow space between this upper structure and this barge's deck are the furnace fires and machinery, open at the sides to every wind that blows, and every storm of rain that drives along its path. . . .

“Within, there is one long narrow cabin, the whole length of the boat; from which the staterooms open on both sides. A small portion of it at the stern is partitioned off for the ladies; and the bar is at the opposite extreme. There is a long table down the center, and at either end a stove. The washing apparatus is forward, on the deck. It is a little better than on board the canal boat, but not much. In all modes of traveling, the American customs, with reference to the means of personal cleanliness and wholesome ablution, are extremely negligent and filthy; and I strongly incline to the belief that a considerable amount of illness is referable to this cause.”

Dickens then makes great sport of the food, especially of the hot corn bread “almost as good for the digestion as a kneaded pin-cushion,” and of the eating habits of the passengers which he finds repulsive, and continues, “At dinner there is nothing to drink upon the table but great jugs full of cold water. [Dickens loved his brandy.] Nobody says anything, at any meal, to anybody. All the passengers are very dismal, and seem to have tremendous secrets weighing on their minds. There is no conversation, no laughter, no cheerfulness, no sociality, except in spitting; and that is done in silent fellowship round the stove, when the meal is over. . . . The very few who have been left at table twenty minutes, rise and go away. We do so, too; and, passing through

our little stateroom, resume our seats in the quiet gallery without."

Dickens' description of the river as he saw it unfold from his little stern-gallery on this memorable journey in 1842 is a classic in his best vein.

"A fine broad river always, but in some parts much wider than in others; and then there is usually a green island covered with trees, dividing it into two streams. Occasionally we stop for a few minutes, maybe to take in wood, maybe for passengers, at some small town or village (I ought to say city, every place is a city here); but the banks are for the most part deep solitudes, overgrown with trees, which, here-about, are already in leaf and very green. For miles, and miles, and miles, these solitudes are unbroken by any sign of human life or trace of human footstep; nor is anything seen to move about them but the blue jay, whose color is so bright, and yet so delicate, that it looks like a flying flower. At lengthened intervals a log-cabin, with its little space of cleared land about it, nestles under a rising ground, and sends its thread of blue smoke curling up into the sky. It stands in the corner of the poor field of wheat, which is full of great unsightly stumps, like earthy butchers' blocks. Sometimes the ground is only just now cleared; the felled trees lying yet upon the soil; and the log-house only this morning begun. As we pass this clearing, the settler leans upon his ax or hammer, and looks wistfully at the people from the world. The children creep out of the temporary hut, which is like a gypsy tent upon the ground, and clap their hands and shout. The dog only glances round at us; and then looks up into his master's face again, as if he were rendered uneasy by any suspension of the common business,

and had nothing more to do with pleasers. And still there is the same eternal foreground. The river has washed away its banks, and stately trees have fallen down into the stream. Some have been there so long, that they are mere dry, grizzly skeletons. Some have just toppled over, and, having earth yet about their roots, are bathing their green heads in the river, and putting forth new shoots and branches. Some are almost sliding down as you look at them. And some were drowned so long ago, that their bleached arms start out from the middle of the current, and seem to try to grasp the boat, and drag it under the water.

“Through such a scene as this the unwieldy machine takes its hoarse, sullen way; venting, at every revolution of the paddles, a loud high-pressure blast; enough, one would think, to waken up the host of Indians who lie buried in a great mound yonder. . . .

“All this I see as I sit in the little stern-gallery mentioned just now. Evening slowly steals upon the landscape, and changes it before me. . . .” And the last thing he sees through his glasses as night falls and the “Messenger” moves on, is a forlorn immigrant family of five men, five women, and a little girl, with all their worldly goods, set ashore on a lonely bank below a few desolate log cabins. That was La Belle Rivière as viewed by the boy from the abject wretchedness of filthy slum London whose eye had become jaundiced by sudden success.

But a lot depends upon how you want to look at a thing. Frances Trollope, mother of Anthony, an English visitor who liked us even less than Dickens did, also set down her impression of us and our country. Her *Domestic Manners of the Americans* had even more vitriol in it than her fellow

countryman's *American Notes*. But she did like our river, which she saw fourteen years earlier than Dickens when she came to Cincinnati from New Orleans, and her lyric outburst should now be set beside Dickens' grim description. She found the river as beautiful as its French name. She was enraptured by its bright, clear waters, by the rolling lands beside it, the forests, the cliffs, the waterfalls and the "frequent settlements where we were cheered by the sight of herds and flocks." She did long for "a ruined abbey or a feudal castle to mix the romance of life with that of nature," but even with this oversight on the part of our river, she still found so powerful "the effect of this sweet scenery that we ceased to grumble at our dinners and suppers."

That is much better. But lest it be said that the river is better below the Queen City than above, I shall add one more testimony from still another English visitor who did not love us—that of Harriet Martineau in *Society In America*. She went up-river from Cincinnati to Guyandot in late June, 1835, just seven years before Dickens went down the same route. She belonged to the company of the elect. She was enraptured. Like all good travelers she was tolerantly studious of the strange, crude, childlike manners of her fellow passengers who grabbed her book from her lap, the water glass from her hand, asked where she was headed, or pulled down their hair in company and put it up again several times a day when they could think of nothing else to do. But the river was even more engaging. Through Miss Martineau's eyes the scene that Dickens found so bleak is something to go far to see. "The shores of the Ohio are so beautiful, that I could not bear to lose a single glimpse between the hills. It is holiday-travelling to have such a

succession of pictures as I saw there made to pass noiselessly before one's eyes. There were the children running among the gigantic trees on the bank, to see the boat pass; the girl with her milk-pail, half way up the hill; the horseman on the ridge, or the wagoner with his ox-team pausing on the slope. Then there was the flitting blue jay under the cool shadow of the banks; the terrapins (small turtle) floundering in the water, with their pert little heads above the surface; and the glancing fire-flies every night."

She saw one of those unforgettable summer storms blow up on the river, then pass away, and with it the heavy heat leaving all cool and calm "as if Spring had come in at the heels of the dog-days." She got up at dawn to see and feel the early morning on the river. She loved "the first grey gleams that came from between the hills;" she loved to watch the river craft go by; "the fussy steamer;" the "fairy canoe;" "the flat-boat, with its wreath of blue smoke, stealing down in the shadow of the banks, her navigators helping her along in the current by catching at the branches as they passed; and the perilous looking raft, with half-a-dozen people on it, under their canopy of green boughs, their shapeless floor bending and walloping in the middle of the stream." The trees and the houses that depressed Dickens into his funereal vein had the opposite effect on Harriet Martineau. She loved those trees, she said, because they seemed to stand "self-poised, their roots were washed so bare." And she loved the houses, too, that stood behind the trees, "those on the eastern bank seeming fast asleep; those on the western shore gay with the flickering shadows on them by the breezy sunrise through the trees." She made her final exclamation over the tri-state view at Catlettsburg,

just above my great-grandfather's place, where her eyes "rested on the three sovereign States at one glance, Ohio, Kentucky, and Virginia." (Dickens missed it.) At Guyandot she left by stage for Charleston.

I didn't see the river in 1842—though my great-grandfather was trying out the steamboat business about that time, and it would be nice if the "Messenger" had been one of his boats if only to annoy Dickens with its whistle. But I bring in a report that favors Trollope and Martineau. In my own day the river was still beautiful in itself and made more alluring by the famous boats in the period of its decline as a thoroughfare. The huge but lithe and majestic side-wheeler, the "Greenland," piloted by Captain Mary Green, the smaller "Greenwood," the "Bonanza" with her three decks, a pilot house in the middle, and the sweetest whistle of them all; the "Tacoma," the "Golden Rod," the "Cob-c Cecil" and scores of others. At the first sound of the whistle, by which we could name the boat, we used to hurry out in a big skiff, wave to the captain and the engineer, and fall in behind the great churning wheels to ride the waves and drift shoreward with them. They were high, but rolling quick and easy like a swell without breaking; they raised you up to the crest above the level of the surface, and then dropped you down fast into the trough like a roller coaster and with the same sensation in your stomach.

My own personal favorite among all these boats was the smaller and very fast "Greyhound." Through many a summer day I have sat on coffee sacks on its deck, watching it cut the water with its thin, and pointed breast, watching it take the bends with nervous, technical skill, hugging close to the opposite bank and channel around a sand bar, hearing

it blow for a landing, and trading greetings with the river folk that always gathered to see it come and go. And the fireflies, noted by Miss Martineau, are something to see over the river under a waning moon, millions of tiny stars rising and falling with the evening winds, playing in and out above the milky way.

Naturally none of these travelers could know the people who watched their steamboats go by. Those who floated down and stopped at night with them had a better opportunity, but they usually reported scornfully of them because of their incivility. Cuming, almost alone, saw behind the front. A bunch of boys mischievously misdirected him at Beaver, and sent him a mile below the proper landing where he had to set his skiff across a sand bar, climb a two hundred foot precipice to a cabin to ask directions, and then walk a half-mile to the town. But one young woman on the upper Ohio gave him a civil answer. He was so surprised that he hastened to set it down in his diary "as a rare circumstance, as the inhabitants of the banks of the Ohio, have too generally acquired a habit, of either not deigning an answer to the interrogatories of the numerous river travellers, or of giving them a short and boorish one, or of turning their questions into ridicule; which proceeds from the impertinent manner in which they are generally hailed and addressed by the people in the boats."

Again I did not know personally the people along the river in 1807, nor in 1842, but I know a lot about the families who were there, and still are. I cherish a letter from a native of the upper Ohio shores whom I never saw. It reveals in its folk English more than a volume could about our people. "I tell you few things about our Home We have 149 acre

long Ohio river Old House over 100 year old One Part
need repair bad right on River Bank big trees that Planted
1884 flood. See wild Ducks on river. And a fine Place to
Fish We have a real old fashion Fire Place Set and read
good books look out West Virginia Hills and Look out
other window see Ohio Hills and trees We think we have a
real Home I dont mean a House nor Money ever body
welcome. Here well I hope I be able to see you some time."

5

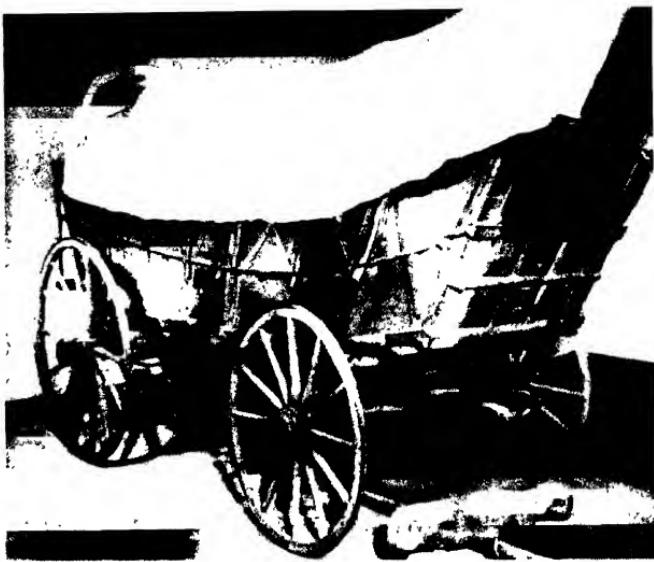
The Ohio River was not all moonlight and fireflies. The boatmen were, many of them, a cussing, drinking, spitting, rude and scurvy crew. I have seen the mate wake the worn-out roustabouts, who had fallen asleep in rows on the deck after fourteen hours hustling freight up a gangplank, by jolting kicks in the pants, by slaps on the face, by throwing water over them, yelling and cursing at them, and driving them up the plank by throwing chunks of coal at them. I once saw a small boy grow angry at the sight and say, "Why don't they knock him in the river!" The mate overheard, turned on the boy and said, "Why don't you try it?" And the kid lunged so quickly, head down, at his belly that he unbalanced him over the rail, and the captain laughed and protected the boy from the mate's wrath.

These boatmen nearly drove dear old James Flint into apoplexy with their drinking, stealing, dirty ways and habits, when he came down in 1818. The pious Scotchman was distressed to find sailing on the Sabbath a common practise. A boatman even sang a song, but a brawny Scot, bigger than he, made him shut up despite the American's argument that he was in a land of liberty and no one had a right to inter-

fere. By the time Flint got rid of their company at Portsmouth he was boiling over. "I have seen nothing in human form so profligate as they are. Accomplished in depravity, their habits and education seem to comprehend every vice. They make few pretensions to moral character; and their swearing is excessive and perfectly disgusting." They stole a knife from the Scotchman, and "on his accusing them of the theft, a degraded wretch offered to buy the fork."

The wild tales of the river tended to cluster around the now legendary figure of Mike Fink, the mightiest boatman of them all. There are books about him. Mike's young relative, John Fink, who remembered him well from seeing him as a boy, told Howe that Mike ruled his boat with an iron hand and woe befell the man who shirked. Mike kept his woman with him on the boat, but allowed no man even to speak to her. He drank his whisky from a tin cup. He was a fine shot with a rifle. He relaxed and pleased himself by setting a cup of whisky on top of his woman's head and shooting a hole through it, William Tell fashion. Then he would make her hold the cup between her knees while he drilled it with a rifle ball. By 1815, however, the Ohio River had become too civilized for him. He got disgusted and went farther west.

Mike Fink's place in the lore of the river has been taken by the fine tradition, now assuming the proportions of a legend, that has been growing up around Mary Green in the past thirty-five years since she piloted the "Greenland" at low stage from Pittsburgh to the World's Fair at St. Louis. Born on the Muskingum in 1868, she is mistress of the "Gordon C. Green," named in memory of her husband who founded the Green Line of boats, and taught her how



From Ohio State A

CONESTOGA WAGON USED ON NATIONAL ROAD





By A. I. Bur

TREBER INN (1798) ON ZANE'S TRACE



to pilot a steamer on the Ohio. She and her sons still carry on the great tradition of steamboating and a breath of the past comes back when one of their six steamers goes by. They have dramatized for our day the romance of the great era by racing their "Tom Green" against the "Betsy-Ann" of the Pittsburgh line in 1928 and 1929. Happy crowds gathered on the hills and banks, on the wharfs and bridges at Cincinnati, Newport, and Covington to cheer the Green Line as it finished in the lead.

This re-enactment of an old sport was safer than it used to be. Boiler explosions on river boats were a common menace, and Dickens was well advised to inquire carefully before he boarded one. The estimate given him of one or two explosions a week was not greatly exaggerated. Poorly constructed boilers, and careless engineers were to blame. Captain Devenny, a government inspector of steamboats, said the explosions were generally if not always caused by letting cold water into a boiler when it was low and the metal overheated. They first overcame it by inserting safety plugs of tin that would go out at four hundred and forty-two degrees before the boiler burst, and later by placing the hollow tubes through the boiler. But the wreckage rate with casualties was high before safety was achieved. Of all the disasters on the river, none is more famous than that of the "Moselle" at Cincinnati on April 26, 1838. I have heard old boatmen tell the story ever since I was a small boy. With them it far outranked other wrecks they like to talk about such as the burning of the "Henry Clay" during its race with the "Armenia" on the Hudson in 1852, with the loss of eighty souls; and with the collapse of the Ashtabula railroad bridge in 1876 under a double-header with eleven

coaches, that plunged one hundred and fifty-six souls into the fire and the river seventy-five feet below.

The "Moselle," Captain Perkin, described as a "new and elegant steamboat" left the Cincinnati wharf crowded with over two hundred passengers bound for Louisville. The "Moselle" had already set a record for speed to and from Cincinnati; and, in the erect language of the day was known as a "new brag boat." But the "Moselle" had to go up to Fulton, a mile and a half above the wharf, to take on another family and goods. In the meantime a rival boat was leaving for Louisville, which Captain Perkin wanted to overtake and pass. They say, too, that he was vain and wanted to make the Cincinnati crowds at the public landing gape as he sped down the long panorama of the town at full steam to catch his rival who already had a head start. But he never got back. He tied up to a raft that served as a wharf at Fulton. Recklessly Perkin ordered the engineer to hold steam, to build it up while they were loading. He fired the boilers. The family came aboard with their stuff. Then the deck hands loosed the "Moselle" from the raft, she quickly drifted away, the bell sounded, the engine turned over, the paddle wheels started to churn the water, the boat got out thirty feet, and then both boilers let go with a terrific explosion. It blew the middle right out of the boat, carried away the hurricane deck, and swept her clean as far back as the gentlemen's cabin aft—the safest spot as Dickens said, on a river boat. Captain Perkin was hurled clear into the street at Fulton where they gathered him up in pieces. The pilot was blown like a log a hundred feet up in the air and dropped dead in the river. Another man was catapulted into Fulton and down through the roof of a house. The

crew and steerage passengers were blown to bits; their arms, legs, heads and torsos were seen flying through the air and were picked up for yards around on the river bank and in the village. Scores of stunned people in panic jumped into the river and were drowned. A little child landed on a fragment of the deck, floated down the river and was saved. Its parents and three sisters were drowned in sight of its brother who looked on helplessly from the bank. The "Moselle" sank in fifteen minutes. Two hundred people had perished.

6

This and lesser tragedies were only episodes in the long, leisurely saga of the river. The great showboat era got under way in the 1830s, rose to its most raucous and romantic peak in the 1840s and '50s, and then very slowly declined. These garish boats, the "Floating Palace," the "Rough and Ready," and dozens like them, with their Shakespearean troupes as well as their frontier melodramas and broad comedies, stopped at all the little towns to delight the people, and tied up for a considerable run at Cincinnati and Louisville. Showboats still visited the river towns in the days before the World War, and the insistent sweet piping of their calliopes—"cally-ope" to the folk—was heard in the hollows far back in the hills from the river, and the people left their plows and came to the river to see. The sight of the stimulated and gaping populace gathered on the river front in the afternoon and at night was something you never forgot.

But these boats went the way of the gay boat-parties that once weekended on the river, the merchant and professional families from Cincinnati steaming up to old Point Pleasant,

or down to Louisville; the well-to-do iron families from Ashland and Ironton going up to Gallipolis or down to Maysville on a summer evening. And both went the way of the steamboat era itself after the Civil War. Traffic mounted steadily until that time. William Dean Howells reported seeing in the days of his youth a stretch of boats a mile long lying at the foot of the landing at Cincinnati. The canals poured goods out of the interior onto the wharfs at the river. Steamers grew more palatial, some of them loaded not only with produce but with garish, jig-saw decorations, that got the name "steamboat Gothic." The wharfboat on the river front was the center of life in every town on the river, and at the sound of the boat whistle a mass movement from the town to the river bank developed. But the closing of the Mississippi River in the Civil War, the natural hazards of river traffic in floods, ice, and low water, and the quick development of fast, uniform railroad service through to the East from the Mississippi Valley, all hastened the decline of the river.

The flood and mountainous ice-jams of 1918 dealt the death blow to the river life which I had known as a boy before and during the war. Wharfboats, already rotten and out of repair, broke to pieces in the ice piled up on the banks in the high water; and dozens of steamers that still kept life on the river were caught, crushed, torn apart, and sunk at a time when repairs and rebuilding were unprofitable. The river has never been the same since then. The ferries are nearly all gone now, and proud highway bridges span the Ohio at all the important towns. Most of the fine boats are no longer seen; the people go to town by bus and buy their bread from a delivery truck. The government in an

effort to revive the river traffic has recently built forty-nine locks and dams in the river between Pittsburgh and the Mississippi, and they say in cold statistics that tonnage shipments are now greater than ever. President Hoover, in dedicating the system at Cincinnati in October 1929 said, "What the river has lost in romance, it has gained in tonnage." Well, maybe. But it is a dirty, bleak battalion of barges, loaded to the water's edge with coal and iron, and herded downstream from Pittsburgh by a nondescript and laboring boat, while the once lively wharfs rot and disappear at the small river towns. No doubt one such fleet outdoes in actual tonnage three score small boats like the "Messenger." But a platoon of steel barges is not a graceful fleet of white and swanlike passenger boats and packets each with its own whistle and its tradition of the river.

The Ohio is not to be measured alone by its tonnage. It is not Ole Man River. It is the river rightly called The Beautiful. It is feminine. It is the patient mother of the westward moving peoples; it is the jealous and destructive empress scourging her subjects with floods; but in the warm, late spring days, and on languid summer evenings from the hills at North Bend, from the quiet of Alms Park at Cincinnati, from the hills above Manchester, from the Cemetery Hill at Gallipolis, from the heights above the Pomeroy bends, from the bluffs at Belpre, Marietta, New Matamoras, and East Liverpool, the Ohio is also the soft, eternal mistress, curving languorously on her green bed, and these undulating hills beside her, as the earlier poets sang, are the breasts of the goddess.

The National Pike

I

THE NATIONAL PIKE WAS THE RIVER OF CENTRAL OHIO; the wagons, carts, and coaches were its packets. I have observed that families, like my wife's, who have lived for a hundred years on this pike have much the same romantic regard for its legend and its lore that Ohio River people have for the boats and men on that great waterway. Just as we used to run to the river bank at the first far-off sound of the steamboat whistle to watch the swanlike passage and landing of a trim stern-wheeler, so did they climb the white board fence or straddle the stone mile-posts that marked off the distance from Cumberland, Maryland, and Wheeling, West Virginia, to watch stream by the Conestoga freight wagons tugged by four horses with bells at the hames, or wave at the driver of the Great Western mail coach perched lightly on the driver's box racing a fresh roan team across the level Ohio plain through Springfield, Indianapolis, and Vandalia, to St. Louis, two days and two nights west of Columbus. And just as the Ohio brought its flock of settlers to build the scores of cities and towns in the valley, so did the National Pike open the land route into the heart of the State and shift the center and the flow of population northward from the river valley.

The building of this wide turnpike was an unprecedented national achievement at the time, though the whole country was moving and changing so fast that the triumphs of one decade became the routine commonplace of the next, and the engineering of the first road was as archaic to the twentieth century as the auto roads of the twenties are to the super highways of the present day. We must assert our historical imaginations and hold firmly the vision of those early wilderness days to sense the full drama of this first national road-building conquest.

The great fat Westlands were lying beyond the Alleghenies ripe and waiting for the taking, but there was no ready way to get into them. The men who had forced their way in, and made Ohio a part of the Union, quite naturally felt themselves cut off and isolated from the nurturing East. So decisive and apparently hopeless were the barriers that the more adventurous even thought of setting up a separate nation in the West. Nothing was more normal or likely under the circumstances than Burr's scheme to build up a new empire with the Mississippi River in its center as an outlet to the sea; his plan implied no treasonable disloyalty to the feeble federation on the seaboard. But the far-sighted vision of the Founding Fathers had already foreseen the absolute necessity of roads of communication into the interior—roads and yet more and better roads. Presidents Jefferson, Monroe, and Adams, men of perspicacity in Congress like Gallatin and Clay, and the best men in Ohio were tireless in promoting the idea.

The river alone was not enough since the mountains lay between its headwaters and the East, and the rivers flowing into the Ohio were too shallow or temperamental for navi-

gation. The only answer was a broad highway, and the only agency stout enough for its structure was the Federal Government. But did the Federal Government have the necessary authority? Then as now jealous individualists challenged the power of the Congress to enter the domain of the sovereign states even in the interest of internal improvements. Nearly two decades passed by while the legal aspects of the deal were argued, and the issue clarified, before the new instrument of government, the Constitution, amplified by some acts of Congress, proved flexible enough to meet the national demands upon it. Some of those days were dark for Ohioans, especially after President Monroe, though a champion of the road, felt himself obliged to veto a bill of 1822 authorizing a series of toll gates to raise money for the constant repairs necessary for keeping the road passable. He believed this bill went beyond the authority of Congress to make internal improvements. The issue was settled at last in favor of improvements, and in 1824 Monroe himself signed the authorizing measure.

The building of the Cumberland Road was a minor national epic and travel across it was a bold undertaking. Early writers were rhapsodic about its vast width of eighty feet, its direct route over the mountains and across the plains giving access to once lonely and isolated cabins, and praising it as the longest and finest road ever undertaken by a government. Anyone who ventured over this route by automobile during the war or in the early 1920s before any of it was relocated, and when the steep, winding way over the Lady Bend and St. Clairsville Hills in Ohio, and the Uniontown Hill, Chestnut Ridge, Negro, Big Savage, and Polish Mountains in Pennsylvania and Maryland was only a better

surfaced stage-coach road up which cars booted in low gear, enjoyed the last opportunity to know the Old Trail as a breath-taking adventure or to get some feel of the Pike as stage passengers experienced it and these early writers described it. Even the wreckage toll was duplicated as burned-out brakes, broken axles, and gears dumped autos over precipices in the same spots where fast moving stage-coaches had battered and broken passengers by overturning on the bends, locking wheels with passing wagons, sticking in mud holes, or plunging top-over-wheels into deep ditches.

The great highway was actually begun in April, 1811, when the first contracts were let for a ten-mile sector west from Cumberland, Maryland, at the headwaters of the Potomac. This event was preceded, of course, by a decade of legislative preparation, partly under the democratic statesmanship of Jefferson, and by careful surveys by field parties who explored the wilderness to find the quickest, easiest, and cheapest route through the woods and up, over, and down the rocky slopes. The adventures of these surveying parties are a little drama all by themselves. These early expeditions, carried on in winter to avoid the obstruction of heavy summer foliage, were nobody's picnic. But the road was located, following in general, as you must know if you have traveled it, the famous road over which Braddock marched to disaster on Chestnut Ridge where his memory is kept alive by a marker by the side of the road nine miles east of Uniontown. This narrow belt hastily chopped through the forest by a battalion of axmen going on ahead of Braddock, had become almost impassable with the years. Now it was widened, graded, and surfaced; and it finally reached the river

port of Wheeling on the Ohio in 1818, having cost on the average thirteen thousand dollars a mile to build.

2

But Wheeling was in what is now West Virginia, not in Ohio, and the National Road was still only an elongated portage between the Potomac and the Ohio Rivers. Another seven long years of doubt and argument about the Constitution and state's rights passed by before discouraged Ohioans saw the work resumed on their side of the river. By that time the issues were clear, public lands in Ohio were sold to raise money for the enterprise, toll gates were made legal, and with ceremony and rejoicing the first ground was broken for the Ohio extension of the Pike opposite the Belmont County courthouse at St. Clairsville, July 4, 1825, at the very moment when another group of Ohioans three counties farther west were listening to Governor Clinton and spading the first wheelbarrow of dirt for the opening of the Ohio and Erie Canal. Both of these great undertakings in Ohio were carried on at the same time to open up the rich interior of the commonwealth by land and by water, and both were advanced with energy to completion.

Bids were let section by section for the road that ran so straight across the State that neither Newark nor Dayton could deflect it, both these towns being left off several miles to the side as the Pike passed by. The activity along the route was tremendous for the time and well organized. The surveyors went ahead setting the stakes. One battalion of axmen felled the magnificent trees in the eighty foot belt; another trimmed them, dragged them out, burned them, and pulled up the stumps; another plowed, scraped, graded,

ditched, surfaced, and metaled the traffic-bearing lane; another built bridges and culverts, and set up the stone mile markers. Farmers and sons with their teams came over to the Pike to work the road. From sun-up to sun-down the noisy bustle went on, and at night the flare of campfires was lurid along miles of its cleared spaces. Six days they labored, and on the seventh there was drinking and riotous carousings. Legends of those days, and of the cholera epidemic in the camps, are still undimmed among early National Road families.

The route followed Zane's Trace over to Zanesville from Wheeling. At that point Zane's road branched to the southwest through Lancaster and Chillicothe to Aberdeen, across the river from Maysville; but the National Pike held a straight course for Columbus and the West. It got into the Capital in 1833. Travelers over the road often wonder why they jog from Main Street up to Broad Street in Columbus; the reason is that the north section of the town vied with the south for the road, and as a compromise it was brought in on Main, then Friend Street, and carried out over West Broad Street to Springfield. Bids for the Springfield section were already let in 1830, so vigorously was the work going forward, and the road was completed to this big agricultural center in 1836. It finally reached the Indiana line in 1840; the State celebrated the centenary in May, 1940.

The road across Ohio was well built. It was supervised by the Engineering Corps of the War Department, headed by Brigadier-General Gratiot for whom one of the little National Pike towns east of Columbus was named. The masonry for fills, culverts, and bridges was massive as the bastion of a medieval castle. On the bridges it extended up three and

a half feet as a guard rail, capped with a thick coping of stone. This stone work has been there more than a century and is still unshakably in place. I imagine this survival was the result of the solid stones themselves rather than the state laws that rigorously provided a fine "in a sum of not more than five hundred dollars," or imprisonment "in a dungeon of the jail, of the county" there to be "fed on bread and water only, not exceeding thirty days," for anybody who broke or defaced any of these sacred stones.

The bridges are especially interesting. Ohio has none quite so picturesque as the great stone arch of the "Little Crossing" bridge over the Castleman River near Grantville, Maryland, but it has a few perfect examples of the famous, wonder exciting **S** bridges, most of which the Highway Department has, for a miracle, left standing to one side of the relocated road where an excellent view of them may be had.

These **S** bridges, as they are popularly called, have aroused all sorts of speculation as to their origin. I have come upon any number of folk explanations for these odd structures. One story tells how the engineers at drink in a taproom were arguing over designs when one of them drew the letter **S** and defied the other to build a bridge to that shape—which he did. The farmers say they were curved that way to stop runaway horses. But the real reason, as Professor Clyde T. Morris, my colleague in the Department of Civil Engineering, who has studied them, will tell you, is that the stone-cutters who fashioned these huge blocks for the bridges did not know how to cut the very difficult heliocoidal or screw-shaped surface to fit the stones for crossing a stream on the skew, so they built a cylindrical arch over the stream and then curved the road onto it, making an **S** bridge. Inci-

dentially this method used less material and was much cheaper to build in the ox-cart days when nobody thought of the curved coping as a potential danger to automobile fenders.

Besides these curious crossings, the celebrated Y bridge at Zanesville still stands. It forks in the middle, and for decades it has been a standing joke to direct chagrined travelers to go to the middle of the Zanesville bridge and turn to the right.

3

After the National Government had built the road, the State took over the upkeep and repair. This was in itself a job of some size. Portions of the road had been finished with from seven to ten inches of macadam to the width of thirty feet on top for convenient passing (the fifty foot margins made fine pasture for sheep, and even tillable land for adjoining farmers who usually fenced in a part of the right of way), and traffic was kept as far as possible from forming rut lanes. But the macadam wore rapidly under the incessant heavy grinding of wagon wheels, mud holes developed, and traffic was impaired. By law toll gates were set up, at first every twenty miles, then, on the average, every ten miles, with toll collectors who were paid from a percentage of their take. Each moving object on the road had its fixed rate; in 1845 they were: twenty hogs a nickel, cows a cent each, a horse and rider or a horse and sled a nickel, a coach and horses at eighteen and three-fourth cents, wagons according to the width of their tires, a mail-coach passenger at two cents. People going to church, to work, to a funeral or an election passed free; so did school children, preachers, U. S. mail coaches, and the military. The profits went to the

upkeep of the road. One of the sights along the Pike used to be the stone piles with men sitting by them, left hand protected by a strip of leather cut from a bootleg, and eyes by blue goggles, breaking stone with a hammer to resurface the road.

The pageant of a booming nation passed over this well-appointed road. Long lines of immigrants followed the road-makers to the West. Heavy teams dragged the covered freight wagons across the State. Fast coaches pulled by two or four matched horses of gray, or black, or roan, made their runs on a tight schedule from Wheeling to Columbus in twenty hours, the passengers crowded into the swinging coach, overflowing to the driver's box, or even among the baggage on top, which on Dickens' famous tour, once included "such trifles as a large rocking-chair, and a good sized dining-table," and a parcel that Dickens thought must be "a rather large fiddle in a brown bag," but which turned out to be "a small boy in a snuff-colored coat" who surprised the great man by suddenly yawning in the rain from the pile of baggage and observing "in piping accents, 'Well now, stranger, I guess you find this a'most like an English arternoon, hay?'" Men on horseback cantered by. Troops of immigrants driving cows, sheep, and hogs before them, with a coop of chickens swung under the rear wheels of their wagon, went slowly forward, stopping by night to camp beside the road. The military clattered over the Pike, including the famous march of Sherman and his army eastward after the war. And sleighs, sulkies, dearborns, chariots, and wheels of all kinds passed before the toll houses. The homesteaders camped at nightfall, the wayfarers gathered at the inns, the wagoners refreshed themselves at their own special

spots—not unlike the roadside stands where the modern truck drivers gather for coffee and sandwiches—and the fast coaches sped on through the night toward Indianapolis and St. Louis.

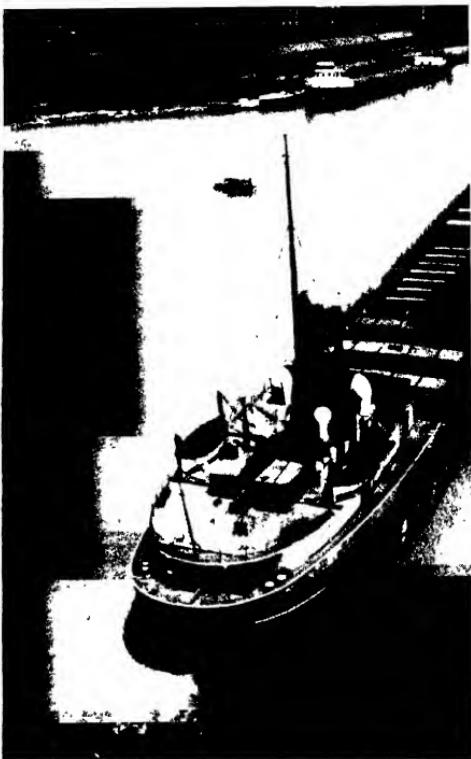
This daily routine spectacle was occasionally enlivened by the progress over the Pike of presidents, statesmen, and noted guests of the nation. Jackson, Polk, Lincoln, Clay, Benton, Webster, and others of the great traveled this road, the horn announcing their arrival at the towns and villages, and the streamers on the hames of the coach horses flashing to the wide-eyed farm boys in the fields along the road the news that a famous man was passing by. They often stopped along the way to chat and drink and pass a word with Ohio citizens. My wife's ancient house near Columbus, which in the early days had a small taproom where travelers often stopped, entertained Jackson for a few minutes while her tiny grandmother danced before the rugged General and pleased him.

The road was also quickened by the herds and flocks of the drovers being driven from the Ohio meadow and pasture lands to the markets of the East. This activity had a color and an organization all its own, though it was carried on through the never ending flow of wheeled traffic east and west. Cattle, sheep, hogs, horses, mules, and turkeys moved slowly, a few miles each day, over the road and past the toll gates. Special pasture pens were rented out to the drovers to care for their stock at night time, and thousands of head of animals grown fat in the newly-cleared flat and valley land of the State now had a comparatively easy transport to the ever hungry market pens at Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.

4

There is, indeed, no way to exaggerate the importance of the National Road as a life-line of the Republic in the crucial middle decades of the last century; a lusty, rumbling, shouting, laughing, swearing life, and enormously profitable. The railroads detracted from its position toward the end of the century, and, just before the age of gasoline, it seemed to have served its day and passed into honored retirement. Writing at that time, Searight, in his *The Old Pike*, composed a eulogy for its past glory, saying, "The Appian Way was designed to gratify the pomp and vanity of consuls and proconsuls, kings and princes, emperors and empires. The National Road was designed to meet the wants of a free and progressive people, and to aid in building up and strengthening a great and growing republic. The Appian Way had more vitality than the government that built it. It outlived its country. The National Road served its purpose grandly, was a complete success, the pride and glory of its day and generation, and when it lost its place as a national thoroughfare, the government that made it was all the stronger because it had been made."

The Pike, however, was not ready to be numbered among the fallen giants, for the automobile has made Route 40 more vital than ever. It was one of the first big-scale paving ventures in Ohio—that is the reason why, in later years, parts of the road have seemed so narrow and rough to tourists. The volume of motor traffic has steadily increased, and for several years the Highway Department has been relocating and widening it into a modern super-highway, one of several that belt the nation from east to west across Ohio.



THE MAUMEE RIVER
DOCKS AT TOLEDO

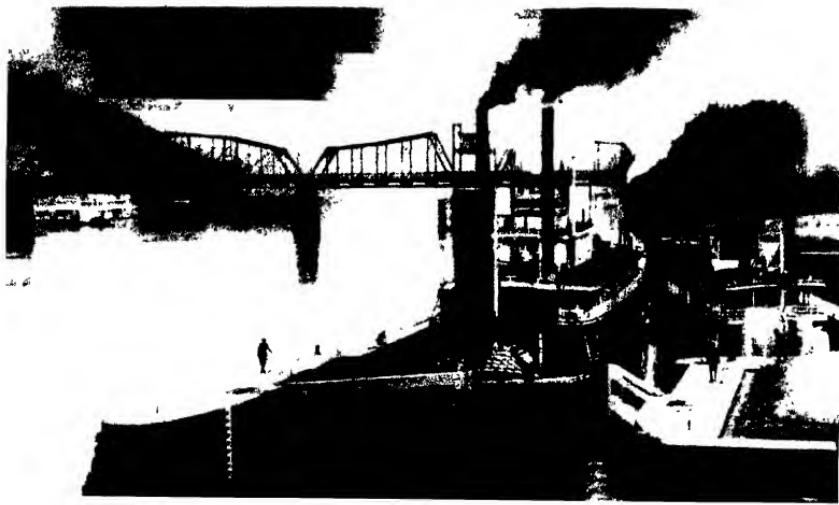
By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.





By Ohio Highway Departm

REMAINS OF THE OHIO AND ERIE CANAL



In this process the charm of the little towns has been ravaged and wrecked and the quaintness of the old route has been obliterated to gain four lanes for giant trucks and trailers and a seventy-five mile an hour speedway for motorists who scarcely give a passing thought to the spectacular history of this highway. But now as then it is, indeed, not a lane winding through the states, but a broad National Road binding them together with a bond of pride that even the uninterested wayfarer must feel when he drives his jalopy out of a side lane into this highroad on his way to the county-seat.

Lake Erie and the Ohio Canals

I

THE OHIO RIVER IS AN INTIMATE AND INVITING STREAM with hospitable bottoms and soft hills, but Lake Erie is nearly sixty miles wide in its central bulge, reaches blue depths of over three hundred feet, and, though it forms most of our northern boundary, it is not an Ohio pool but a vast international inland sea with Buffalo at one end, Toledo and Detroit at the other. You may sit on its shore of boulders bound in glacial clay in the little park in the Connecticut Firelands village of Huron, once the center of the fishing industry on Lake Erie, where children play on the sand and boys and girls splash in the cold water in the late afternoon; you see the long ore freighters waving their plumes of smoke as they fall from sight on the lane over the curve of earth from the Lorain harbors to the Superior ore beds; and as you watch the sun gild a long streamer across the choppy waters, you feel that you might be at Cape Ann looking over the North Atlantic, or on the shore at Taormina watching the Mediterranean off the low lying coast of Calabria.

Lake Erie has a certain capricious beauty, and a touch of romance, but both are a little remote and austere. The highways do well by the traveler along the shore, for they offer many miles of unbroken view of the lake. Most of the

Lake towns have saved some of their water front for the public pleasure; even raucous and sprawling Cleveland has reserved a mall in the center of the city, and a few parks on the edges, looking a bit self-consciously toward the lake. Lorain has beautified generous stretches along the shore to the west; Sandusky fronts her bay and the lake like a European town and has made the lake a part of the public square; and quiet little towns with a resort countenance like Port Clinton, Vermilion, and Geneva are espoused to the lake. Miles of tourist cabins, trailer camps, and summer cottages among the vineyards tempered by the waters fill the strip of land between US20 and the lake into Cleveland, between State 2 and the shore from Lakewood to the Maumee Bay. For this western part of the lake, with its islands and its bays, has lately been popularized as an Ohio Vacation-land.

The lake front from Port Clinton to Toledo is a loss. It is low and swampy, a no-man's region neither lake nor land. The stagnant alga-green ditches, rankly edged with marsh grass, the faint miasmal smell of dampness and fish, remind even the tourist, speeding past the target fields of Camp Perry, that this section off to the south, now so fertile with grapes, fruit, and corn, was a few years ago the Black Swamp of Ohio where malaria wracked the settlers, where travelers, tortured by mosquitoes, waded through the forest ankle deep in water and muck, and where cholera slew thousands. But off to the northeast of Port Clinton, the mass of low lying islands, green contours between the gray mists of lake and sky, compensate for this marshy shore. At Marblehead, with its Maine coast lighthouse flashing signals to the night boats, you may sit on a boulder in the sun and

watch sailing craft off Cedar Point, or steamers put out from Sandusky harbor to make calls at Kelley's Island, noted for its limestone quarries, its Inscription Rock, and its vineyards; and at the Bass Islands, carrying people on vacation to Put-In-Bay to climb Perry's Memorial and reflect on that September afternoon in 1813 when Captain Perry, with the dead and dying piled up in the wreckage of his ship, broke through the British line, silenced their guns, routed them, gallantly sent back to the sorely wounded Captain Barclay with his compliments the British sword of surrender; then put in here at the bay to bury the dead, and dispatched the cryptic announcement, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." From this boulder we can see the sun on the lake where Perry crossed in an open boat under British gunfire from his battered flagship to the "Niagara"—the celebrated painting of the scene by William H. Powell hangs in the State House in Columbus.

Three miles out in the bay is Johnson's Island where Confederate prisoners, chiefly officers, were interned during the Civil War, about fifteen thousand in all, and from whose shore scarey rumors floated out that the "rebels" were planning an escape and a raid across Ohio. In winter, when the lake freezes over, and the seven-hundred-foot freighters are moored in the harbors at Cleveland, Fairport, and Lorain, or tied up in long, barren rows in the Maumee River from the bay up to Toledo, and only the few permanent dwellers on the islands remain with their wine cellars, you will see hundreds of little wooden box cells, replacing the sailing boats, appear on the ice to shelter the fishermen who take their catch through holes chopped in the ice. And

this is about all that is left of the once booming and profitable fishing industry that brought wealth to the port towns before the catch dwindled away and the ore docks rose.

2

The Lake Erie shore is very interesting now, but the northern edge of Ohio was not always so varied and so pleasant a place. Lake Erie was not a highway to the corn lands of the West in pioneering days, as the gently flowing Ohio was. No current floated canoes, scows, houseboats, and barges on the lake as it did down the thousand miles of river to Cairo, down the sluggish Mississippi to the wharves of New Orleans. While the Ohio Valley filled up with people and towns, and the river was clogged with boats, and Cincinnati grew fat as the Queen City of the West, the lonely villages carved into the forests on the lake front where the gorges of the northern watershed rivers reached Lake Erie, languished for want of commerce with markets of the world. They had to wait their turn while the quick current of Ohio life moved north from the river to the National Road, and then on to the Western Reserve and the lake.

This region began to thrive just a century ago now, with the arrival of steamboats on the lake, the opening of the canal system in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, and the feverish flow of unimagined tonnage between the cities, the cattle ranges, and wheat lands of the West, and the expanding markets of the East. And from the Civil War to the present moment, while the river towns have gradually fallen away, the lake ports have waxed great.

The steamboats were the first portent of this shift. While

most eyes were focused on the Ohio River, where the "New Orleans" had astounded everybody in 1811, the first steamer on the lake, the "Walk-in-the-Water," appeared in 1818, appropriately launched in Black Rock (Buffalo) where La Salle's frigate, the "Griffin," first floated one hundred and forty-eight years before.

James Flint has left an account of his voyage in this boat along Lake Erie from Portland on Sandusky Bay to Buffalo in 1820. It is worth printing.

"On the 14th I went on board the American steam-boat "Walk-in-the-Water," a fine vessel of 330 tons burden, with two masts, and rigged, for taking advantage of the winds in the manner of sea-craft. The interior of this vessel is elegant, and the entertainment is luxurious. There were twelve cabin passengers of genteel appearance and polite manners, and about an equal number of persons in the steerage; the whole indicating a degree of intercourse and refinement which I did not expect to see on Lake Erie. The southern bank only was in sight. It is low, and many cleared patches were to be seen at intervals amongst the woods. . . .

"There are numerous islands in the lake, which are all covered with a growth of timber, and were then beautifully variegated with the tints of the season. These are the islands in which rattle-snakes and other reptiles are said to be so numerous that it is dangerous to land on them.

"During the afternoon, and a part of the night, we experienced the most severe gale our mariners had felt on the lake. The swell rose to a great height, and occasionally immersed one of the wheels deeply, while the other was almost entirely out of the water, causing the vessel to heave and flounce very disagreeably. Most of the passengers were

affected by the same kind of sickness, similar to that which prevails at sea.

"Nov. 15. We continued in sight of the United States side of the lake, but without enjoying a single peep of the Canadian shore. [It was more than fifty miles away!] The summit of the country between the lake and the Ohio was in sight. It is high land, but what may be called a flat ridge of the most evenly contour, without any pointed hills or conspicuous prominences. Land birds perched on the rigging. The water appeared to be green, showing that its depth is considerable. In some parts it has been sounded and found to be 35 fathoms deep. Altogether, the lake presents much of the phenomena of the ocean."

The scene had changed but little when Charles Dickens made the same trip in 1842 on the four-hundred-ton "Constitution," described by the atrabilious Boz himself as of "bountiful and handsome accomodation." The boats were improving, but the lake was not; and Dickens, like Flint, wrote, "It's all very fine talking about Lake Erie, but it won't do for persons who are liable to seasickness. We were all sick. It is almost as bad in that respect as the Atlantic. The waves are very short, and horribly constant." (Another advantage of the river over the lake, confirmed by nearly every single traveler who left any record of his voyage on Lake Erie.)

Dickens had crossed Ohio in a stage-coach from Cincinnati through Columbus (where he was happy) to Sandusky, over corduroy roads and cavernous mudholes that tossed him in a heap on the floor of the coach and crushed his head against the roof. The people along the lake did not improve his humor. "Their demeanour in these country parts is in-

variably morose, sullen, clownish, and repulsive. I should think there is not, on the face of the earth, a people so entirely destitute of humour, vivacity, or the capacity of enjoyment. . . . I am quite serious when I say that I have not heard a hearty laugh these six weeks, except my own; nor have I seen a merry face on any shoulders but a black man's. Lounging listlessly about, idling in bar-rooms; smoking; spitting; and lolling on the pavement in rocking chairs, outside shop doors; are the only recreations. I don't think the national shrewdness extends beyond the Yankees; that is, the Eastern men. The rest are heavy, dull, and ignorant. Our landlord here [Sandusky] is from the East. He is a handsome, obliging, civil fellow. He comes into the room with his hat on; spits in the fire place as he talks; sits down on the sofa with his hat on; pulls out his newspaper, and reads; but to all this I am accustomed."

But Dickens had one more experience ahead of him before he could get free of us morose Ohioans of the 1840s. Hear the very words of the distinguished guest after a sea-sick voyage on the lake: "We lay all Sunday night, at a town (and a beautiful town too) called Cleveland; on Lake Erie. The people poured on board, in crowds, by six on Monday morning to see me; and a party of 'gentlemen' actually planted themselves before our little cabin, and stared in at the door and windows while I was washing, and Kate lay in bed. I was so incensed at this, and at a certain newspaper published in the town which I had accidentally seen in Sandusky (advocating war with England to the death, saying, that Britain must be 'whipped again,' and promising all true Americans that within two years they should sing *Yankee-doodle* in Hyde Park and *Hail Columbia* in the

courts of Westminster), that when the mayor came on board to present himself to me, according to custom, I refused to see him, and bade Mr. Q. tell him why and wherefore. His honor took it very coolly, and retired to the top of the wharf, with a big stick and a whittling knife, with which he worked so lustily (staring at the closed door of our cabin all the time) that long before the boat left the big stick was no bigger than a cribbage peg!"

3

These "morose, sullen, clownish" Ohioans, however, were at that very moment engaged in the stupendous task of founding colleges, and transforming Dickens' "tract through the wild forest, and among the swamps, bogs and morasses of the withered bush" into an unrivaled system of turnpikes and canals across the State in all directions. Ohio statesmen had seen from the outset the necessity for linking Lake Erie with the Ohio River. Canals across Ohio would unite these two great waterways and open the languishing interior to active commerce. Ohio would be hamstrung until it could get its harvests to markets, north, south, east, and west, quickly and cheaply. No state could grow great so long as its population was scattered on backwoods farms where wheat fetched twenty-five cents a bushel, and chickens were a nickel apiece because it was as much as a man's life was worth to get his stuff to a wharf. Nearly everything went down the river and jammed on the New Orleans water front. Flour brought three dollars and a half a barrel in Cincinnati, but the rising port of New York offered eight dollars. New York had built a canal into its West, bringing the Great Lakes nearer the East, and the profits were

fabulous. Canals were the thing for Ohio—a State rolled and scoured to a level by the glaciers as though God were fashioning it to order for the canal builders. They would enhance the service of Lake Erie by opening it to Ohio farmers.

It was a long, hard job to persuade the Ohio democracy to undertake the unprecedented project when the estimated six million dollars cost looked like a staggering burden of gold to men who scarcely saw enough hard money from one year's end to the next to pay their county taxes. But that great Ohio engineer and empire builder, Alfred Kelley, Governor Ethan Allen Brown and their associates and followers managed it, the traffic lanes were surveyed, legislation passed, and the United States made generous gifts of public lands to aid the ditch diggings. Ohio celebrated the Fourth of July, 1825, with a ceremonious ground-breaking for the new waterways. New York's Governor DeWitt Clinton, whose visionary eyes above the sagging, canal-builder's mouth, look past us from the top of every package of cigarettes we open, met with Ohio's Governor Jeremiah Morrow and distinguished guests on the Licking Summit, just four miles south of Newark of State 79 (now marked by a monument), and there after the speeches were said, each governor tossed a shovel full of Licking County soil into a canal wheelbarrow, the people cheered, and the Ohio and Erie Canal was officially begun, to be dug in both directions. A few days later the ritual was repeated on the Great Miami at Hamilton to begin the Miami and Erie Canal.

It took years to build them—eight years for the Ohio-Erie that linked Cleveland, Akron, Massillon, Dover, Coshocton, Newark, Canal Winchester, Circleville, Chillicothe, Waverly,

and Portsmouth; and twenty years for the Miami-Erie from Toledo, through Defiance, Piqua and Dayton to Cincinnati. Many feeder canals linked these trunk lines with side areas. One crossed to Beaver, the route traveled by Garfield who learned here to fist fight for his place in line at the locks; one joined the navigable Muskingum leading to Marietta; one tapped the Hocking coal fields, and brought in thousands of good German immigrants to Hocking and Fairfield County farms; one served Columbus. In those vigorous years nearly one thousand miles of canals were dug across the State, and for several decades each was jammed with traffic.

The canals did for Ohio all that Clinton, Brown, and Kelley prophesied and possibly more. Farmers, their sons and teams, got work for wages in the slack seasons; a man earned thirty cents a day, sun-up to sun-down, with food, shanty, and whisky. The brawling crew of Irish laborers, who had grown tough and legendary on the Erie, moved on west, gangs and foremen, to lend a color to the Ohio canal era that to this day is not entirely faded. They fought and drank and filled the jails on Saturday nights, and for a time made dignified and decorous Piqua the wildest weekend town on the continent. But they dug the ditch, and a stream of wealth flowed into Ohio that laid the foundation for its present fortune.

I shall not write here of the building of those huge feeder reservoirs that are now known as St. Mary's Lake, Indian Lake, Buckeye Lake, and the Portage Lakes, surrounded by summer cottages and dotted with boats and white sails, all thriving vacation spots for thousands of Ohioans; nor of the variety of canal boats from drab little barges laden with ore to the de luxe passenger boats that carried titled

visitors across the State, brought energetic men and women into the towns along the waterways, or carried gay parties on a weekend joy ride to Dayton or Cincinnati; nor set down figures on the tonnage that fought to get into the docks at Toledo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Portsmouth; and how wheat jumped from twenty-five cents to a dollar a bushel. It is a part of the epic of Ohio that had its brief moment and disappeared in the fast march of modern events that soon cobwebbed the State with railroads, carried concrete highways to almost every farmhouse door, and set up beacons and landing fields along the air lanes across Ohio.

Little is now left of those canals. Floods tore them apart and filled them up with soil and sand; and the 1913 deluge washed away the aqueducts that carried the boats over the rivers, and finished off the general destruction. The State rented them and adjacent land to farmers to plow and sow, and they still bring to the treasury a tidy revenue. They have been filled in, converted into super-highways and now bear four lanes of speeding trucks that whisk goods from Toledo to Cincinnati before an old canal boat captain could get his barge through the third lock up the Maumee. In a few spots, like the stretch at Massillon, the canal still bears traffic, and the plot for a modern deep-water canal from Lake Erie to the valley of Little Steel is still being vigorously agitated by Ohio business men. Nearly all traces of the canal in Dayton and Cincinnati are gone, but in Akron the Ohio-Erie is prominent through the winding center of the city. Some strips of the canals have been saved for boating, fishing, recreation, and as a memorial to a great age. Many old stone locks survive solidly along the routes, and a few examples of the engineers' shrewdness, like the masonry at

Black Hand Gorge, east of Newark, stand in tribute to these builders. But when on a Sunday morning you take a side road along the Ohio and Erie Canal below Circleville, and stand in a thicket of violets and bluebells watching a Negro with all eternity at his disposal sitting on the bank between the canal and the Scioto River hooking fish with a pole and placing them in an old-fashioned open mesh shopping bag, you cannot choose but think of the day when this was the "Roaring Canal," when men and women gathered from miles around "to see the water come down the big ditch," and when the leaky canal boats, drawn slowly by sweating horses hitched to a tow line and driven by a tired and swearing boy, following them on a tow path, united the river and the lake into a single waterway.

4

The canals passed, but the chain of lake ports from Toledo to Conneaut that first sucked their life through these channels were strong enough by that time to shift for themselves. New rail lines from the south came alongside the docks, east and west trunk lines from New York to Chicago and the West chose the lake shore route, huge steamers grew thick on the waters, and the center of trade and commerce gradually shifted north from the Ohio River to Lake Erie. Iron, steel, and coal went with the shift. For after the Civil War the scores of little charcoal furnaces in southern Ohio, that used local pockets of bog ore, sandstone, and white oak timber for raw materials to make some of the best cannon used to bombard Atlanta, were gradually abandoned, and the ore from the vast beds of Lake Superior began to float toward Ohio. The quantity has steadily increased, and today

hundreds of miles of wharves, docks, and railroad yards are congested in a dozen port cities on the lake and up the large rivers. Mile long double-header trains loaded with coal from the southern fields block highway crossings for three minutes all over the State as they toil up the valleys toward these ports. Special cranes lift the cars one by one and dump them, with the ease of a housemaid emptying a bottle of milk, into the holds of the long red and black steamers bound for northern points. The same monstrous awkward looking lake vessels return to Ohio piled full of ore that is quickly lifted out and dropped into waiting cars by special cranes more dexterous than the hands of children gouging in a bucket of sand.

On the wash of this activity Cleveland, formerly a sleepy, insignificant village on the Cuyahoga, became in numbers the first city of Ohio, twice as large as Cincinnati, and sixth in the nation; and Toledo, with a population of only fourteen thousand at the outbreak of the Civil War, is now almost three hundred thousand, and one of the greatest trans-shipment centers in the world. Workers from foreign nations poured into the region—Finns, Swedes, Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Rumanians—and settled in homogeneous groups in Ashtabula, Cleveland, Lorain, Toledo. Cleveland has a series of public gardens in native style, and statues of national heroes to honor these racial groups that have helped to build the city. And with this concentration of industry, population, and wealth has come increased use of the lake as an Ohio water front. Luxurious boats, fitted up like a de luxe trans-Atlantic liner, make overnight runs with men of many affairs between the big cities from Buffalo to Detroit; on summer week-ends yachts sail out from the club

harbors, excursion boats steam to Niagara or the Islands, and the common citizen fishes, swims, suns on the beach, or sleeps under the awning of his trailer or in the shade of a rented summer cottage.

XIII

Floods

I

OUR RIVERS IN FLOOD ARE FEARFUL TO SEE. IN FEBRUARY or March, or even in April, the snows packed on the hills through the winter, and the ice banked up in the smaller rivers and streams in the vast watershed, melt suddenly, a warm deluge of rain falls, and another flood goes rampaging down the valley. People gather on the banks to watch the waters rise. Gaunt faces of the poor who live on the low streets look at the yellow broiling thing, then at each other. They say, "It's rising two inches and a half an hour." "It's fifty-eight feet in Cincinnati." "It won't go more than sixty this time." "Well, I guess we better move out."

And they move out as the flood moves in. Some take only their beds and chairs and clothes. They put rocks on the floor to anchor the house down, or try to hold it with wire and rope, or just let it take its chances. They move to the hilltop, resigned, fatalistic. Joe-boats appear from sheds and barns. They carry people to safety out of upstairs windows. The waters rise, the streams back up, and the rivers spread across the flood plains from hill to hill. The backwater is still, but the mid-current is swift and dangerous. Houses, barns, logs, chicken coops, fodder shocks rush down, bobbing in the swirl. From the hilltops, from the houses on the



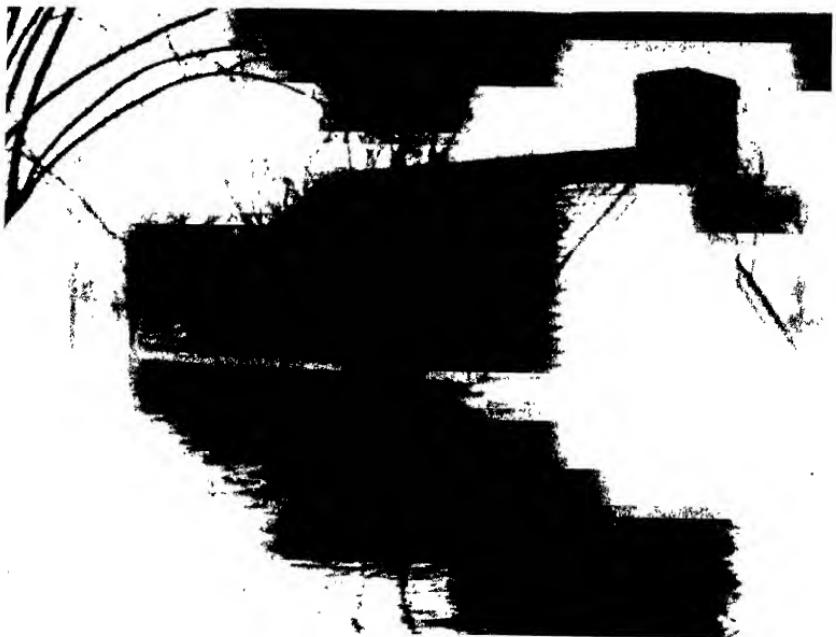
By Transcontinental and Western
THE PATTERN OF OHIO ABOVE THE NATIONAL ROAD





[PLACE OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT

By Ewing Galloway



slopes, the people watch with patient acceptance. Houses are invaded the length and breadth of the valley. The river rages by for days or weeks. It doesn't seem credible that the languid stream of late July, with children wading in its quiet pools and corn growing on the valley floor, could suddenly be transformed into this yellow menace. As the destructive days wear on, and the houses fill with mud, are torn and twisted, or swept away entirely, the river seems to grow sensate and demoniacal as though it resented all these people with their shacks and houses, their farms and gardens, and their mills preempting its flood plain and assuming that it had been laid down there by the rhythmic centuries of patient ebb and flood for their own little purposes.

But the fury spends itself, the waters recede, and the people come back to the valley. They shovel out the mud, straighten their houses, paint them and paper them, repair their fences, all with the slow patience of the river itself, and move in to begin where they left off. And years later old rivermen will point to a dim yellow line halfway up the second story of a brick house and say to the boys playing along the river, "See that mark there on the old Billings house? That's where she got back in 1913." For it must be said that, with all the hardship and inconvenience, the floods do bring a certain drama and excitement that are, paradoxically, not entirely unwelcome.

A common misconception seems to be that these floods are something new, that they have been sent by the wrath of God only in recent times to chastise the children for the sins of their fathers. The truth is otherwise. The fathers did eat sour grapes, of course, and the children's teeth are

set on edge. They slaughtered the finest forests the world has produced. At this minute there is a rick of solid walnut rails in the barn-lot of my wife's old home, once used to fence in the cows. But when her great-grandfather had them cut and split, he was not a ruthless wastrel wantonly destroying costly timber, and he did not knowingly start soil erosion and a Scioto Valley flood. That generation merely hewed out a place to build a house and plant crops in a dense forest. But the floods have been coming here through the centuries. That is precisely the reason why we have these long, fat bottoms from one to five miles wide between the hills, and why they are called flood plains. The Indians warned the earliest whites against building a town on the site of Dayton, where the Great Miami, the Mad, and the Stillwater Rivers, and Wolf Creek come together. They had seen this basin flooded more or less regularly over the years—and in 1913 the city was threatened with annihilation. The first village at the mouth of the Scioto, Alexandria, laid out on the low ground to the west of the river in 1799, had to be abandoned because of floods; the people moved over to the high bank and built Portsmouth. The little communistic settlement near Moscow on the Ohio was wrecked by the flood of 1847 when the river washed away their main building and killed seventeen comrades.

Floods are, indeed, nothing new; but there is small comfort in that knowledge. They are getting bigger. Free soil and loose brush have filled up the channels of the streams; washed-out trees, logs, and poles have lodged in the beds to catch the silt; sawdust, slag, and waste of all kinds have been dumped thoughtlessly into the rivers; the run-off has been speeded up; and now the floodwaters shoot quickly out

of their shallow banks and February by February rise higher. Heavy floods have swept down the Ohio in 1832, 1847, 1883, 1884, 1890, 1913, 1918, 1936, and 1937, and lighter, but still damaging ones have been almost yearly occurrences. The flood of 1884 was the worst in history up to that time. But it was surpassed in 1913. I remember how a crowd of us stood on a street in a river town that March with photographs of the spot in 1884 in hand, and watched the muddy water reach and pass the mark and go on to a stage that made the older people question what their eyes saw. And in 1937 I knew how they felt, because the flood of that year dashed past the mark of 1884, then of 1913, and swept from hill to hill to a depth that still seems impossible for me to believe. The great wall at Portsmouth, built generously above the stage of 1913, was topped in 1937; now they are building it still higher—and wondering what stage will come next.

2

It seems doubtful whether those river towns can indefinitely take such punishment. The poorer sections of towns like Pomeroy, Manchester, and Ripley have apparently given up the struggle after the deluge of 1937. All resiliency seemed to be drained from the people. In many towns, every house was invaded, torn, twisted, wrecked, or washed away. And for the first time the wreckage has not been cleared away after the flood. But in a few towns—along the lovely river front at Ripley, and the beautifully planned esplanade of New Richmond—the traditional tenacity of the river families holds on, and restoration is again complete and ready for the next battle.

Those who do not know these people wonder why they don't move back to higher ground. The answer is that they are held by the same tradition that sends Italian families back again and again to their ancestral tent and fig tree on the slopes of volcanic Etna and Vesuvius. For a century and a half the river has been the center of the community life, the arterial connection with the great world. So they plant their dead on those hills and slopes with the magnificent views, and build their houses on the treacherous river bank by the wharf boat or on their bottom farms. A few, however, are finally moving to higher ground. New houses at Pomeroy, Ironton, Portsmouth, and Ripley are high and safe. Cincinnati is slowly moving back, a grand new boulevard has been terraced into the side of the hill from the airport to the Basin out of reach of floods (and, incidentally, affording miles of unsurpassed views of the curving river and the Kentucky towns and hills); the utilities are seeking safety, and the new telephone exchange at Marietta has been designed so that it can be hoisted by an elevator from floor to floor as the floods rise in the town. And some day, perhaps, we may forego a battleship or two against an imaginary enemy and attack, and discipline a very real, active, and destructive one in the Ohio drainage basin.

Indeed, signal success has already been achieved in two valleys within Ohio's own boundaries. The 1913 flood completely wrecked the Miami and the Scioto valleys. The rains of that Easter week came down like a cloudburst, and after three days of deluge, the dirty-yellow water burst into the towns and villages with devastating force. Dayton, always vulnerable on its low banks, was hit by all four of its streams at once, and water rose over the town and roared through

the streets, knocking down houses, drowning screaming citizens. In this single valley two hundred and eighty-three bodies were recovered. Columbus and the Scioto Valley were almost as hard hit. Over four thousand houses and stores in Columbus were invaded by the water, bridges were washed away, and more people drowned. Chillicothe was battered. State troops, eight thousand of them, patrolled the region; over two hundred thousand homeless people were sheltered and fed by relief committees. In the entire State, four hundred and twenty-eight bodies were found, twenty thousand houses destroyed, thirty-five thousand damaged, and property loss ran up to three hundred million dollars. The flood did more damage in a single afternoon than all the Indian wars put together from La Salle to Mad Anthony Wayne. And the enemy might return any February or March without warning on these defenseless valleys.

The counter attack was a monumental tribute to the skill and energy of a few great citizen engineers. Two months after the cataclysm, Arthur E. Morgan and a staff of technicians began a comprehensive survey and study of storms, drainage, and flood control in the area. The work was financed by a two-million-dollar fund raised privately by a few Dayton men. Mr. Morgan advised a system of dams, six in all, to check the waters in the upper sources of the major streams, and big enough to detain a flood fifty per cent greater than the super one of 1913. Governor Cox, of Dayton, put through the necessary legislation, against surprising opposition; farmhouses and even whole towns were moved from vulnerable spots, and the huge earthworks dams were piled up. They do not retain a reservoir of water; openings are devised to let through only a normal flow while the dam

holds back the excess, and between floods the rich flood plain may be cultivated as before.

The system is as effective as it is simple. You may see a model of the entire area, complete and at work, in the office of the commission in downtown Dayton. Or you may look at the impressive dams themselves. The Mad River dam is just a few hundred yards east of Wright Field on State 4 boulevard; a paved road across its crest unites with State 69. Two of the most scenic spots on the National Road west of Springfield are the turn and dip and crossing at the dams over the Great Miami and the Stillwater. And when in the super-flood of 1937 the more than usual thousands were homeless and suffering in the Ohio Valley, Dayton lived safe and dry behind the fortifications of her Morgan Line.

Over in the vast drainage area of the Muskingum Valley, reaching from Mansfield to Lisbon, from the Portage Lake at Akron to Marietta, and including the Licking, the Walhonding, the Mohican, the Tuscarawas Rivers, and hundreds of large creeks like Killbuck, Sugar, Sandy, Conotton, and Stillwater, the same general principles have been applied and, with Federal aid, a system of fourteen dams in the headwaters has been constructed. Some of these are permanent reservoirs, with the banks and slopes carefully planted against erosion, making the region a new center for recreation. The system got its first big test in April, 1940, after a week of steady rains; it proved triumphant, and for the first time people in Coshocton did not have to move out of their homes in the low-lands. This enormous and expensive project costing forty million dollars (a bitter controversy is in progress between the Government and the citizens on a taxpayers' strike against assessments on their property to meet a

certain percentage of the cost), invites speculation on the full cycle we have now made from nature's own equilibrium that the settlers found one hundred and fifty years ago, through feverish deforestation, bad plowing on the slopes, and indifference to the rivers and streams, the slow vengeance of the earth that finally counter-attacked with erosion, depleted soil, and fierce floods, and now all the resources and skill of our modern age moving in to appease the gods by devising a substitute balance.

In the central valley of the Scioto only the most preliminary steps have been taken for protection, and if another 1913 flood came next spring, another major disaster would follow. But Columbus has her own flood wall that will give some protection, and she has her beautiful Civic Center, with its graceful bridges, that has risen on the slum wreckage of the great flood. And perhaps some day after she has conquered her floods and stopped the heavy erosion of her fields, Ohio will do something about her potentially lovely rivers that are now filled with sand and often so polluted with filth, that the fish have died, summer camps along them made unpleasant, and swimming in them dangerous and unlawful, as she has already established her splendid system of State Parks and forests, and made friendly her few beautiful lakes.

Johnny Appleseed

I

AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR IN 1939, THE HEALTH building displayed an American folklore exhibit. The most arresting sculpture group represented a God-touched man, an Elijah or a John the Baptist, lean and strenuously in motion, his bearded and passionate face upturned in an ecstasy of vision. In his erect left hand he holds open before his fervid eyes a Swedenborgian book of prophesy, and from his long right hand fall apple seeds into the outstretched apron of a grateful pioneering mother in a sun-bonnet. A leather pouch, suspended round his neck, hangs at his side. His body is covered with a coarse garment with a short skirt and no sleeves. His thin but muscular legs are bare from the thighs down, and his bare feet are huge and knotty. On his head is his mush pan, behind him is a gnarled apple tree, and in front of him, unseen under his demoniac beard, is a little frontier child looking up at him, an apple in her hand. And that is an artist's visual summary of the kindest legend in our State, the legend of Johnny Appleseed.

This legend has been taking form right before our eyes, and in direct and touching disregard of the facts about the man being assembled by my colleague Mr. Robert Price and

other scholars. For Johnny Appleseed, the philanthropic eccentric, has been created out of John Chapman, the Yankee nurseryman, by the unconscious longing of the folk mind for color and kindness. Chapman was apparently a shrewd and courageous business man. He was born at Leominster, Massachusetts, September 26, 1774, son of Nathaniel Chapman, soldier, and captain of wheelwrights, who moved to Ohio in 1805, and died at Salem in Washington County, February 18, 1807. John came to Ohio in 1801. He saw how rapidly the country was filling up. He knew the limited diet of the wilderness, and believed there should be a good market for fruit trees as soon as the fields were cleared and the corn planted. He was right. He raised young apple trees from seeds gathered at Pennsylvania cider presses, had nurseries at Pittsburgh, Steubenville, and along the Muskingum and elsewhere, ready for the incoming farmers, and sold his trees to successive waves of immigrants for six and a half cents apiece, or in exchange for tools and other goods. He himself was an engaging and kindly fellow who made friends with the settlers and was always welcomed by them. His good nature showed in his sparkling dark eyes, and his entertaining conversation. His enterprises prospered, and when he died, unmarried, at Fort Wayne, Indiana, March 18, 1845, he left a tidy little fortune. His death was news to the *Fort Wayne Sentinel*: "Died in the neighborhood of this city, on Tuesday last, Mr. John Chapman, better known as Johnny Appleseed. . . . He followed the occupation of Nurseryman." Monuments to him stand at Fort Wayne, and at Mansfield and Ashland.

That is a prosaic and quite colorless factual record of just another of the scores of characters thrown into notice in the

crude days of the State's beginning. The folk mind, starved for sainthood, goodness, gentleness, and benevolence, laid hold of this John Chapman and transformed him into Johnny Appleseed, the Saint Francis of the frontier, the symbol of the wandering servant of God doing good deeds to men. And so powerful is our need, or his appeal, that new legends and new apple trees still spring up along the roads he once followed. Lost is the shrewd peddler of fruit trees; in his stead is the mystical and harmless eccentric planting seeds in the wilds that those who came after might enjoy their fruit and avoid the scurvy.

2

And this is the story they tell about him in Ohio where every house has its orchard and where apples are an important crop. Johnny was touched in the head, some said by a kick from a horse when a boy, but his heart was unharmed. Like Elijah the Tishbite, he would appear out of nowhere in the deeps of the wilderness and tap on the window of a cabin while he spoke in the language of the prophets. The Dauphin of France in the legend of "Lazarre," as told by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, while riding through the Ohio wilderness to Fort Stephenson, heard a voice that startled the horses among the tree trunks: "'The spirit of the Lord is upon me, and He hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in the wilderness, and sound an alarm in the forest; for behold the tribes of the heathen are round about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them!' 'That's Johnny Appleseed,' said Skenedonk, turning in his saddle. 'What is Johnny Appleseed?' 'He is a man that God has

touched.' . . . 'Why does he shout at us like a prophet?' 'To warn us that Indians are on the warpath.' " So the legend grew that Johnny, who knew the Shawnees and Tecumseh's men, who was welcomed and loved by Indians and whites alike, went about the wilderness warning the cabins of the approach of danger. He ran thirty miles through the woods to Mount Vernon to get help for Mansfield against the Indians and was back with the troops in twenty-four hours. He saw the battle of Tippecanoe at four in the morning from a nearby shelter of leaves and a hollow log which the Lord had given him for a bed. He was at Fort Stephenson the night before young Major Croghan defended that stronghold against the terrific attack by the British under General Proctor; but on the following morning, having given his warning, he was gone, "unafraid of war, bent only on carrying the apple of civilization into the wilderness."

Always he had his bags of apple seeds. He was seen in 1806 on the Ohio near Steubenville with a load of apple seeds in two canoes lashed together. He had a storehouse for seeds in Jefferson County. He was sometimes seen on the trails through the thick woods leading a horse loaded with two burlap bags of seeds which he planted by the way. More often he carried them on his own back in leather pouches hung round his neck: one bag for pippins, one for russets, and one for harvest apples. He loved to gather his seeds from the sweet smelling cider mills in the settled East, dry them in the sun, and feel their smooth polished surface in his hands and between his fingers. He planted these seeds by the roadside, he buried them along the rivers, and he set them in little clearings in the wilderness, protected only by God or a crude fence against the hazards of living, knowing

that he himself might never see them again, but happy in the vision of some family coming upon his orchard and cherishing it.

But if his seedlings were nibbled by deer or budded by grouse or girdled by rabbit, or neglected by God, Johnny was not vexed. For in his legend he loved all God's creatures as tenderly as Saint Francis had loved them exactly six centuries before him; and he would as willingly feed his brothers the deer and the bear, or his sisters the grouse, as his fellow men.

In truth, much of the Saint Francis legend clings to Johnny Appleseed. He was not gifted with genius to preach a sermon to his sisters the birds, or a poem to his brother the sun, but no more than the Poverello would he harm the least of created things. Saint Francis would lift worms out of the roads lest they be needlessly stepped on, but Johnny quenched the fire that warmed him on an autumn night because his brothers the mosquitoes flew into the blaze and died. "God forbid that I should build a fire for my comfort," he said, "that should be the means of destroying any of His creatures." One night he planned, as usual, to sleep in a hollow log. He built his fire in one end, but, finding a bear and her cubs there, he moved his fire to the other end and slept on the snow outside. He grieved because in a moment of "ungodly passion" he had killed his "poor fellow" a rattlesnake that had bitten him. He never carried a gun of any kind, and he never ate meat because he would not feed on his brother creatures. He traded his trees for worn-out horses in danger of starvation, and when people saw him leading these poor creatures over the trails, they whis-

pered that Johnny kept a pasture of sanctuary for them somewhere in the East.

The animals loved Johnny in return. Like all the great mystics, he held a strange power over them. There is a happy legend in my wife's family that late one night in the 1830s Johnny came to the house of her great-grandfather on the National Pike. Rather than waken the family, he went to the barn and slept in the haymow. Not a dog barked when he came. In the morning at daybreak her great-grandmother saw him crossing the barnyard to the house followed by the dogs, a ewe, and a white hen. And the legend also tells that at breakfast when her great-grandfather complained that apples did not agree with him, Johnny grew eloquent as usual on his master passion, and, with intuitive wisdom that science required a century to explain, set out a russet tree in a sandy spot at the east end of the orchard where its roots would absorb less of the limestone soil. Those apples became the pride of great-grandfather and the family. When the tree grew old another was grafted, and the second one survived until the World War when one who remembered not the tradition of Johnny Appleseed burned it down, along with some of those solid walnut fence rails that leaned against it.

Johnny Appleseed, in his legend, embraced poverty and the life of a wanderer to gain a closer fellowship with all living things. He not only brought trees and fruit seeds to the cabin doors, but he carried a pouch of dog-fennel seeds which he scattered all over Ohio and Indiana, especially near the dwellings, because he believed this plant with the bad odor would drive away the fever and ague. That sorely plagued the early Ohio settlers. The fennel became an un-

mitigated pest, but while they cursed the evil weed no farmer ever abused the blessed memory of the man who thought he was doing them good. They remembered that Johnny also scattered seeds of catnip, hoarhound, and rattle-snake weed for their medicine shelf of herbs.

Johnny loved the backwoods children. He had gifts of tools for the boys, and stories of the Indian battles in the time of Clark, Wayne, and Harrison. For the little girls in the lonely cabins he carried in his bags gifts of bright cloth, beads, and ribbons for their doll clothes. For the fathers and mothers he kept books and tracts in the blouse of his shirt. He separated Swedenborgian books into their leaves and circulated them in order, a few pages at a time, to the pioneers. He read to them by the cabin fire, and preached his faith in Old Testament phrases. His words and his books were almost as welcome as his apple trees, and the thankful people called him their first circulating library.

As the years passed, Johnny thought of his occupation less and less as a business and more and more as a mission of service and love, as though he were a poor friar of the middle ages who took no thought of the morrow and was fed at the Lord's table. He renounced love, and the story grew that a poor girl whom he had befriended and loved in the East had been fickle, and that Johnny turned from love of women to love of mankind. He would give his shoes to a poor beggar and himself go without. He finally went barefoot altogether, or made himself a crude pair of bark sandals when absolutely necessary on the frozen ground. God protected his feet with firm, knotty pads that could rough the wilderness roads. If they were bruised or broken and in danger of infection, Johnny quietly took a poker from the

hearth where he was sheltered, heated it in the fire and cauterized the wounds. He gave no sign of pain, and paid no further attention to the burns.

Under vow of poverty and benevolence Johnny Appleseed went his ways, welcomed by all and molested by none. When his self-made pasteboard hat with the broad sunbrim fell to pieces and his short and ragged pants wore out, he covered his head with his mush pan, and clothed his body in a burlap sack with holes cut in it for his arms and head. This is the favorite garb of his expanding legend. In it he still travels his mysterious way through the Ohio country.

And they say that if you rise before daybreak when the apple trees first burst into bloom along the Ohio River in the warm spring, and if you go up the hill near South Point to a certain Rome Beauty apple tree overlooking the valley and the river's bend just at dawn, you will see a faint smoke from Johnny's fire where he warmed his mush pan, you will hear a chorus of birds singing a matin to him, and you will see the gentle Johnny himself in his sack, with his book in hand and his seed pouch at his side, disappearing over the hill to warn all the apple trees still asleep farther north that it is time to wake up. And on his spring journey he stops at Mansfield to see the children decorate his monument in the park, and listen while they sing a song in his honor.

The French Five Hundred

I

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE JOHNNY APPLESEED STORY, Ohio has never actively created or cultivated legends. But there are two episodes in our early history that have come to have the color and currency of popular legend, and the emotional force of tragedy in which something fragile and beautiful goes down poignantly in defeat. They are the stories of the French Five Hundred at Gallipolis, and the fairyland romance of the Blennerhassetts—each an instance of a refined and urban culture that could not cope with the stern brute force of the Ohio frontier.

The town of Gallipolis is on a high flat bottom overlooking the Ohio River. An extraordinarily large public park, cool and leisurely under the trees, fronts directly on the river bank. You sit there in the cool of the evening, observing the people who stroll across the green and the children at play; the business houses and a few old residences with iron work and balconies, that face the park; watching the ferry that crosses to the West Virginia shore and returns at unhurried intervals; and you are traduced into reflection, as you remember the French ballroom and personal relics on display at Our House, on the Old World spirit and appearance of this town on the river in southern Ohio, and on

the fantastic twist of history that picked up that company of artisans in France and set them down in these wild woods in 1790. Their first log cabins, eighty of them in four neat rows, with four blockhouses at the corners, and twenty others joined by stockades and blockhouses for protection, stood on this very square, built in the summer of 1790 by Rufus Putnam's men in this clearing to receive the hopeful newcomers.

Our way of life might have been more gracious if Ohio had been ready to absorb these odd colonists and utilize their skills instead of letting the wilderness defeat them, and the land speculators ruin them. For they were victimized on three fronts by their own idealistic romancing of the new land, by their astounding inability to adapt themselves to life in the backwoods, and by their childlike trust in the men who gulled them.

It seems unimaginable that five hundred Frenchmen of the upper bourgeoisie, whose kings had claimed full ownership of this valley for more than a century, whose sons and nephews had fired muskets at the British on these banks, whose travelers had written books about this wilderness and its fierce tribesmen, and whose own furriers had made hats, cloaks, and capes for the mincing courtiers of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette from beaver pelts taken by savage Indians along Ohio's streams—it baffles our fancy to conjure up five hundred intelligent subjects of His Majesty about to be dethroned, who could embrace the gull's prospectus of the Scioto Land Company, sell their French goods, and set sail for a Rousseauistic land of assumed natural perfection. Yet, grotesque as it seems, that is exactly what they did.

Perhaps the French were unaccountable for their acts in

those mad-hatter days when the philosophers were preaching a new order of Reason; the politicians were cheering for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity; the Estates-General was meeting in Paris; the mob was storming the Bastille; the starving populace, armed with pikestaffs, was marching on the palaces at Versailles; and the romantics were planning Utopias in a New World while tumbril carts rumbled up to the scaffolds and heads rolled down from the guillotines in the Old. The timing was perfect for Joel Barlow, foreign agent of the newly formed Scioto Company, to appear in Paris, there to meet with the canny English swindler, William Playfair, and sell to irresponsible Frenchmen the "right of preemption" in this new Eden that rolled from the Scioto River east to the mouth of the Great Kanawha. They had a beautiful map of the region, certified for accuracy by the geographer of the United States, and a pamphlet by Dr. Cutler explaining it. They were aided by the opportune appearance of Brissot de Warville's book of travels extolling this paradise on the Scioto and the Ohio. They easily induced the willing belief that the country was already cleared and partially settled, and all that Frenchmen seeking the more abundant life needed to do was hasten by the first boat to the Promised Land.

In fact, the flaming sword of the Cherubims at the east of the garden of Eden kept the way of no more coveted acres than those evoked by the black magic of these land agents in their published prospectus. To these wigmakers and hair-dressers, these artificers in gold and silver, these perfume distillers, these precise watchmakers and delicate jewelers, these gilders, these fashioners of wood and carvers of stone,

these chemists, and leeches, growers of herbs, mixers of salads, and lovers of good living, to these artisans threatened with the ominous grapeshot of the Revolution, Playfair offered a magic land on the river called the Beautiful from whose hospitable waters, they said, eighty pound catfish were to be taken in quantity; a land abounding in choice venison, where the Arcadian pleasure of the chase was not interrupted by lions, foxes, wolves or tigers; where candles and fruit surpassing the banana grew on plants, and sugar exuded from noble forest trees; where swine fed and tended themselves and multiplied a hundred fold; where the climate was idyllic and healthful, the winters were mild, and frost was almost unknown; where the fields were bountiful in harvest, and tobacco finer than the best Virginia species grew without back-breaking toil; and where the loathed military service and the onerous taxes of His Majesty were and forever would be unknown—a spot destined to be the capital of the United States. The Frenchmen fell for this artful propaganda, and, in a fever of day dreaming, formed in Paris a “Company of the Scioto,” sold their effects, bought from Barlow shady deeds conveying to them only such “right, title, interest and claim of said society,” but with a warranty clause securing them against “every kind of eviction or attack.” They were to be taken to the settlement, given shelter and provender, then fifty acres, a house, and a cow in return for three years’ work for the Company.

In high spirits the Five Hundred left France for America, and while they sailed toward Alexandria in Virginia through the late summer weeks of 1790, Putnam’s men were clear-

ing for them this public square on the river. What these specialized products of aristocratic French culture thought when their scows bumped against the yellow bank below those huddled cabins smelling of fresh-chopped logs is a secret buried in the sand and gravel along with the dried French skulls from which the Indians, unmentioned in the Paris prospectus, had removed the scalps.

Nothing could surpass for incongruity these barracks on the flat under the river bluffs surrounded by wilderness, receiving these unprepared settlers who did not know how to chop down a tree without breaking an arm, a leg, or a neck, and few of whom could even plant a garden without a guide book in one hand. Lonely, desolate, isolated, surrounded by hostilities, their real troubles began. Their title to the land turned out to be irregular. The Scioto Company, it proved, didn't even own the tract; the cabins were actually within the Ohio Company's holdings. When the Scioto Company had discharged its commitments, it quit feeding the colony. It had been swindled by Playfair, and went into bankruptcy. The promised frostless winter was so severe that the creeks and the rivers were frozen. The colony nearly starved. Many wasted away with disease. Their funds dwindled, and their clothing wore out. Malaria struck them, bred in the swamp between the cabins and the hill.

In this deluge of calamities the Utopia at Gallipolis toppled in ruins. Those who survived put through years of misery, despair, and struggle to keep alive. They sent to Congress the story of their plight, and petitioned for some redress. In its own good time in 1795, the Congress heard their cries and set aside for these abused people a tract of land in Scioto County, still known as the French Grant. A

few went there, where they were ravaged by disease; a few surrendered and returned to France; many more died under the punishing ordeal; some went on west to the Mississippi; and a few stayed at Gallipolis where they paid again for their land, adapting themselves to the rigors of the backwoods, partially subduing the frontier to their scheme of living.

When Cuming stopped here on Sunday morning, July 26, 1807, he found that of the "nearly eight hundred emigrants from France, . . . only about twenty families now remain at Gallipolis." He had breakfast with one of them, M. Menager, a tavern keeper and merchant from "Franche-Comté, and his wife is from Burgundy." While out walking, he met a charming old couple from Dijon who gave him cherry bounce, were ecstatic when they heard Cuming speak in French about their native province, and would hardly let him go.

He noted the future direction of the town that soon became more Yankee as the French disappeared, and entered in his journal: "A spacious square is laid out in the centre, on which they are now making brick to build a court-house for Gallia county."

And when Lafayette made his triumphal voyage up the Ohio in 1825, only a few second-generation French Gallipolitans were among the throngs that unrolled a strip of carpet from the bank to the wharf, cheered the General as he avoided the carpet and walked on the earth itself, and drank a toast to him at the Our House inn. Now legend and some pathos linger about the quiet park, as though the singular grace and beauty of Gallipolis were worn in memory of those cultivated French émigrés for whose endurance our Ohio frontier was too sternly unrelenting.

Blennerhassett's Island

I

THE STORY OF HARMAN BLENNERHASSETT AND HIS ISLAND paradise that was built upon the sands is as poignant as the betrayal of the French at Gallipolis. It sounds like the imaginings of some melancholy genius who had sipped the nut brown ale in the Mermaid Tavern with Lodge, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson.

The famous island of some two hundred acres lies in the Ohio River just around the bend from Belpre, and across from Parkersburg, fourteen miles below Marietta. Although from State 7 or the passing boats it looks virginal, rimmed round by its willows and sycamores, it has houses and farms upon it, and if you can find a boatman to set you over and bring you back, you may see with your own eyes the spot where once the Blennerhassetts lived and had their mansion.

This is their story.

Blennerhassett belonged to that ebullient age of Coleridge and Wordsworth, of Shelley and Southey, when bright young men plotted ways to escape war-scarred Europe for the idyllic banks of the Susquehanna where they could build a communal lodge, think noble thoughts and tend the cows, and live ideally under a perfect social plan which they called, in the style of the time, a "pantisocracy." They only

thought about it, but Harman Blennerhassett planned and went. He had means, for he was the son of a wealthy Irishman. He was born around 1767, and educated for the bar at Trinity College, Dublin. He was an impulsive and romantic young man, and his destiny laid hold upon him in a strange and unexpected manner. Captain Agnew, lieutenant-governor of the Isle of Man, sent Harman on a Tristram mission to meet and fetch home from school his lively daughter, and Harman's niece, Margaret Agnew. Harman accepted this pleasant commission, and was on hand when Margaret's boat docked. But some of Bragwaine's own potion must have been reserved for this couple, he thirty-one and she eighteen, for they fell in love at first sight. Instead of taking her back to her father, Harman eloped with her and they were married.

The two families were outraged. They closed their doors to the erring couple, and refused to receive them. Harman promptly sold his inheritance, bought books, chemical apparatus, and other items of culture for a man of his bent and station, and sailed away with his bride to the New World where a man could live in free association with Nature. Their ship went astray, and it took them seventy-three days to sail from Gravesend to New York where they landed on August 1, 1796. After a brief stay in the East, they made the overland journey across the Alleghenies, and then floated in a keel-boat down from Pittsburgh to Marietta. There, amidst open frontier hospitality, they spent a busy winter looking at properties where they might settle. They were about to choose a Marietta hill, but one day Blennerhassett's eye fell upon this island that now bears

his name, and he felt the same fatality upon him that had started him on this strange voyage with Margaret Agnew.

To a man of the romantic movement, an island in a beautiful river was irresistible. According to the recorded deeds, Blennerhassett bought the two hundred acre tract, more or less, with an old blockhouse upon it, for four thousand five hundred dollars, in the spring of 1797, and immediately drew up plans for his island palace. Colonel Joseph Barker, one of those notable journeyman carpenter-architects who had come to Marietta, undertook the building, and in 1799-1800 designed and erected the mansion that became the talk of the countryside, the center of social life for the region, and the astonishment of all travelers on the river, many of whom stopped there for entertainment and wrote ecstatically in their journals and letters of this apparitional demesne in the wilds of the West.

Blennerhassett spared no pains to create a worthy setting for his lovely Margaret and his own romantic notions of an ideal retreat. He spent, so they tell, forty thousand dollars on the house, and another twenty thousand dollars on the grounds. Many vivid descriptions have survived of this show place, and there is close agreement as to its style and its breath-taking effect upon visitors. They were awed as they rounded the bend at Belpre, after days of dreary river bank and grim little shacks in the clearings, suddenly to see this timbered island emerging in the midst of the river, and catching glimpses of the glistening white mansion through the especially carved opening in the forest to the east. Extensive lawns sloped away from the house, with graveled walks and carriage roads leading through ornamental gateways to the river and its landings. Acres of hedged gardens,

with flowers, shrubs, fruits of all varieties, native and rare imports, surrounded the house, and arbors and grottoes leading the eye toward the forest in the best eighteenth century style gave the desired exotic effect to the ensemble. The farm itself spread out below.

In the midst of this planned setting was the house itself. Of all the eye-witnesses, we shall hear from shrewd, un-romantic Fortescue Cuming, who saw it in 1807, and immediately set down in his journal these words: "On ascending the bank from the landing, we entered at a handsome double gate, with hewn stone square pilasters, a gravel walk, which led us about a hundred and fifty paces, to Mr. Blennerhassett's house, with a meadow on the left, and a shrubbery on the right, separated from the avenue by a low hedge of privy-sally, through which innumerable columbines, and various other hardy flowers were displaying themselves to the sun, at present almost their only observer. . . .

"The house occupies a square of about 54 feet each side,¹ is two stories high, and in just proportion. On the ground floor is a dining room of 27 feet by 20, with a door at each end communicating with two small parlours, in the rear of each of which is another room, one of which was appropriated by Mr. B. for holding chymical apparatus, and as a dispensary for drugs and medicines.

"The stair case is spacious and easy, and leads to a very handsome drawing room over the dining room, of the same dimensions. It is half arched round the cornices and the ceiling is finished in stucco. The hangings above the chair rail are green with gilt border, and below a reddish grey.

¹ S. P. Hildreth, who received his facts from one of the architects, said the main building was 52 feet in length, and 30 in width.

The other four rooms on the same floor correspond exactly with those below, and are intended either for bed chambers, or to form a suite with the drawing room.

“The body of the house is connected with two wings, by a semi-circular portico or corridor running from each front corner. In one wing is the kitchen and scullery, and in the other was the library, now used as a lumber room.

“It is to be regretted that so tasty and so handsome a house had not been constructed of more lasting materials than wood.”

Here in this “terrestrial paradise,” as men called it, among bright mirrors, imported carpets, elegant furniture and hangings, and silver service, lived the Blennerhassetts surrounded by their slaves, since the island was then in Virginia territory. The tall, trim-figured, blue-eyed, vivid Margaret, just turned twenty, would be seen on horseback on the graveled paths, or, wearing a smart colored turban, she would cross to the mainland on her barge and canter to Belpre or to Marietta, attended by Moses, her Negro groom, while all heads turned to stare and marvel. She was witty, accomplished, the center of Ohio River society, and her parties for distinguished travelers were memorable. Her husband was a foil for her beauty and grace. Tall, stoop-shouldered, carelessly dressed, and weak-eyed, Harman played the violin, composed music, read in his library, mixed chemicals, pondered philosophy and astronomy, adored his wife, and planned new, but often impractical, improvements for his island. The countryside, with the instinctive wisdom of the folk mind, esteemed him as a man who had “every kind of sense, but common sense.”

But nothing gold can stay, as the poet said. The gods themselves grow restive when mortals are too happy, and an earthly paradise always lures the serpent of disaster. The deceiver did not wait long to crawl through the privy-sally hedge of Blennerhassett's Island. He entered in the form of the brilliant, but erratic Aaron Burr who came down the Ohio to this island in May, 1805, on a "floating house 60 feet by 14," completely equipped even to dining room and fireplace, big with his scheme to detach the rising West from the Union, push Spain out of the Mississippi Valley, and form an empire of his own. Here was, indeed, a man of energy and imagination who could sway like a reed the unstable and impractical master of this mansion, romantic Harman Blennerhassett. For Aaron Burr had been Vice-President of the United States, and had actually tied Jefferson in the presidential election; and, though he was now out of favor and suspect in the East for killing Alexander Hamilton the year before in a sordid duel at Weehawken above the Hudson, he was for the Blennerhassetts a colorful and exciting figure on his way to undreamed of fortune. They received him ceremoniously, feasted him, and became willing captives of his charm and engaging conversation. Burr slept on his own house-boat, but rejoined the Blennerhassetts at breakfast for further conversation. And when he left the island on his mysterious journey down the river, his hosts had already eaten in their hearts of the forbidden tree.

As Burr's grandiose plans unfolded, Blennerhassett was easily drawn in. The exact nature of the deal between the two men is still something of a mystery; even Burr's own

plans are not entirely clear, as befits this whole extraordinary romance. But Blennerhassett plunged into the scheme, and pledged himself and his resources to aid Burr to build some vast western empire. He was persuaded to this course in part by his own extravagant nature, and in part by a hope that it would open a road to profit and fame. For he had been prodigal, not to say wild, in spending his inheritance unproductively on his island, and by the time of Burr's fatal visit he was already foreseeing the day when he might have to sell or lease his estate, and reenter his profession or engage in some business to meet the demands of his growing family and scale of living. Burr's adventure seemed a brilliant way out. So Harman Blennerhassett, naïvely trusting Aaron Burr, who, with his gifted daughter Theodosia Alston, visited the island again in the summer of 1806, mortgaged his place and his resources, and began to build and outfit a fleet of boats on the Muskingum to carry men and supplies down to—wherever this new empire was to rise.

By this time President Jefferson and the state governors got excited; the news flew across the country that Burr had lifted the banner of treason against the Federal Government, hysteria swept Ohio and the valley, and our Governor Tiffin took action. He called out the militia, and ordered it post haste to seize Blennerhassett's boats and stores at Marietta. This military display was out of all proportion to the "crisis," especially when Major General Buell deployed his men and cannon along the Ohio to ward off the impending attack. They tell how the common citizens of the region were so unimpressed that, just for a frontiersman's joke, they set fire to a tar barrel one night, placed it in a boat, and sent it

down the river past the militia for the fun of seeing them attack the dangerous enemy.

None the less the hand of vengeance and destruction fell on Blennerhassett and his island. A warrant was issued for his arrest and Blennerhassett had to flee by stealth one cold December night to escape down the river to the southwest where Burr had already gone. The Virginia militia immediately swooped down and invaded the island like a gang of vandals, and the brief and fragile romance crashed swiftly to its tragic close.

These militiamen, crude frontiersmen without discipline, were quartered in the lovely house. They ravaged it; they used the white palings of the garden fences for firewood, though trees and driftwood were handy for the taking; they drank the wines from the cellars, damaged the furniture, and pillaged the entire premises. Margaret took one last despairing look and fled from the scene down the river among the ice drifts on a flatboat with a few personal effects and her two children to join her husband. But before she could reach him, he and Burr had been arrested. They were taken back to Richmond and tried; and though they were finally acquitted as the quixotic nature of the whole adventure came to light, both men were ruined.

Blennerhassett's sorrows and penalties, however, were just begun. Though he had generously pledged his private means to finance Burr's exploit, Burr scornfully spurned this duped romantic in failure. The law again moved in and sold out all the remains of Blennerhassett's fortune to satisfy his creditors. As if this were not enough, his island paradise was invaded by the Ohio River to complete the ravages begun by the Virginians. And then, in one last brutish gesture

of destructiveness, the mansion was burned by the Negro slaves on Christmas eve, 1811, to wipe out the last vestige of this idyll.

Broken in spirit and in fortune, Blennerhassett finally left the country for Europe where he died penniless, a charge of his sister, on the Isle of Guernsey. "He departed this life on the 2nd of February A. D. 1831 in the 63rd year of his age. His bereaved wife and son caused this monument to be erected to his memory. . . . Strangers pass not by without dropping a tear." And the gracious Margaret, who had fascinated the settlements along the river, died in poverty at 75 Greenwich Street, New York, in 1842, while Congress continued to debate her claims for indemnity for the destruction of her mansion by the soldiery.

Another century has passed by. Today parts of the island are farmed, a few buildings stand there unromantically, battered by the years, and drowned to increasing depths by the seasonal floods, the foundation and the cellar mark the site of the once brilliant company that so briefly flourished here, and a few relics—a mahogany and walnut desk, a cherry-wood chair, some candles and keys—from the ruins are preserved in the Museum at Marietta. They are all that is left of this strange apparition mislaid in the backwoods of Ohio.

God's Kingdom in Ohio

I

IN THE OLD MOUND CEMETERY AT EATON, TWENTY-FIVE miles due west from Dayton, is a twelve-foot monument to Father Finley (1781-1857). Carved on one side is an open Bible above the fading words, "There is rest in Heaven." A cheerful thought it is as we consider those now immobile bones for which there certainly was no rest nor desire to lie still while they were yet quick to cry to the Ohio wilderness the Word of the Lord.

The Rev. Jas. B. Finley, as the stone-mason chiseled his name, was one of the mightiest of a whole army of mighty men who conquered for God a kingdom in Ohio. The youth of our land, fresh from four years of easy college life, which ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed, and ill-educated men like Finley made possible, and bewailing their jobless state, might well ponder the temper and the mould of this greatest Ohio circuit rider, Indian missionary, and itinerant Methodist preacher. For Finley's seventy-six years, one month, and twenty days on the earth epitomize one of the most exhilarating and dramatic phenomena of the whole pageant of Ohio life.

Finley was a seven-year-old boy when in the autumn of 1788 with his father and family he drifted past the new

settlement at Marietta and finally landed at Limestone. His father was a Presbyterian minister in search of the land of promise. He found it for a while in Kentucky. Then the promise of Ohio loomed up, and in 1796 he joined Massie's colony of Virginians at Chillicothe, thus making his fifteen-year-old son James an Ohio boy. James was exceptional even in those unspecialized days when the well-rounded man was not yet an oddity. In a canebrake Kentucky wilderness he learned from his Princetonian father Latin, Greek, and mathematics; and in the forested Ohio frontier he became a surveyor for Thomas Worthington, an expert woodsman and hunter, and took a degree in medicine—such as it was. Years later he cured Henry Howe of a heavy cold by the Wyandotte therapy of placing him on his back on a heavy buffalo robe and toasting his feet before a fire for two days. The delighted patient added that the cure was so complete that it lasted throughout his life.

Finley's breathless autobiography gives a full account of his prodigious labors. He determined to be a hunter and live the free life in "the grand old woods" in communion with himself and Nature and her God. He married a wife of like mind. He had none of Harman Blennerhassett's wealth. His wife's father was so angry over his daughter's marriage to Finley that he even refused to let her take her clothes from his house. The young couple had nothing to start on, no horse, no cow, no personal effects, not even a bed or bedding, nor a place to put it if they had. They built a cabin in the forest of Highland County, later New Market village, and slept on a bed of leaves spread on elm bark laid over sticks. James split a hundred rails for a bushel of potatoes which he carried six miles on his back. He worked a day for a hen

and three chickens. He grubbed an acre and a half of bottom and planted corn in holes dug with a hoe. He shot bears and wild turkeys and cured meat with strong hickory ash for want of salt which sold at four dollars for fifty pounds. They ate this meat and hominy; they had no bread. But Finley declares withall that those who lived were never happier or healthier, while those who were sick unto death "died at once, and did not keep the neighborhood in a constant state of alarm for several weeks by daily bulletins of our dying."

This young man, given to sprees, excelling in "the trade of knock down and drag out," known to many as the Newmarket Devil for his wildness, went to a big camp meeting at his father's one-time congregation at Cane Ridge, Kentucky. He boasted to his friends, "Now, if I fall it must be by physical power and not by singing and praying." The sight of this vast concourse of people, twenty-five thousand of them they say, threw James into a panic and he fled to the woods. But he soon came back to watch this mighty spectacle of a camp meeting. Seven preachers on stumps, fallen trees, or in wagons were all crying, shouting, and praying at once. The people got hysterical, jumped, jerked, babbled, and moaned in frenzy. While the Newmarket Devil climbed up on a log and looked out over this congregation, he saw five hundred of them fall to the ground in one mass seizure as though they had been mowed down by a battery of a thousand guns. Finley says that his hair stood on end, his blood ran cold, he felt blind and suffocated as though he was going to die, and again he fled to the woods. Then he went to a tavern where a hundred men were drinking,

brawling, playing cards, and swapping horses. He gulped brandy and fled again. Late at night he crawled into a barn and tossed about in the hay.

When morning came Finley got one of his friends and his horse and started for home. But God laid hold upon him as He had upon Saul on the road to Damascus and Jonah in flight by ship to Tarshish. Finley said, "Captain, if you and I don't stop our wickedness, the devil will get us both." All day and all night Finley suffered. Then he paused in his journey near Mayslick and went into the woods to pray. The people round about gathered to hear. Finley went into a trance. A Swiss German had him carried to his house and placed on the bed; then he knelt by him and prayed. At nine o'clock the miracle happened, Finley felt his guilt roll away while God's witness shone full upon his soul in the sainted Dutchman's cabin. The "hitherto waste and desolate places" of his soul now flowed with "copious streams of love." "I thought I should die with excess of joy. I cried, I laughed, I shouted; and so strangely did I appear to all but my Dutch brother that they thought me deranged. . . . O what a day it was to my soul!"

Thus did the Newmarket Devil become a Methodist Saint. And when he had grown great in the spirit he became a circuit rider; he put his family in a cabin on Wills Creek with nothing but a bed and a few clothes, he sold his boots off his feet to get food, and then started on a four hundred and seventy mile, four weeks' journey around the Wills Creek circuit to sow and reap in God's kingdom. In the long forty years that followed riding circuits, preaching to prisoners, teaching the Wyandotte Indians, eventually in charge of

the entire Ohio district of eight circuits, he personally gathered in after conversion at camp meetings and cabin doors and mourners' benches five thousand Methodist souls. Finley and his brothers, easily passed over in the histories, were among the most influential of the makers of Ohio.

2

These were heroic times for the faithful. A sky view of Ohio would show miles upon miles of thick forest with a few tiny carved-out squares filled with stumps, with a cabin in the square, miles away from the next clearing. The lonesomeness was immense; some couldn't stand it, and went out of their heads with cabin fever. Many brooded over their sins. The impulse from the vernal woods often led to acts of violence. A man on the Wills Creek circuit grabbed his rifle and went to the woods to waylay Finley because his wife had been bewitched by this Methodist wizard. Finley converted them both. The backwoodsmen were timid as rabbits in company. In one rural settlement they wouldn't come near Finley, but hid behind the plum bushes while he preached to them. Yet their need for human relationship was so acute that they would leave off work and come miles to a meeting merely to stand at the edge and look on. Often enough they were overcome by the spirit and engulfed in the shouting and the moans. Religion and especially Methodism became their emotional and social release. Nothing like those circuit riders, camp meetings, and revivals has ever been seen in Ohio.

This phenomenon first broke out in Kentucky among the Presbyterians in 1797. It spread like an armed host, reached the Ohio River, crossed over, and swept the State. The

religious frenzy of those years still baffles us. Hundreds, sometimes thousands, of solitary men and women would converge on a grove for the meeting, like the one Finley went all the way to Kentucky to see. The excitement of mingling with a great company of human beings, singing hymns, shouting, and listening to the prayers, sermons, and exhortations of the preachers, whipped up their emotions to the explosion point. Whole groups were seized with the jerks and the jumps; they would run and dance and shake themselves in delirium. Some would fall down, as Finley saw them at Cane Ridge, or give way to strange dervish sounds known as the holy laugh and the barking exercise. Others would go into a trance, see visions, or speak in unknown tongues: a mixture, apparently, of gibberish and poorly pronounced Indian dialect words. It was something to see a great concourse of backwoods people performing all these exercises. I have seen just enough in surviving camp meetings in Kentucky and southeastern Ohio to imagine what these services must have been like when Ohio was a young state, and there were no movies and no general stores or garages where men might meet and mingle.

The Methodists carried the greatest burden of the Lord in our State, though the Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, and Campbellites were strong and well ministered unto. Their clergy were so able in argument over the sectarian squabbles of the day about grace, and baptism, and predestination, and free-will, and infant baptism, et cetera, that, in Finley's words, "Methodism could scarcely live." It had also to overcome the irreligious set of mind that many pioneers weary of the New England Sabbath and the comfortable arrogance of the

Church with its taxes and coercions, brought out with them. Mobs would form quickly and easily to scoff at an effigy of Jesus, to mock the communion, or, armed with knives, clubs, and horsewhips, to break up religious meetings just for the rowdy hell of it. Cartwright had to stop his sermon at a meeting in Marietta and manhandle a ruffian whom the magistrates were afraid to touch. Finley often had to use his fists on these rough fellows who would yell, laugh, and cat-call during a service. And Philip Gatch of Milford, near Cincinnati, where the first Methodist church in the Northwest Territory was formed in 1797 at the cabin of Francis McCormick, and the first native preacher in America to serve a circuit, was nearly killed by a mob which covered him with tar and permanently injured his eyesight. But in spite of the Calvinists' dialectics and the barbarisms of the roughs, the Methodists conquered Ohio by simple devotion and the circuit riding technique.

The first Methodist circuit, the Miami, was organized in 1798. Early in 1800 a second was added and called the Scioto Circuit. Later in the same year the Hockhocking-Muskingum Circuit was formed. In all those miles of wilderness the Methodists in 1800 claimed three hundred and sixty-four whites and two colored members—the greatest down to the most humble. Our first governor, Edward Tiffin, was a local preacher ordained by Bishop Asbury himself, and his Chillicothe home was always open to Methodist preaching. Allen Trimble, our eighth, and Robert Lucas, our twelfth governors, were also good and active Methodists.

The circuits grew in numbers with the population. In 1804 there were five. They soon rose to eight, in spite of the alarming falling away of interest during the War of 1812

and the feverish period of land speculation. Both Jacob Young and Peter Cartwright, pioneer preachers, in their autobiographies complain that the people were "so much taken up with politics and war that they lost their zeal in the cause of God." Young complained of "a Methodist brother" who traded a barrel of flour for twenty-six bushels of rye. He made each bushel of rye into three gallons of whisky, sold the whisky to the army for three dollars a gallon, and cleared two hundred dollars on his barrel of flour. These brethren were a problem, and so was drinking, for everybody, including the preachers, took a dram at least for the stomach's sake. In a certain congregation one member was expelled for joining a temperance society, another for continued drunkenness. This posed the delicate problem as raised by a puzzled member: "How much liquor must he drink to retain his standing in the Church, since drinking too much and drinking none at all were both capital crimes?"

The men who rode these circuits took body punishment for their faith. William Burke, a rider on the Miami Circuit, describes the layout in Ohio in 1803-4. This district started at Ward's meeting-house on Duck Creek near Cincinnati, and took in all the settlements in the Symmes purchase between the Miamis, up to the Mad River cabins near present Urbana, and as far east as "Brother Boggs's on the Little Miami, a few miles from Yellow Springs." It took six weeks to cover. Then they would leave Brother Boggs's at daylight, and travel through forests, forty to fifty miles without a single house or cabin, to Chillicothe, and the Scioto Circuit which took four weeks to ride. Another day's journey brought them to the Hocking Valley settlements; two more days and a half took them over to the St. Clairsville district and the

Ohio River settlements, a four weeks' circuit; then they returned to New Lancaster, went down to Sunday Creek and Monday Creek, and thence to the Muskingum and Ohio River settlements on the Marietta Circuit.

The privations and sufferings on these journeys were herculean. As Burke himself put it, and he certainly knew what it was like: "We were half our time obliged to put up in taverns and places of entertainment, subject to disorder and abuse of the unprincipled and half-civilized inmates, suffering with hunger and cold, and sleeping in open cabins on the floor, sometimes without bed or covering, and with little prospect of any support from the people among whom we labored, and none from any other source; for there was no provision in those days for missionaries. But notwithstanding all the privations and sufferings that we endured, we had the consolation that our labor was not in vain in the Lord." Even the godly and self-sacrificing Bishop Asbury himself sometimes gave way to complaint against frontier discomforts on his trips over the mountains, especially when, as in 1803, he caught the itch on his way to the Western Conference, and resignedly set down in his vivid journal, "Considering the filthy houses and filthy beds I have met with, in coming from the Kentucky Conference, it is perhaps strange that I have not caught it twenty times."

Burke was right, too, about the support from the people. A circuit rider in the early days of Ohio was "allowed" a salary of eighty dollars a year, and traveling expenses. Allowed is a proper word for it because few of these men could collect even that meager stipend. Brother Lakin asked the Conference in 1803 to make up a deficiency of \$28.95 in his salary. The Conference ruled, "it appears that the circuit

maintained Brother Lakin's wife and her beast gratis. It is therefore our opinion that it is ungenerous in him to bring a demand on the Conference; and seeing there are others more needy, it is our judgment that he ought not have anything." Brother Lakin was no ordinary divine, either. In 1806, while he was preaching at a huge camp meeting in a grove near Xenia, a terrific storm blew up that threatened to break up the services and drench the congregation. Brother Lakin turned to the Lord, lifted up his voice and his hands and prayed that the storm should disperse and the clouds detour. They did; not a drop fell on Brother Lakin's congregation, and their strong faith grew even stronger. But the judgment of the Conference that "he ought not have anything" stood firm.

To the unflagging energies of these men were added the labors of men like the now legendary Lorenzo Dow, the eccentric itinerant preacher who roamed the country attracting attention with his flowing beard, his long hair parted in the middle, his wild dynamic manner, his gift of oratory and pungent phrase that caught the ear of frontier audiences. He had a habit of appearing mysteriously in places where men born and bred in the wilderness had never even seen a preacher. He would ride up swiftly to a waiting company, hop on a log, jerk off his hat, and start preaching repentance. When he finished he would jump back on his horse and hurry on to another settlement. Some were merely entertained and called him Crazy Dow, but others were converted and became his faithful followers. They named their baby boys for him, and for a whole generation a common signature in Ohio was Lorenzo Dow Smith and Jones.

From such crude and hard beginnings the churches of

Ohio rose to their present importance. They built houses of worship, they founded schools and colleges, they carried books to isolated men, and they helped break down the frontier lawlessness, mob brutality, and guerrilla living that for a time threatened the civilization of the State. And often when I have walked across the beautiful campus at Ohio Wesleyan among the graduates at commencement time in the spring, or stopped before a small country church, with the cemetery in the yard, where on Wednesday evening a few cars have driven up for prayer-meeting, I think of Asbury's itch, of Gatch's tar and partial blindness, of Cartwright and Burke silencing ruffians with bare fists, and I place a wreath under the carved Bible on the shaft marked Rev. Jas. B. Finley.

3

A few miles east of Cleveland just off US20 at Kirtland in Lake County is the strangest church in the State, and neither the building nor the story behind it is widely known by Ohioans. It is the temple of the Mormons, built on this high ground on the lake plain in three years, from the laying of the corner-stone on July 24, 1833, to the zealous dedications during the days and nights of the week of March 27, 1836. The tower, not unlike others in the Western Reserve, is one hundred and twenty feet above the ground and may be seen above the trees for miles in all directions. It is well worth going to see. Some call it an architectural monstrosity, and perhaps they are right. For it is an odd mixture of classic revival, New England meeting-house, and the heavenly visions of Joseph Smith who each night handed to master builder Joseph Bump the plans as revealed to him for the next day's work.

The temple, eighty feet by sixty, and three stories high, was built of stone quarried in the vicinity by the volunteer brothers under supervision of the President and Prophet, Joseph Smith, who in his own vision was absolved from manual labor. The stones were plastered over and the new surface marked into rectangles as you now see it. At the front there are two rounded-arch doors, and two pointed-arch windows on the first floor, two more similar windows on the second floor with a Palladian style window between; and above this architectural accent is an interesting tablet:

HOUSE OF THE LORD
BUILT BY THE CHURCH OF
THE LATTER DAY SAINTS,
A. D. 1834.

with the important addition which reads "Reorganized church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in succession by Decision of Court, Feb. 1880."

We wonder about the drama behind those two inscriptions as we walk through the door and examine with mounting curiosity the white interior of this temple to the Saints' "First Stake In Zion." The glistening pulpits ranged in four tiers of three each, one row above the other immediately take the eye. They are white, beautifully carved, and vivid against the black walnut trimming used discreetly throughout. A black walnut drop-leaf sacramental table bearing the letters P.D.P.D. A.A. is hinged to the first row of pulpits above the banks of boxed-in white pews, all with walnut trimming. There is another auditorium on the second floor, and class rooms behind the dormer windows on the third. The entire building, which cost sixty-five thousand dollars, was designed to meet the ritualistic needs of Joseph Smith's new

sect. For, as we are well aware by this time, Kirtland and this temple were from 1831 to 1838 the proving ground of Mormonism.

When in 1830 New York got too violent toward the new Mormon sect to be tenable, Joseph Smith, the Prophet who had talked with God and read and translated His message engraved on secret golden plates, sent missionaries to Ohio to locate a kingdom. They found it around Kirtland, Mentor, and Hiram where the canal era was booming the district. Smith and his retinue arrived at Kirtland in a bobsled loaded with his effects on February 3, 1831. He was just twenty-six years old. He walked boldly into Newell K. Whitney's general store and said in impressive tones, "Newell K. Whitney, thou art the man!" Whitney was surprised even in a district and a period when such theatrical people were common. He said, "Mebbe so, but I guess you've got the advantage of me. Stranger here, aren't you?" The leader of the Mormons then announced, "I am Joseph Smith the Prophet. You have prayed me here, now what do you want?" So the keeper of the store became an important disciple. Fifty families followed Smith to Kirtland, and a settlement was made. Sidney Rigdon, a capable Campbellite preacher with a big following, many of whom had pooled their property in a communistic colony, joined up with Smith and became one of his ablest henchmen. They proselyted far and wide and converts flocked to the community.

They often ran into fierce opposition. Feeling ran especially high at Hiram, stronghold of the Campbellites, where Rigdon was looked upon as a traitor. When Smith and Rigdon tried to invade their town, the populace rose, seized them both, stripped them, dragged them over the frozen

ground, poured tar over their bodies, smeared their hair, eyes, face, and mouth full of it, and rolled them in a sack of feathers. Rigdon went temporarily insane, but Smith had himself scraped off, and reappeared on Sunday morning as the Lord's Prophet.

And year by year more and more people from all over the world flocked to him at Kirtland, gave over their worldly goods to his control and their souls to his instruction. Brigham Young joined him there and soon became the most powerful figure of the Saints next to the Prophet himself. Brigham took his first Mormon wife here, Mary Ann Angel, whom he married according to law on March 31, 1834. His first wife had died in 1832. They built the temple by their common volunteer labor, the women baking bread and weaving garments for the toiling Saints.

Their communal property scheme prospered so greatly that Smith decided to have his own bank. The State refused him a charter, but he went ahead on his own and made himself cashier and Rigdon president of the "Kirtland Safety Society Bank." This proved his undoing. The State prosecuted him, his bank failed with a terrific crash, his people turned against him and refused to recognize his spiritual powers, he was again tarred and feathered "by a mob of infuriated Baptists, Campbellites and Methodists," and on January 12, 1838, he and Rigdon fled on horseback to the new colony of Mormons in Missouri. He was murdered at last by an Illinois mob in 1844.

Smith's Ohio career began and ended in mob violence, but it taught him how to be a mighty man before the Lord and how to lead his people. He left behind in Ohio a strong church that reorganized against polygamy and split from

Brigham Young's branch in Salt Lake City; he left behind the most amazing example of religious zeal and communal achievements in Ohio; and he left this temple as a memorial to the seven strenuous years during which, despite the most violent and determined opposition, he established Mormonism and made Ohio, if not its birthplace, at least its proving ground.

4

I have seen people stop, look, and wonder at the ghostly string-town village with its tall dormitory-like buildings strung for nearly a mile along a side road in wonderful farming country some three miles east of Lebanon. And well they might wonder, for these strange brick barracks with their blank and staring windows do not make sense out here in the green open country. This is all that is left of the Shaker community once known as Union Village.

This village was one of more than thirty sectarian, Owenistic, and Fourieristic colonies established in Ohio in the first half of the nineteenth century; those fervid years when our State was the land of Utopias, and communistic groups of all sorts came here to set up the perfect social order. Some held to communism as a religious belief, while others held their property in common to keep the group together and preserve the sect. Some were eager for the perfect life here, but most of the sectarian groups were trying to found an order that would assure entrance into God's kingdom after death.

Most of these experiments were short lived. The Oberlin Colony soon became more or less normal and secular; the Mormons separated, as we have seen; the Berea Community

of some twenty followers, joined in 1836 on their thousand acres up in Cuyahoga County, dissolved after one year; the Yellow Springs community of nearly a hundred families held on for a couple of years, but broke up in 1827 over social equality; the Kendal Community near Canton was killed off by an epidemic of "summer-fever"; the Ohio Phalanx on the Ohio in Belmont County, with one hundred members and over two thousand acres, failed financially in 1845; the Clermont Phalanx on the Ohio was destroyed by the flood of 1847 which killed seventeen of its members; and so went the fortunes of most of the communities.

The Shakers, the Separatists at Zoar, and the present-day Amish, however, have a better story to tell. We had six Shaker societies in Ohio. The first two were established in 1805, one at Union Village which we have just looked at, the other at West Union in Adams County. The others were scattered: the Watervliet Society near Dayton, organized in 1806; North Union near Cleveland, 1823; and the Darby Plains and Whitewater groups converted in 1823 and 1824.

The greatest and longest lived was at Union Village. Henry Howe visited them in 1846 when four hundred souls lived there on three thousand acres of land. The village, with its active shops, mills, offices, and dormitories, was neat and prosperous looking. The community was divided into five families, each having "an eating room and kitchen." At meal time, on signal of a horn, the brothers entered from the right, the sisters from the left, and marched in pairs to the table. The six serving sisters came from the kitchen. Then all knelt in silent prayer before taking their places on the benches before the table. Howe quotes a traveler who observed that the females "were all, without exception, of

a pale and sickly hue. They were disfigured by their ugly costume, which consists of a white starched bonnet."

These sisters and their brothers were an odd lot. They believed that Mother Ann Lee, their founder in 1747, was the feminine principle of God; that the sexes were equal; that property must be held in common; and that each must work for the good of all. They were agitated at their meetings, trembled, shook, shouted, hopped about, jumped, danced, ran, walked, clapped their hands and quaked. They had visions and the gift of tongues; they communed with spirits, had power over disease, and withdrew from politics and the world except as they had to go to market or get new converts.

And they had to get new converts because the brothers and sisters, though living together, were sworn to their virginity or celibacy. The revivalistic furor of the times made the camp meetings and religious gatherings a rich hunting ground for recruits for almost any sect however fantastic. The Shakers reached a top of five thousand members in this country, five hundred of them at one time in the Union Village community. No such communistic group could hope to escape the ire of early Ohio mobs. Union Village was visited by mob violence from Lebanon five times between 1810 and 1824. In 1820 two Shakers under command of a vision from God rode solemnly through the streets of Lebanon pronouncing a curse upon the place. But they gave a blessing to Dayton which was hospitable to the Shakers. The news of this rite got abroad, and many farmers, taking this as a sign that Dayton would prosper, moved there. And doubtless the departed spirits of Brothers Bedle and McNemar, who cursed and blessed, look down with satisfaction

upon sleepy, back-county Lebanon and thriving world-center Dayton.

As the proselyting era closed, and the Shakers died off without issue, the villages succumbed to palsy, decay, and death. The Watervliet Society declined to seventy-five members in 1875, and the remnants were taken to Union Village in 1900. West Union dissolved in 1827. The community near Cleveland that had risen to prosperity with two hundred members in 1840, dropped to twenty-seven in 1899. It then dissolved, moved to Union Village, and sold its property, now a swanky Cleveland suburb, for \$316,000. Union Village itself gave up in 1907. Part of the land is now an honor prison farm; the bleak dormitories are the Otterbein Home for children, invalids, and the aged; and a few relics from the shops and the handicraft of the sisters are on display in the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society Museum to remind us of these strange people who tilled their Ohio fields, prepared their souls for another Heaven, and left no younger generation to complicate the problems on the earth.

5

The Separatists at Zoar, over in Tuscarawas County, left behind a pleasing village with an old world atmosphere of red brick houses, enormous barns, and other buildings roofed with red tiles made on the premises. These folk had fled from Würtemberg to escape service in the German army and coercion by the Lutheran church. A colony of two hundred and twenty-five persons under Joseph Bäumeler, later spelled Bimeler, bought 5,500 acres of Ohio land on easy time payments, for three dollars an acre, and settled at Zoar



From Ohio State Mu.

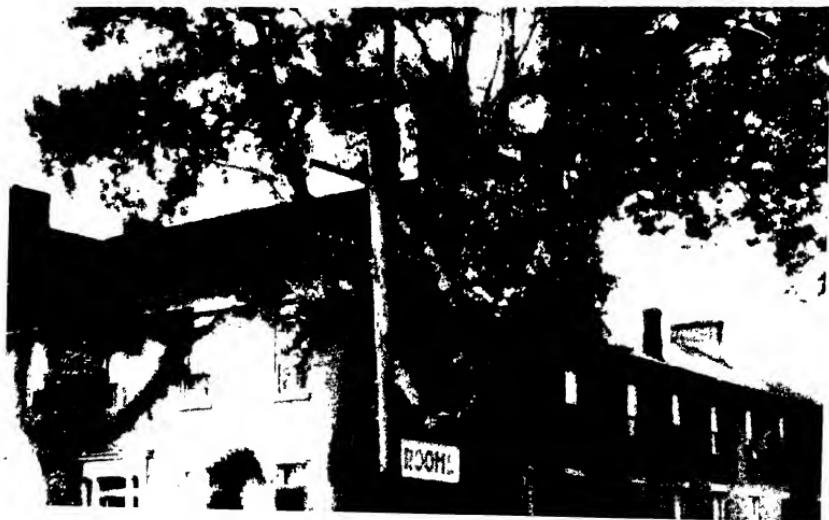
KING'S HOUSE AT ZOAR





By H. P. Fis

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, MARIETTA



in 1817-18. Their village was named for the town along the Dead Sea where Lot found safety after his flight from Sodom.

The zeal of the colonists for their new freedom led them for a time, like the Shakers, to embrace celibacy. They might have suffered the same biological suicide had it not been for the power of the Lord through Nature that brought a pretty maid of the colony under the eye of Bimeler when, like King David, he had his hour of weakness. Bimeler changed his mind about the desirability of the article of celibacy and married the girl, and more natural perpetuation of the colony was thus assured. The family became the unit, though the property remained in common.

They were hard-working people, these freedom hunting Germans. They rose at daylight to the sound of a horn, and went in groups to the fields. Beginning with almost nothing but their faith and bare hands, they labored communally under signed agreement, built their houses of home-made brick, erected their cooper shop, saw mill, flour and woolen mills, brewery, bakery, and other service buildings. They supplied their own shoes, clothes, furniture, and nearly everything else they needed. They built a hotel, and the "King's Palace," and neat surrounding gardens with a symbolically placed pine tree—the tree of life—in the center. Their communal property, estimated to be worth a cool million dollars in 1875, was protected by the Supreme Court of the United States when the individualistic heirs of communist John Gösele sued for his share of the community property and lost. Even a member expelled for cause, as John Gasely was in 1845, was denied claim on the community capital by the Supreme Court of Ohio. Not until

the members voluntarily agreed to abandon communism in 1898 was the property distributed, and then each of the two hundred and twenty-two Zoarites got his share of the \$340,820 estate. If the Shakers failed for lack of children, the Zoarites dissolved because of them, for they married out of the community and got restive over the common storehouse.

The interesting village may still be seen. About a dozen of the Zoar families are still there. The hotel, three stories high, with dormer windows on the third, and a clumsy tower and cupola erupting through the roof, faintly suggests old Württemberg. The King's Palace was acquired not long ago by the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society and is now a museum. A noodle machine brought over by the colony from Germany has been preserved. The village was protected by a big dike when the Muskingum dams were built, but the cooper shop and the brewery had to go.

6

If you should drive on US42 over the Darby Plains near Plain City, especially on Saturday, you must be careful not to run into one of the little square black covered buggies drawn by a small bay horse trotting leisurely along the highway to or from this market center. If you will slow down and look, you will see spotlessly neat white farmhouses with a dozen small white out-buildings and a vast barn behind them, all fronted if not surrounded by a white paling fence. There will be green or tan or purple blinds but no lace curtains to the windows, no rugs on the floor, no pictures on the wall, except a calendar, no telephone, no electric lights. The yards will be trimmed and edged with flowers. Scores of

glass fruit jars will be gleaming upside down on the pickets or on special racks behind the kitchen door. The barns will have a projecting shed, often without posts from the ground, to shelter the buggy and the farm machinery. Fine cows and bulls, wide sheep with flat backs, calves, chickens, and hogs will be in the lots near the barn. The long fields will look rich with corn and wheat and alfalfa. And you may see a horse and buggy hitched to a lone tree left standing in the center of a great field, while six or eight oddly costumed men and boys stoop and rise again over the crop. For these square miles are the home of the Amish, the stricter brothers of the Dunkards and Mennonites, the master farmers of our State.

Ohio is proud of these "Harmless Christians" whose forefathers came from Germany and Switzerland and settled in various parts of the State, chiefly in Holmes and Tuscarawas Counties in the east, and in this section of Champaign, Madison, and Union Counties in central Ohio. They are simple folk who carry on the ways and customs of their fathers as no other group has done. They still meet on Sunday from house to house for religious exercises. Early on the Sabbath morning you may see these families quaintly costumed, the men in plain black suits fastened with hooks and eyes, and plain, flat-crowned, broad-brimmed, black felt hats above weather-scarred faces given unexpected grace and dignity by the tonsorial sweep of beard; the women in plain black, brown, red, green, or blue dresses held together with pins, and wearing homemade black bonnets sewed by hand with incredibly fine stitches of number eighty or even one-hundred-twenty thread; the boys and girls oddly mature in the exact costumes of their parents; all climbing into these black buggies to go to the neighbor's house where the meeting for

the day will be held. This family will drag out the backless benches for the visitors, men on one side, women on the other; they will sing German hymns without musical accompaniments; the service will proceed in low German; the young unmarried men, with faces shaved, will drive up and down the roads in open buggies with the older girls; and thus another week will begin and end.

Saturday, not Sunday, is in some respects their best day, for then they drive to town. They take in eggs and honey, butter and cheese, for pin money, and the customers like to buy from this clean, thrifty people. At Plain City they drive into a special courtyard down the alley from Main Street where the Chamber of Commerce built a hitching rack on a concrete platform for their special use. For this act of hospitality the Amish thanked the merchants in the local newspaper. I have counted twenty-two horses with their little covered buggies hitched around this rack, and tied to the outside stairway by the garage. They hitch and walk with the pleasantly awkward gait of countrymen up the alley to the big street. The women, leading little costumed girls in black bonnets with a sucker stick in their happy mouths, go into the grocery store and buy pancake flour, and into the five and ten to buy hooks and eyes, pins, and milk chocolate candy. The men gather before the harness shop and shoe shop, dressed in blue denim, some wearing straw hats, and talk in broken English, chuckle, smoke, chew, and spit and receive the greetings of the townsmen. "How're you, Al? Ain't seen you for a devil of a time. Where you been keepin' yourself? This your boy? He don't look much like you, Al." etc., etc. They laugh and have a good time. And when the afternoon begins to lengthen, they get their women, go back

to the courtyard, store away the bundles, unhitch, and trot slowly back for another week of labor on their farms.

The Amish have been rather successful with their children in the face of a changing world that broke up the Zoar colony and the Amana colonies in Iowa. The young generation tends to conform fairly closely to the old disciplines, to marry in the circle, and carry on. If you don't drive too fast you will see right beside the big house, or actually joined to it, and with a porch in common, a smaller house for the married son or daughter. But though the generations are closely linked, some ticklish problems are coming in. The brisk and friendly young man at the ten cent store will tell you that they are buying more and more from the mail order houses; some now wear standard overalls with buttons for their galluses; and the young girls are beginning to buy jewelry from his ten cent trays. They are also troubled over the problem of the automobile which they have refused to own. But fast cars speeding over the roads have become a hazard and a menace to the little black slow-moving buggies, some of which have already been smashed, and the more progressive are arguing that they should get cars in self-protection. A few have boldly done so. And if they all do, this attractive province of God's kingdom in Ohio will be a less cheerful and interesting place.

Ohio's Taste in Houses

I

THE HUMAN AND PERSONAL STORY OF OHIO IS TOLD IN the silent picture drama of her houses, though few of us, I fear, take the trouble or know how to understand it. Ohio houses grouped in towns and villages, or scattered along country roads are no more prepossessing than those of New York or Pennsylvania. In the mass they may appear nondescript and, in the winter months, even a trifle grim. But if you go much about our State, you must be struck with at least four types of houses that disengage themselves from the general conglomeration.

The first style is seen in the little villages strung along the National Road, and other highways, notably in eastern Ohio. The houses in the center of the towns, usually brick and severely simple, are built flush with the sidewalk with a stone stoop by the front door in the Maryland manner. On the outskirts the houses are set back in small, neat yards, but still attached to the road, not retiring from it. Some of them are on terraces, with a stone wall surmounted by an iron fence rising from the sidewalk with stone steps and iron guard-rail leading up to the level of the yard. In the old days the houses and brick sidewalks were separated from the highway by a grass-covered ditch and a row of trees, and the

atmosphere of friendliness and peace created by this architecture and village plan was once a joyful thing to experience in Old Washington, New Concord, Mt. Sterling, Gratiot, along Walnut Street in New Lisbon as it used to be, and other such characteristic communities. Many of the houses are still there, but when the widening mania struck us, the trees were cut down, the yards were destroyed by steam shovels, the sidewalks were moved back, and in some places even the fronts of houses were torn away; all this to speed a nervous nation fifteen miles an hour faster through these mutilated towns and villages. The gradual destruction of these landmarks to our Pennsylvania and Maryland settlers is a great pity, and in some towns, like Reynoldsburg on US40, it has approached the limits of vandalism. But enough still remains to make these old houses in village groups distinct in our general impression of Ohio.

The second type, not yet badly damaged, is the prevailing Connecticut timber house painted white, gathered in New England villages about the green under the spire of the Congregational Church, or spaced on farms throughout the Western Reserve and the Firelands. These simple weather-boarded houses, with their accent of green shutters, their low roofs, the doorways with the side lights, and rambling L off the main dwelling, the recessed side porch, and the distinctive flat pilasters of classic design at the corners, tell of the days of the mass migration from Connecticut and Massachusetts into northeastern Ohio. The cottages on the side roads copy the model; many of them are sadly run down just now, but in their unpainted decay they still have an odd dignity that touches our sensibilities. Even he who

speeds recklessly over US224, US322, or US20 must gather some impression of this transplanting of a uniform architecture from Old into New Connecticut. The difference between New England and Maryland is often measured in Ohio by the few miles that separate the Lincoln highway from the National Road.

Scattered over the State on the better farms, especially prominent in central and southern Ohio, and along genteelly decaying streets in the larger towns, is a third dominant type, seldom mentioned by architects—the two or three story red-brick house that became a vogue in the reconstruction days of the 1870s and 1880s. Its height is emphasized by breaking up the square effect of the front with a set-back or two at the corners for porches, by the tall windows with their inside shutters, by the low or flat roofs, the fancy wood decorations at the cornice, and the occasional balustrade. Every farmer who felt the new prosperity of the last quarter of the century substituted one of these fine homes for the frame house that, before the Civil War, had already replaced the original log cabin—the cabin often becoming a summer kitchen. These mid-Victorian houses still dominate the countryside because farm economy has not encouraged a general building boom since. Some of them are well-kept, many are in decay, a few have been abandoned. The same architecture is seen in the school buildings of those two decades, in University Hall at the Ohio State University, in the State hospitals on the hilltop in Columbus, and in dozens of county infirmaries about the State. The vogue passed away, but it sets before our eyes a record of the prosperity and awakening social consciousness of the period not duplicated before or since.

The fourth style which you cannot miss is the courthouses of Ohio, all eighty-eight of them, with a few others in villages that once were county-seats but lost the honor, and the business, to a more influential rival town—as Canfield, with its fine little brick courthouse, surrendered its seat in Mahoning County in 1879 to its big gangster neighbor, Youngstown. I think these buildings are the most conspicuous single feature of Ohio architecture. No matter in what direction you may be going, you will see these courthouse steeples, or the blindfolded goddess holding her scales and her sword, clearly visible above or among the trees, tallying the counties every fifteen to forty miles as regularly as the clock with its four faces in the cupola strikes the hours for the villagers. These gray stone, silver or gold metal, or white painted wood cupolas, usually most ornate, are the first thing you see as you approach the town. On the hills at Cadiz, Jackson, Cambridge, Mansfield, Delaware, Hillsboro; on the flat public square at Marysville, Washington Court House, Newark, Marion; in the valley towns of Bellefontaine, Zanesville, Batavia, the courthouse is always the center for the eye. And when you arrive in the town, there is the public square with grass and benches and people, the light artillery of the World War, the black cannon and pyramid of balls from the Civil War, and the statue of the Civil War soldier, some of them, like the one at Mansfield, vivid in polychrome.

Most of these buildings also belong to the hybrid period of the seventies and eighties; the famous and controversial one at Columbus was built in 1887. And most of them replaced smaller courthouses of the thirties and forties. A few of these pre-Civil War buildings are worth going out of your

way to see. We have a half-dozen splendid examples of the Greek and Roman style that Thomas Jefferson publicized and made so popular, the most pleasing being the old Lake County Courthouse at Painesville with its four Doric columns, porch, and double dome; the graceful Roman courthouse with its six slender columns, two stories high, at Hillsboro in Highland County; the well-proportioned Greek temple style of the Montgomery Courthouse at Dayton with its winding stone stairway; the dignified Knox County Courthouse, with the striking, two-columned entrance, at Mount Vernon, set in an elevated yard with a low wall and fine trees; the Sandusky County Courthouse at Fremont that, without its square cupola and octagonal tower, would look like a Jeffersonian dwelling house; the neat colonial Morgan County Courthouse at McConnelsville in the Muskingum Valley, and others like the unique Ross County Courthouse at Chillicothe, and the State House in Columbus.

2

These are the first general layman's impressions of Ohio architecture—these and, of course, the grimy wooden stores with their lean-to porches; the bleak little frame farmhouses back from the paved road on muddy lanes; the huge brick or frame monsters in town and country with turrets, cupolas, balconies, and a circular tower, built around the turn of the century; and the disquieting sameness of the hundreds of swanky new additions on the edges of the towns monotonously varied with hybrid and mongrel Connecticut farmhouses, Tudor stucco-and-timber, Cape Cod cottages, English manors, modified French provincial, and southern colonials,

all with huge blue Zanesville pottery vases on the front stoop or flanking the garage driveway.

In return for a little hunting about in this total jumble, you will be rewarded by a few delightful examples of distinctive houses from an earlier day that will reveal better than any other available exhibit the manner of men who built Ohio. These houses are an intriguing guide to the origin and course of the many immigrant trails into the State.

There are, for example, the few ancient inns that have weathered the dramatic changes in methods and habits of travel during the past century, but I regret to report that Ohio has not more than a half-dozen good eating places along its roads at the present time. Once upon a time inns lined Ohio roads, but, according to early travelers, most of them were wretched shelters, cold, drafty, noisy, and dirty, run by inhospitable and grouchy hostlers who overcharged the guests for bed and board. These fellows kept Charles Dickens in vituperative uproar during his celebrated tour of Ohio in 1842. Most of these ungracious houses are gone. Several of the good ones survive with their reminiscences of Clay, Jackson, Harrison and other famous guests. Two of these inns are on the National Road. The Headley Inn, just four miles west of Zanesville, built of dressed stone in 1802 and enlarged to its present appearance in 1833, is particularly pleasing with its terraced stone wall and steps in front of the inset porch of the older section, its two front doors with their deeply worn stone sills rising from the flagged court, and the six small windows in the newer, two-story section. The kitchen, the fireplaces, the

decorated stairways, and other features of the interior are equally interesting.

The Red Brick Tavern at Lafayette, twenty miles west of Columbus, built in 1837 and still, or rather again, in operation, is distinctly southern in style and atmosphere, with a long, wide center hall, high ceilings, big square rooms furnished in the period, and with a long L now used as the dining room. The Hopkins House, or Sunbury Tavern, at Sunbury, with its long banistered upstairs porch or gallery across the entire front; and the Rider Tavern at Painesville in Lake County, closely modeled after Washington's house at Mt. Vernon, are other excellent examples of the southern influence that prevailed among inn-keepers. Other old inns like the Golden Lamb at Lebanon, the Penn Tavern at Middlebourne, the St. Charles Hotel at Marietta, the Buxton Tavern at Granville, each with pleasing features of its own, remain as happy reminders of a younger Ohio.

Ohio is especially notable for her churches. There are several important ones in the Western Reserve that wise people travel miles to see as perfect examples of their architectural style. We have already referred to these New England meeting-houses on the village greens with their white spires looking through the trees across the flat plains of Ohio as though they were still rubbing their eyes to see if they were dreaming. Every few miles you come upon them, for they are the center of the community life. Many are commonplace, but a few are gems. The most notable are the Congregational Church at Atwater (1838-41), a few miles east of Akron on US224, classic in style but with pointed arched windows, set back in its yard quiet with trees; and the unrivaled Congregational Church at Tallmadge, right on the

east edge of Akron, with its lovely classic front and its unusual but graceful octagonal spire and belfry, suggestive of the First Church in Bennington, Vermont. Other fine examples are to be seen in the Congregational Church at Streetsboro, northeast of Akron, at Hudson and at Twinsburg at the other corners of the same township, and in a half-dozen other Western Reserve villages, as well as in St. Luke's Episcopal Church at Granville, just eight miles north of the National Road, and elsewhere. The interiors are often as grateful to the eye as the exterior, and some, like the church at Leroy, will delight you with the arrangement of the pews. These distinctive buildings are impressively absent from the towns in central and southern Ohio where the people with southern habits and traditions settled.

3

Ohio also has some fine examples of early houses scattered throughout her compact domain. Many of these houses have been studied and beautifully photographed in I. T. Frary's *Early Homes of Ohio*, and Frank J. Roos' unpublished thesis on Ohio Architecture at the Ohio State University Library. The photographs help, but perhaps it will not weary the gentle reader if I pick out a few of the notable houses for a word of comment. The outward spread of our cities and the resulting obsolescence of streets and houses has been so rapid that hundreds of interesting old homes have been destroyed, have rotted in slum decay, or been burned. The famous Quinby House at Warren, for example, was pulled down in 1931; the unique Joseph Smith House near Vermilion was burned in 1923. Every town has its section corresponding to Broad Street in Columbus, Euclid

Avenue in Cleveland, or, to take an earlier period, the Broadway, Third and Fourth Street district in Cincinnati of a hundred years ago when the Burnet, Longworth, Foote, Lytle, Dexter mansions astonished visitors by their vastness and elegance. These sections, marked in smaller towns like Mansfield and Piqua by big square brick houses surrounded by an iron fence set in a stone curb, have long since surrendered to filling stations, tourist or boarding houses, insurance company offices, or streamlined, drive-in, grocery stores.

A few towns with more or less stable families have held on to their older streets and houses that affect us now like an ideally kept museum of a gracious past. Chillicothe is an unusual instance. A visitor to this aging city settled by the Virginians is unavoidably affected by the air of maturity and self-sufficiency given it by its blocks of well preserved old houses. A few minutes' walk from the courthouse along Paint Street, Second, Main, Fourth, and Fifth Streets, will plunge you happily back into the leisure and the taste of a century ago as you pass the Elks Home; the King-Fullerton-Brown House built in 1837; St. Mary's Convent of the same period, with its deeply recessed doorway, flanked by two columns, and above it, a porch banistered with a striking iron grille; the old Miller House with its four two-story columns in classic revival style; the McLandburg-Fullerton House with its handsome doorway; and many others with side porches in the Virginia style, with columned doorways, and interesting detail copied by the carpenters from Benjamin's *American Builder's Companion*, Lafever's *Modern Builder's Guide* and such handbooks. Up on Carlisle Hill overlooking the town is the Mountain House, an oddly beautiful "German Gothic" affair, built in 1848 by a German refugee, and now

the home of Dard Hunter. And just outside the town are the rambling, galleried Deweese farmhouse; the old Renick house, known as Paint Hill, built in 1804 of stone from the vicinity; and Thomas Worthington's Virginia mansion, Adena, with typical central building and two wings, begun in 1798, built of warm-colored stone quarried on the estate by Worthington's servants, finished with imported iron, glass, and French wall-paper, and for years a center of social life and state politics in the Virginia planter tradition.

Both Lancaster and Zanesville have a few houses of the same period. One of the best, the Effinger House in Lancaster, went down before the pressing need for a new movie palace and parking lot, but some rare pieces of its interior, and the doorway and window were rescued and are on display at the Gallery of Fine Arts in Columbus. The Mumauh House in Lancaster, built in 1820, and standing just across the street from Thomas Ewing's house, where Sherman was reared, has a chance to survive behind its striking cast-iron fence on a low stone wall because it was given to the city in 1931 as a museum and a meeting place for women's clubs. Other interesting houses, including the Georgian Inn, with their stepped gables, their elaborate iron fences and stoops, and their Greek temple doorways and porches, are on the hill in the same vicinity.

Zanesville is equally well-favored. On the west bank of the Muskingum under the brow of the hill in reach, alas, of super floods, as in 1913, in the section once known as Putnam, are several blocks of these monuments to early Ohio families and their handbook builders. Here are the Matthews House, made of stone, with a fine portico reproducing, apparently, the Doric temple style as drawn

in Benjamin; the Buckingham House, famous among other things for its unusual recessed doorway, with concave side lights and an arched opening; the Guthrie House in Classic Revival style reproducing the effect of the Greek temple; the Nye-Potts House, built in 1813, of red brick, markedly like the eastern houses on the National Road, with its front door on the street, and its stone stoop with iron hand-rail rising from the sidewalk; and others that remind us of the day when Zanesville was the junction of Zane's Trace and the head of navigation on the Muskingum, with the traffic-clogged National Road.

Many other old towns also have an example or two of these fine early Ohio houses. Marietta has the Hildreth House with the design of its striking arched and columned doorway reproduced in the second and third story windows above it; the Exchange Hotel with the same feature; and the Mills House, built in 1820, with its unique steps and iron railing. Granville has among others the Avery-Downer House with its Greek temple center and wings. Mount Vernon has the Curtis-Devin House, 1834-36, a huge and harmonious square brick house with a Greek Revival doorway, cornice, and balustrade. Cincinnati has, among many, the Taft House or Sinton Mansion, a beautiful example of southern architecture, a one floor plan, set in a spacious yard surrounded by an iron fence in the once fashionable east end of the Basin. Through the generosity of Charles P. Taft, it is now a museum and may be examined at leisure.

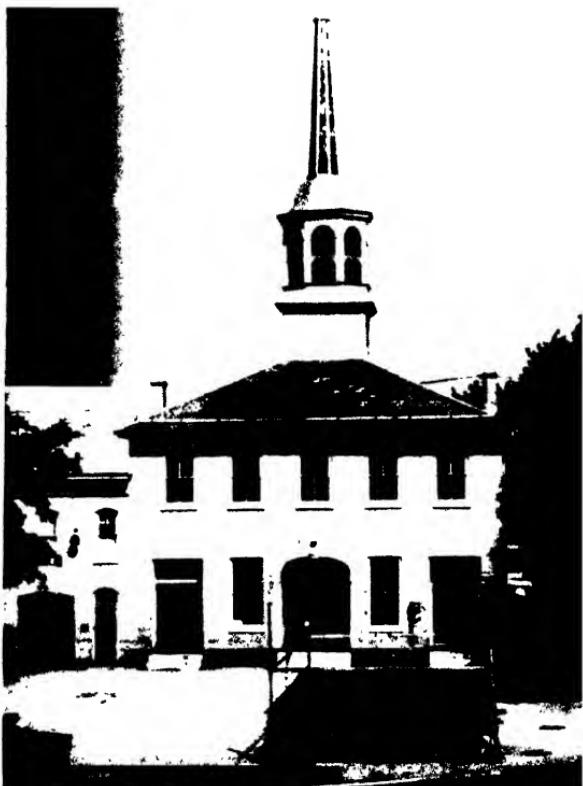
A few towns and villages in the Western Reserve are rich in unusual early houses. Norwalk, in the extreme west of



THE FISHER-BLOCKSON HOUSE, LISBON

By Frank J. Roos, Jr.





OURTHOUSE (1829)
SOMERSET

by Frank J. Roos, Jr.



the Western Reserve, has the Kimball-Wooster-Martin House, built of brick in 1831, and decorated with an ornamental cornice; the Wooster-Boalt House, also of brick, built in 1848 as a Presbyterian school for girls; and the Sturgis-Kennan-Fulstow House, of the early thirties, with its four slender octagonal columns supporting a pediment ornamented with an oval sunburst. At Milan, just four miles north of Worwalk, is the brick cottage, with its visor-like porch, where Thomas Alva Edison was born; and the distinguished Mitchell-Turner House, built of brick in 1828, with its Classic Revival front, ornamented pediment, and harmonious wings.

At Hudson, in the center of the Reserve, are the interesting chapel and other Western Reserve College buildings in the New England manner; the Hudson-Lee House, oldest in the Reserve, built in 1806; the Hosford cottage with its rare gambrel roof; the Seymour House with its fine Greek doorway; and the unusual Baldwin-Buss House, built in 1825, with its tall front windows, flat pilasters like a bas-relief of a Classic Revival front, an arched doorway, and a graceful wing with a banistered porch. At almost any of the older and more prosperous towns in the Reserve you may come upon at least one interesting old house: the Mathews House at Painesville; the Kinsman House at Kinsman on the Pennsylvania border; the Bentley-Kent House at Chagrin Falls; the Judge Kinsman House at Warren; etc.

In the country in most sections of the State are many equally interesting old houses, such as the Adams-Gray House of the early forties, at Adams Mills near Coshocton, done in the spacious Virginia manner; and the Renick-Young House at Mount Oval Farm on the Scioto Trail near Circle-

ville, built in 1832, and reminiscent of the days of the cattle drovers, with one of its three corner bedrooms entered only from the side porch.

There are also a few oddities. The octagon houses popularized by the indefatigable Jefferson, common along the Hudson, survive in good condition in Ohio at Painesville, at Kinsman where Clarence Darrow was born, and elsewhere. The steamboat Gothic style is scattered about, with notable examples at Zanesville, Somerset, and Newark. The Mormon Temple built at Kirtland, 1833-36, under the direction of the Prophet, Joseph Smith, and his aid, Brigham Young, is a little known architectural landmark on the westward trek of the Mormons. Mac-o-chee, the Piatt mansion in the Logan County hills, was modeled after a castle on the Rhine, and has long been a show-place of northwestern Ohio. There are many arresting old houses in the famous "Over-the-Rhine" district of Cincinnati where German culture was transplanted in the 1840s, and many interesting new ones, mansions of the present century, scattered over the Cincinnati hills, hidden away around Toledo, in Shaker Heights at Cleveland, along the lake, like the Van Sweringen castle, along the Cuyahoga gorge in Akron, on the hills about Youngstown, and above the Miami at Dayton.

In the last two decades Ohio has added to her buildings the skyscrapers like the A.I.U. Citadel in Columbus, the Carew Tower in Cincinnati, and the Union Terminal building in Cleveland, each dominating the skyline for miles around. And in the slums of Cincinnati, Toledo, Columbus, Cleveland are going up the new Federal Housing units, bright and clean and hopeful areas in grim neighborhoods, like exotic flowers in a swamp of muck. For after the long

lull of the 1930s, the building of houses is again a major industry in Ohio. Thousands of neat small homes are circling the suburban edges of the cities, a few modernistic models from the Century of Progress beetle out on ridges and ravines, a few impressive country houses are going up on farms bought by worried city people with money to invest, the better residential sections of the cities are again expanding; Ohio is housing itself better and more self-consciously than ever before, and a few of the specimens now going up will no doubt join the list briefly set down here.

A Commonwealth of Colleges

I

OHIO IS SOWN THICK WITH COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES. In a comparatively small area fifty-seven¹ of them are now giving instruction, not to mention all of those that were born, struggled awhile, and died, such as Oxford Female College, Central College, National Normal University, Belmont College, Scio College, et cetera, et cetera, and some forty-odd medical schools. If you should drive across Ohio from northeast to southwest, from Painesville on Lake Erie, through Cleveland and Columbus to Cincinnati, you would never be more than twenty miles from a college or a university, and most of the way you would be within five to ten miles of one or more. Forty-three of them are on this diagonal route in a belt about thirty miles wide. In the south and southeast more widely scattered are five colleges, and in the northwest in the Toledo district are nine. There are eight institutions of higher learning in Cleveland, four in Columbus, with four others in nearby communities, and seven in Cincinnati. In earlier times the colleges were placed in sparsely settled areas, but in recent years they are gathering in the larger

¹ Fourteen of the 57 are not affiliated with any association of colleges. The *World Almanac* lists 50 colleges and universities in Pennsylvania, 47 in Ohio, 26 in Massachusetts.

cities. Ohio has more colleges and universities than any other state in the Union, and she takes pride in them, and in the men and women they have trained.

These schools are, most of them, beautifully located; the founding fathers had an uncommon eye for college settings. Ohio has nothing to show more fair than Granville with the Denison University campus, dominated by the New England meeting-house chapel, spread over the wooded hill above it; or the village of Gambier with the Kenyon College campus, aged and wooded, stretching over the rolling hills above the Kokosing River; or Hiram with Hiram College on the highest spot in the Western Reserve overlooking a pastoral landscape that might have been the subject of a poem by Gray of the *Elegy*; or Oxford on its hills above the Tallawanda, with the campuses of Western College and Miami University covering many gently contoured acres, and their towers above the trees visible for miles around in the Garden of Ohio—so ideally the college town that Bayard Taylor said of it, “For quiet beauty of scenery I have never seen anything to excell it, and nothing to equal it, except in Italy”; or Athens in the southern hills with the Ohio University campus following the hill and the bluff overlooking the Hocking River; or Marietta on the Muskingum with ancient Marietta College carrying on its New England tradition; or New Concord with the sloping campus of Muskingum College rising above it; or Delaware with Ohio Wesleyan on the rolling ground above the Olentangy River; or Wooster with the fair buildings of Wooster College gleaming in the sun on the north hill; or Oberlin whose flat, spacious, heavily wooded Western Reserve village green is the Oberlin College campus; or Lake Erie College in the

charming old New England town of Painesville near Lake Erie; or Hudson and the Western Reserve campus like a mislaid Massachusetts college town.

These towns and villages, quiet and dreamlike in summer, gay and active with thousands of college students in the autumn and the spring, are oases of retreat from the generally grim and raucous industrial towns of Ohio. And the great universities in the cities—Western Reserve in the eastern part of Cleveland; the University of Toledo in that busy lake port; the University of Dayton, a private Catholic school in that city of precision industries; Mount St. Joseph on the Ohio, Xavier, Hebrew Union, and the University of Cincinnati in the hills above the Basin at Cincinnati and the main campus and the Oval, the Olentangy playgrounds, and the farms of the Ohio State University in Columbus, together with the artistic quiet of smaller schools like St. Mary-of-the-Springs, and Capital University on the outskirts of Columbus, offer the same contrast to their larger urban surroundings.

It would be pleasant to add that this supremacy in numbers and location has brought superiority in benefits, but, unfortunately, the truth is not so gentle. Thirty-seven of the survivors, and many of the dead, are denominational schools, founded, most of them, in a time of sectarian squabbles and animosities when each little dogmatic group thought it would serve God best if it separated as far as possible from every rival, trade-marked its own brand of learning and ideology, and erected a college under its own control to indoctrinate its youth. This misconception of the nature and function of advanced education was costly. It scattered the

abundant energies but lean resources of the State over too many small, destitute, and poorly staffed schools, where, like a stunted and badly planted orchard, they duplicated each other and all did badly what a few with combined support might have done with dignity and distinction. The chances are that more and not fewer Christian gentlemen of sounder culture and vision would have been trained for service in the State and in the churches themselves.

But the past is past, "familiar as an old mistake, and futile as regret." The spirit of the times was against this view, and intense rivalry was rampant among the denominations, especially during the revivalist hysteria in the fifteen years before the Civil War. Only fourteen of our present institutions antedate that era; the first ten, all important today, were Marietta, 1797 (usually so listed, but it was not actually established until 1835); Ohio University, 1804; Miami, 1809; Kenyon, 1824; Western Reserve, 1826; Xavier, 1831; Denison, 1831; Oberlin, 1833; Muskingum, 1837; and Ohio Wesleyan, 1842. Thirteen of our colleges now operating were set up between 1845-1856. Six more were founded in the seventies, and seven in the eighties, again omitting those that failed. The list of our denominational schools is interesting: the Catholics have twelve colleges in Ohio, about half of them founded since the World War; the Methodists founded five, the Lutherans, the Congregationalists, and the Christians each founded two, and the Baptists, Episcopalians, Reformed, United Brethren, United Presbyterians, Disciples, Quakers, Presbyterians, Dunkards, Freewill Baptists, Hebrews, Universalists, Mennonites, and the Church of God are each represented by one college. The other fifteen institutions, not counting the five

state-supported universities, are Municipal, Y.M.C.A., or private, but not directly affiliated with any sect.

I do not wish to imply that these Ohio colleges are inferior to those of other states where the same conditions of founding and operation have prevailed. For, as a matter of fact, thirty-nine of these institutions are approved by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and forty-three are members of the Ohio College Association. And the Ohio State University is one of only thirty-two institutions in the entire country holding membership in the Association of American Universities—in which Massachusetts has only two schools: Harvard and M.I.T. What the record of Ohio would be if our energies had been more concentrated is interesting to contemplate.

Few students were awaiting entrance when these college gates were opened. There were less than two thousand college students in Ohio's twenty-two institutions when the Civil War broke out. Ohio University had opened in 1809 with three students. The first graduating class at Miami, 1826, numbered twelve. Heidelberg College, founded by the Reformed Church in 1850, opened with seven students. The Disciples school at Hiram did better in the same year with eighty-four students but they were not of college rank. The Universalists' Butchel College, now Akron University, opened in 1872 with seven students; and so they went. Most of them were founded under evangelistic zeal. Under the spell of oratory the proud members of the sect would pledge money for a college; a building, heavily mortgaged, would be constructed, a few teachers hired, and then would begin the hard process of trying to get enough subscriptions to pay the necessary expenses from year to year. Some were liqui-

dated, a few built up endowments (nine Ohio schools now have endowments of over two million dollars), and the others struggle along, hand to mouth, from year to year. The last few years of depression have been so hard on some of them that they are now in very serious money troubles. It is possible that what wisdom failed to establish, economic pressure in a time of moribund sectarianism may compel; and Ohio may yet feel prouder of the quality of her graduates than of the great number of her institutions.

2

These fifty-seven schools in Ohio are a representative cross-section of the fashions and progress in education during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The two oldest, Ohio University and Miami, reflect the high-minded concern of the builders of the Northwest Territory for education as a function of the State. They had written their convictions into the Ordinance of 1787, and they had set aside land to support the necessary institutions. We should remind ourselves that Ohio University, the first in the new territory, was the first college in this country to be founded on an endowment from the Federal Government. It was first provided for in a charter issued in 1802 by the Territorial Legislature, and named the "American Western University"; but it was not organized under this act. One of the first things done by the new State of Ohio was the issuance of a new charter in 1804 creating Ohio University, and providing for its support by giving it two townships of land to be rented at six per cent of its valuation. No direct appropriation of funds was made for it until 1881.

The duties of the new college as set down by the Legis-

lature are worth pondering. They were "the instruction of youth in all the various branches of liberal arts and sciences, [the curriculum was English, Latin, Greek, mathematics, rhetoric, logic, geography, natural and moral philosophy] the promotion of good education, virtue, religion, and morality, and conferring all the degrees and literary honors granted in similar institutions." It still confers the degrees, but leaves somewhat problematical perhaps the attainments in the more idealistic categories envisioned by the act.

It is also instructive to recall that Athens was then thought of as an appropriate center for the State's one university. Developments soon moved this spot out to the periphery if not into isolation, and Ohio University never achieved a dominant place in the educational structure of Ohio. The people in Symmes' Purchase felt that they belonged to a totally different geographical area. Athens was miles, and rivers, and forests, and days of hard traveling away to the east. They wanted a comparable institution of their own, close by. The Legislature agreed, and in February, 1809, established a university "by the name and style of the Miami University" with duties and privileges set down in the same words that were used for Ohio University, and with the same plan for support from rented lands. A small grammar school was begun at Oxford in 1816, and the University itself got under way in 1824. Young William H. McGuffey began teaching there the following year, and a notable list of great men have been at Miami as teachers and students down through the years.

Of the other three state universities, Ohio State was founded in 1870, Kent and Bowling Green in 1910. The correlation of functions among these five institutions is an

important administrative problem at the present time, for each tends to be ambitious in the old sectarian sense, whereas it is folly to set up duplicate graduate and professional schools in all these universities and make them all weak instead of building a State program with each institution doing its own part well.

3

During the sixty-one years between the charter for Miami and the founding of the Ohio State University, the new colleges were either denominational or religious in origin and purpose. Though they were much alike, there were also differences which the years have developed into traditions of individuality, and Antioch is now as strikingly unlike Oberlin, as Kenyon is unlike Wooster, and Denison is different from Otterbein or Heidelberg. Twenty-two of the colleges founded in that period are still alive, and a few have become famous. Kenyon, Episcopalian, 1824, still guards its academic masculinity, and refuses to admit women as students. Its three hundred men live there in a world of their own, like a college detached from Oxford or Cambridge and set down in the forests of Knox County. It knew many threadbare years in the middle of the century, but it is now rich. It cherishes a bit of swank and the tradition of the English gentleman, and is never too austere or cloistered, as though it revered the memory of its noble English founders, and the gay Southern Gentlemen that used to come there before 1861, more than the theological faculty which was separated from the college in 1841. There is no college like it in Ohio.

Western Reserve University has grown great from its

small beginning in 1826 at Hudson, where the prep school is now located. It was called the "Yale of the West" because its entire faculty was at first made up of Yale men. It was not sectarian, but its founders and trustees were all pious churchmen or Congregational and Presbyterian ministers whose views on education were bluntly stated in the list of objectives of the new school: "to educate pious young men as pastors for our destitute churches," "to prepare competent men to fill the cabinet, the bench, the bar, and the pulpit," and "to preserve [we note the verb] the present literary and religious character of the State." These high hopes have been justified by the great men in all professions sent out by this school. Even the government weather maps you consult today were devised by a Western Reserve mathematician and astronomer, Professor Elias Loomis. Like its neighbor Kenyon to the south, Western Reserve developed away from theology, and in 1859 dropped the department entirely. The college was lured from the lovely village of Hudson to its present location in a park-like spot in sprawling Cleveland by a huge endowment, which for the entire university now amounts to over eleven million dollars, and it became known as Adelbert College of Western Reserve University. Western Reserve is now a diversified cosmopolitan university with over eleven thousand students and with scarcely even a memory of those first "pious young men" who were to nourish their "destitute churches."

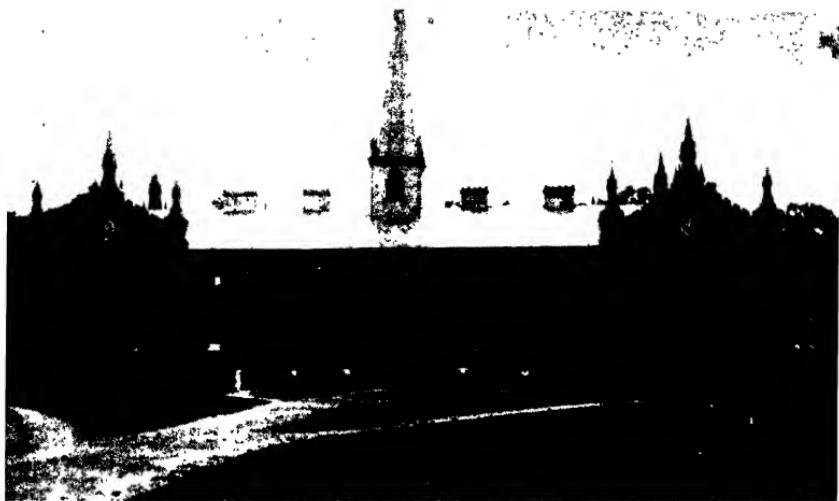
Xavier University in Cincinnati, founded in 1831, is the oldest Catholic college in this part of the world, and an honored institution in the State. It has grown steadily; a hundred years ago it had one hundred students, today fifteen hundred with a faculty of sixty. It is now one of twelve in-



STATUE OF WILL
OXLEY THOMPSON
ERWIN F. FREY

Courtesy of Erwin F. F.





KENYON," AT KENYON COLLEGE

By Frank J. Roos.



stitutions maintained by the Catholic church in Ohio, half of them like Mary Manse in Toledo, Ursuline and Notre Dame in Cleveland, St. Mary-of-the-Springs in Columbus, exclusively for women. These schools are more firmly an instrument of the church than their sectarian college neighbors, many of which have been divorced from their strict denominational bias. John Carroll University at Cleveland, a Jesuit school founded in 1886, states its educational aim as the "formation of the 'true and perfect Christian' in his wholeness"; it requires all students to take a course in "The Family," and one on the great social problems of our day, based upon the Social Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI. Some of the denominational schools, however, have held fairly close to the announced purpose of their founders. Schools like Otterbein College, founded and supported by the United Brethren to meet the educational requirements of that body; like progressive Capital University, founded by the Lutherans in 1850, and now training nearly eight hundred students; like Wilmington College, a Quaker school with three hundred students in a favored spot in Clinton County; or like the small Mennonite College at Bluffton, and the Church of God College at Findlay; these schools still preserve their individuality despite the pressure of the times for change.

Others have moved more sharply toward a standard American pattern. Wooster, while keeping its religious character, has necessarily cooled a little toward the flaming Presbyterian zeal of its first board of trustees at the end of the Civil War who declared that Wooster was established "with the single purpose of glorifying God in promoting sanctified education and thus furthering the interests of the church and its

extension over the whole earth." They have experienced some difficulty in interpreting the phrase "sanctified education"; a student body of more than a thousand has ideas of its own about glorifying God; and Wooster, while doing its part to create the Kingdom on earth, has developed into one of our strong liberal arts colleges.

Denison University, founded by the Baptists at Granville in 1831, is still affiliated with that brotherhood and loyally supported by it. But Denison is not recognizably denominational at the present time; it is rapidly becoming a high grade school for the fairly well-to-do if not for the strictly fashionable; still indeed, a bit of the East, old and new, and cultivating a very pleasant social tone.

Ohio Wesleyan University has grown so large (now nearly fifteen hundred students) that it, too, has lost many of its earlier Methodist characteristics. It held out longer than most colleges against the post-war relaxation of the codes in the twenties that swept from our conservative campuses the convocation hour and most of the earlier prohibitions against smoking, dancing, card playing, and late hour dates. But even Ohio Wesleyan had to give ground on these points, and today, if you should drop into Bun's, the campus hangout, you would find there gayly gossiping over cigarettes and coca-cola booth-fulls of young collegiate America exactly like those in Massachusetts, Iowa, and California—nice college boys and girls who could not write for you a biographical sketch of John Wesley. Wesleyan does not try to rival Denison as a fashionable school, nor Oberlin in scholarship, but it is one of the good colleges in Ohio.

On the surface at least, Oberlin College has changed most radically since those days in the 1830s when John Shipherd,

Philo Steward and other New Englanders zealous for "the plainest living and the highest thinking" got land in Russia township, and founded a community of select Christian families and a school to "extend the blessings of education to the teeming multitudes of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys." From the outset the town and the college have been one and inseparable. Oberlin is now Ohio's richest school, with an endowment of over eighteen million dollars (from aluminum), but a century ago, when Peter Pindar Pease, driving his oxen before him, came to Oberlin to live by the principles of the community, the motto of the college was "Learning and Labor." The young men worked three hours a day at manual toil, chopped fire-wood, milked the college cows that pastured on the campus green, and ate corn-wheat bread, with a little meat at the expensive table for those who could afford it. Many of its present student body of nearly two thousand are well-to-do, and the tone of the place is somewhat self-consciously Princetonian.

Oberlin has always been bold in its policies. It was first to accept women students. When the "Oberlin Collegiate Institute," as it was first chartered, opened in 1833, twenty-nine men and fifteen women were admitted, in the face of violent opposition and charges that this "joint education" was immoral. In 1837 the girls were permitted in regular college courses—and in 1937 this epochal event was celebrated and a memorial gateway set up to commemorate it. It is amusing to read of the life at this first school for co-eds: how they rose at five, scrubbed floors, darned, washed, and mended for the males at a wage of two and three-quarter cents an hour, kept silence in public, and had their papers

read aloud in class by the men students. This routine is somewhat altered now.

Oberlin also created a sensation by admitting Negro students, at a time when no other school would accept them. It was a fiery center for the abolitionists, and the scene of riots during the years of crisis leading to the Civil War. It was reinforced in these sentiments by receiving among its first classes a band of some thirty students who had revolted from Lane Seminary at Cincinnati, of which Dr. Lyman Beecher was president, and by getting for its first president Reverend Asa Mahan, a dissenting trustee of that institution of firebrands. For Lyman Beecher's fear of Catholic supremacy in the West, and the insistence of some of his students on ministering to Negroes and agitating for abolition at a time when the Seminary was heavily attended by sons of influential Kentucky slave-holders, provoked riots, then a trustee interdict against all discussion of slavery, and the mass migration of the dissenters to the friendly new school at Oberlin.

All these elements, and more, have been absorbed into the Oberlin tradition, and are now regarded with superior tolerance and a slightly patronizing condescension that is not unbecoming to this fine college that maintains the highest standards of scholarship and sends out each year some of the best trained young men and women in the nation. For Oberlin has been successful in preserving in a changing world the best of the character of the Connecticut Western Reserve.

The denominational schools that sprang up in the middle of the nineteenth century are, as we have observed, a memorial to the intense religious experiences of the period. There is an interesting story behind each one of them: how,

for example, Mr. and Mrs. Nehemiah Atwood, of Raccoon Township, Gallia County, managed to accumulate a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars, how they were converted to the Freewill Baptists by a skillful evangelist, and how they founded Rio Grande College, now a junior college; but we must pass them by.

Other types of schools reflect the changing fashions in educational thinking, or the attempt to meet the new requirements of the Democracy. Wilberforce University, dedicated in 1856, was designed "to make the Negro his own educator." It has been controlled by the African Methodist Episcopal Church since 1863, and has received State aid since 1888.

Antioch College, one of Ohio's famous institutions, began in the denominational era of the 1850s. It stands on the edge of the village of Yellow Springs, near Springfield, above the gorge of the Little Miami River, its towers above the trees, looking out over this historic ground where Indian villages once stood, and where Henry Clay and Webster summered near the medicinal springs. The college soon went bankrupt, but was refinanced and grew strong under the leadership of Horace Mann. In later years, under the celebrated President Morgan, it developed a system that combines academic with practical education. It attempts to give its students a liberal education and training for further study, or a reasonable degree of competence in a profession or occupation. The students gain practical experience by going out into regular employment in some two hundred and fifty different companies in twenty states where, for five or ten weeks, they work at the prevailing wage. Antioch has been extremely successful in this experiment, and the general plan

is being copied elsewhere—at Fenn College, Cleveland, for example, where it also works with great success, and even in some high schools.

A legislative act of 1870 enabling "cities of the first class to aid and promote education" laid the foundation for the municipal universities that flourish at Cincinnati, Toledo, Akron, with still others contemplated. The University of Cincinnati, ideally set on its hill, is the oldest, largest, wealthiest and most distinguished of these institutions, and one of the leading universities of the State.

4

At the head of the State's educational system, representing the continuing faith and conviction of our people that education is a primary function of the commonwealth, stands the Ohio State University, organized in 1870. It is one of the land grant colleges provided for by the Morrill Bill enacted by Congress in 1862, and signed by A. Lincoln. Ohio got over six hundred thousand acres which were sold for \$342,450.80 and placed on interest at six per cent as an endowment. Franklin County and Columbus provided the three hundred and twenty-five acre farm and the first buildings. The new institution was first christened the Ohio Agricultural and Mechanical College, following the wording of the Morrill Bill which stipulated that it should teach "such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts." It was soon found that the arts and sciences were inextricably related to this new practical college; they were added, and they have been a central part of the institution throughout its history. In 1878, to the consternation of the farmers, the name was changed to the Ohio State

University. It now spreads over choice acres in North Columbus on both sides of the beautified Olentangy River—and has grown to be the fifth largest university in the Nation.²

I often stroll up the long walk through the central campus from High Street, listening to the chimes in Orton Hall tower, watching the thousands of students stream out of the buildings and cross the Oval or converge on the Library. I observe the cadets in blue uniform at drill under the mandate of the Morrill Bill that military tactics shall be taught; I see cars loaded with machine-age youth, who have never learned to walk, circling the campus from University Hall to Mirror Lake; and my eye is caught by the yellow busses filling with students at Townshend Hall for transport to the farms, nurseries, and agricultural buildings across the Olentangy where fine cattle, sheep, horses, and poultry are bred, studied, judged, and tended by Ohio's future farmers, stockmen, and technicians. I wonder what the good Dr. Townshend, the first, and for a time the only, professor of agriculture and veterinary medicine and superintendent of the farm at the new and suspect school, would say at this spectacle as he remembered the strife over changing the farmers' college to a regular academic university and the fear of an early trustee that Latin, Greek, and English literature would swerve Ohio boys and girls away from "God and Agriculture."

I leave that diverting speculation unsolved and walk on

² Ohio State University with over 13,000 students in full time residence during the regular quarters, is exceeded only by California, 26,004; Minnesota, 15,301; Columbia, 14,211; and Illinois, 13,510. But enrollment figures vary; Ohio State's year count is 18,067 different students who are on the campus during the year for one quarter or more, not even counting night classes and extension work.

past the beautiful but outgrown Library, considering the massive glacial boulders that lie on the Oval and link its green lawn with that age of ice; I cross busy Neil Avenue and go through the formal gardens; I regard the graceful gray mass of the stadium which houses superior men students at nominal cost in its vast underspaces; and I look out over those playing fields along the river where athletic girls kick at a soccer ball and shoot bows and arrows at brightly colored round straw targets, the polo teams ride up and down the fields, the tennis players in white flit over dun colored courts, and the football squads in red jerseys swarm over the practise fields at the open end of the stadium. I turn to survey the sweep of buildings on the Neil Avenue campus from the vaguely Gothic hospital and medical school on the south to the power plant with its two gigantic smokestacks on the north. I feel as always that peculiar exhilaration that attends the very atmosphere of a great university, tense with the interests and the hopes of thousands of students from all parts of the earth, and representing in its thousand faculty members collected on these few acres every branch of human learning, and front rank skill in all sciences and professions, as well as acknowledged leadership in the advancement of these fields. And I recall with forgivable pride that this phenomenal advancement from a mistrusted experiment in the teaching of agriculture to one of the world's ranking universities has come about through the faith and hard work of Ohio citizens within the easy memory of President Emeritus George W. Rightmire who came here from Lawrence County as a student in 1889, became President in 1926, and guided the school triumphantly through its period of greatest stress in the bleak years of the depression.

Few men, even among those who have spent years on this campus, fully understand the intricate reaches of the University in its own diverse departments, out through the Capital and the State, throughout the nation, and around the world: to stockmen in Africa and Australia, to dairymen in New Zealand, to doctors and veterinarians in India and China, to soil experts in Russia, to chemists and engineers in Rio and Cuzco, and to civilized men wherever they meet together over the ageless humanities. For the Ohio State University is everywhere: broadcasting over its own radio station to thousands of organized listeners, operating dental, veterinary, medical, psychiatric clinics, acting as advisory host to thousands of Ohio citizens who come here to talk about apples and stock and music, about football and school problems and the advancement of science, about everything that goes significantly to make up this nation and this commonwealth. And its forty thousand graduates carry on around the globe. Great teachers have lived and lectured here, great scientists, engineers, and men of art and letters, and the good men keep coming on. Though the spectacular technical services of the University, and the thousands of students who come here to learn a trade or train for a profession, naturally catch the public eye, there are always on the campus many hundreds of young men and women—enough for a big college by itself—of the highest capacities who carry on the great cultural tradition in the liberal arts quietly but effectively and in a manner to delight the founders of Marietta and the statesmen of the Ordinance of 1787.

The University has come to the fore rapidly and solidly but not without difficulty. It was founded late, long after some of the finest colleges in the State were already old in

honorable tradition. It was set in the center of a sectionalized state and conceived as a farm and trade school at a time when a college education for a mechanic or a farm boy was regarded by rural people as high-brow and in violation of the rugged frontiersman's code. It was starved for two decades, and then its student body grew too fast for the legislative sustenance which, through opportunist thinking, has been thinned out among too many duplicating schools. That fault has not been corrected. With all her wise concern for public education, Ohio has yet to approach her structure of higher education with audacity and imagination. But there is basic cause for high hopes, for even with the support so far given it, the Ohio State University is in the forefront of the educational philosophy of our changing world, conserving the past, creating and training for the future, and it, like its great sister institutions in Ohio that have paralleled its contribution to the development of the State, has only just begun to labor and to grow.

Arts, Artists and Museums

I

I HAVE OBSERVED OFTEN ENOUGH IN CONVERSATION WITH people in various states of this Republic that they think of Ohio as a land where Judges, Generals, Presidents and Cabinet Officers are grown, where the Shenandoah was wrecked in a wind storm, and where almost every product yet imagined is made, from locomotives, cranes, and lake steamers, to rubber, soap, playing cards and fine cloth spun from glass fibers. Few seem to have heard of her as a friend, producer, and supporter of art. But she is.

You drive from the Basin at Cincinnati out the new flood-proof boulevard and turn sharply up the steep hill to Eden Park with its breath-taking views of the river; you pass the pool decorated with the Capitoline Wolf statue given by Il Duce himself to the Italians of Cincinnati; and you follow the winding, dipping drive around and over the hills to the famed Art Museum. The parking space is right on the precipice, and you stop well back for fear your car will plunge over it. The view is immense. Out the ridge to the left, on the point of Mt. Adams, is the Rookwood Pottery and Museum which, since 1860, has fashioned individual pieces of unrivaled beauty that are on display throughout the world. Right below it, near the foot of archaic Mt. Adams

Incline, is the Taft House, serene and dignified among its trees, facing Lytle Park where Barnard's angular Lincoln broods over the South he tried to save. It is out of view from our parking lot, but the terrace at Rookwood looks right down upon it and its green back yard surrounded by big, dark brick warehouses. And inside, open to the public, is its fine collection of Rembrandts, Reynoldses, Gainsboroughs, Goyas, Sargents, and Duvenecks.

Off to the right is the panorama of the city and its river. If your eyes are sharp you can see the minaret-like spires on the huge red brick Music Hall fronting its little park on West Fourteenth Street where since 1876 this musical city has gathered for concerts, for the May Festival, and for the annual programs of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra that has for so long brought honor to the city and the State.

You turn, climb the steps to the massive front of the Art Museum, and enter. Far away at the end of the wide gallery is the collection of casts of many of the Greek and Roman classic statues, warmly tinted by the sun from the skylights. Up the stairs on a mezzanine is a group of portrait and symbolic marble busts by Hiram Powers. You pass through rooms displaying the Masters, through corridors of armor, decorative arts, and playing cards, and come to the room illustrating the development of modern painting, especially American. And there, in the center of it, is the renowned Duveneck room, with the Italian tomb and effigy of his wife in the center, and on the walls the self portraits, "Professor Ludwig Loefftz," "Whistling Boy," and other masterpieces by this Cincinnati artist. And by this time, at least, we are deep in awareness of the long tradition of this city

as the cultural center of the State and of the West, where the rising lords of business and their wives first became patrons of the arts.

2

A few great names appear among the early Ohio artists. Most of them had a struggle no less taxing in its way than that of the tree-chopping pioneers. There they were, most of them, drifting boys who felt the urge of talent within them, but with a living to make under the stern and practical demands of the crude frontier. They were cut off from professional training in the arts, and they had to pick up what they could from books and their own trials and errors while they decorated steamboats, painted furniture, and did a handyman's job wherever they could find one. Even these handicaps could not suppress them. A few may be singled out to show how they managed it.

There was Thomas Cole, for example. Though born in England in 1801, he spent his early years at Steubenville stamping colors on wallpaper with diagram blocks in his father's plant in the early 1820s. Then he wandered about Ohio painting portraits until his growing poverty, his ambition, and his gifts as a scene painter for the theatre took him to New York in 1825. He became the friend of Bryant, interpreted nature in a series of landscapes, especially autumn scenes, and became celebrated as one of the leading painters in the "Hudson River School" that created so much interest and excitement in the thirties and forties. For this blue-eyed, flute-playing, penniless genius from the mill town of Steubenville, wandering up the Hudson Valley, trading tunes and paintings for bread, had been enraptured by the scenery

from the Weehawken palisades where Burr killed Hamilton to the gray-blue Catskills with their romantic crags and waterfalls. He painted these scenes in the open, simply, nobly, with the exalted feeling of Wordsworth looking down on the Wye from Tintern Abbey, waiting for the proper light, striving for and getting a reproduction of the subject with a sincerity born of the faith that Nature herself was the master artist. Colonel Trumbull, William Dunlap, and the right New Yorkers took a fancy to these pictures and bought them, Cole was a made man, and soon the valley was so full of artists with easels copying nature that the group was labeled the Hudson River School. Their influence spread, they were widely exhibited, and some of their canvases may still be seen in the Metropolitan and other museums and public buildings in New York.

James H. Beard is another example and one of the most interesting of the early Ohio artists. He was born in Buffalo in 1814, but was soon brought to Painesville by his shipmaster father where he grew up along with his brother William, also a painter who could make you a picture of a bear better than any man that ever set brush to canvas. James never had lessons of any sort, but he had an irrepressible natural bent for drawing which he demonstrated by making sketches of the first Lake Erie steamer "Walk-in-the-Water." He wandered about doing portraits of Ohioans, drifted to Cincinnati, and worked for a time on Ohio river boats. He got a job as a chair painter in Cincinnati where he used to draw portraits and leave them around with the hope that someone might see and like them. They did. He was soon able to leave his chair factory and make a fair living

painting portraits of the rising families who were beginning to get rich on trade.

Beard spent over forty years in Cincinnati, broken by brief periods in the East. To his brush we owe the likeness of such prominent early citizens as Charles Stetson, Samuel Foote, and Joseph Longworth, and of George Rogers Clark. He was still famous a generation ago for his sentimental pictures of children and dogs, for his humorous cartoon paintings, and for his "The Last Man," a picture of a man marooned on a crag, beaten by the rain, and surrounded by the rising flood about to engulf him. It used to hang before gaping guests in the Burnet House in Cincinnati. He was also highly regarded for his portrait of Ohio's first President, William Henry Harrison, and for his once widely known "The Streets of New York."

The Frankenstein brothers, John and Godfrey, are equally interesting exhibits. They were born in Germany and brought as youngsters to Cincinnati in 1831 when the best of the German stock was peacefully taking over the Queen City. They grew up around Springfield, Ohio. Both boys were infant prodigies. John did portraits in oil, and some religious canvases, especially "Isaiah and the Infant Saviour," that were enormously popular in a more religious generation. His portrait bust of Judge McLean, realistic with wrinkles, is a good specimen of his work as a sculptor and may be seen at the Cincinnati Museum of Art. Godfrey was particularly good at landscapes. He probably did more paintings of Niagara Falls than any other artist, painting the scene off and on, winter and summer, day and night, from every point of observation for over twenty years. He also made a vast panorama of it that became a kind of travelogue movie

of this natural wonder. He went to Europe to do landscapes of Mont Blanc and the Chamouni Valley; but he never lost his fondness for Ohio. Many of his best canvases were scenes along the Little Miami and the Mad Rivers, and of Governor Morrow's mill at Fosters Crossing, where the great new bridge now shoots traffic of the Three Cs highway across the gorge from bluff to bluff.

Thomas Buchanan Read, now better known as the author of "Sheridan's Ride" than as an artist, came to Cincinnati as a youth in the 1830s and was taken in by Mr. Clevenger, a sculptor. He worked as a sign painter (a chore that kept the artists of the day alive), he learned to paint portraits, and he became one of Nicholas Longworth's first protégés. This patronage enabled him to open a studio in Cincinnati, and later got commissions for him in the East where, among other celebrities, he painted Longfellow. He worked in Rome, and in Florence where he did a portrait of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He later had a studio in Philadelphia, but he came from time to time to Cincinnati. Besides the portraits he left behind him a collection of untutored canvases culled from mythology and treated allegorically. Most members of the pre-war generation will probably remember with some pleasant association of their school days his "Milton Dictating to His Daughters," and his much reproduced portrait of the Longfellow children.

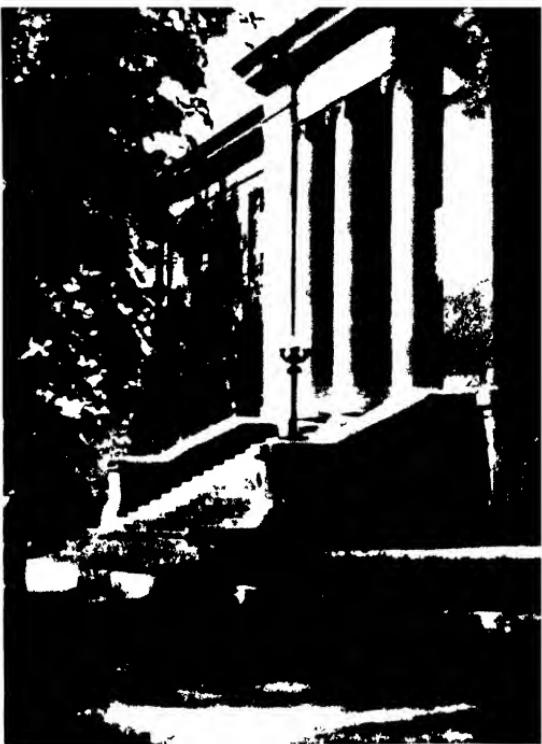
These few names must serve as examples of those active pre-Civil War decades during which scores of Ohio men, chiefly in Cincinnati, but also at Dayton, Cleveland, and other Ohio towns, were carving busts and statues, and painting portraits, landscapes, and miniatures. It would be fruitless to name them all, for many of them were mediocre and



SELF PORTRAIT OF FRANK
DUVENECK IN THE CINCIN-
NATI ART MUSEUM

Courtesy of Cincinnati Art Museum





ENTRANCE TO OHIO'S
UNRIVALED STATE
MUSEUM

From Ohio State Museum



are forgotten without regret. I will content myself by lingering one minute more to remember William L. Sonntag who came to Cincinnati at the age of twenty, and left behind him romantic, arcadian landscapes that rivaled the Hudson River crowd: "Fog Rising Off Mount Adams," "Spirit of Solitude," and the "Landscape" at the Cincinnati Museum of Art; Joseph O. Eaton of Newark, Ohio, the portraitist and painter of "Lady Godiva" and "Greek Water-Carrier"; William H. Powell who spent twelve years in Cincinnati, and is known to every school child for his stirring picture of "The Battle of Lake Erie" or "Perry's Victory," previously mentioned, on which he spent five years in study, preparation, and actual painting, and for which the Ohio Legislature paid him ten thousand dollars—to the goggle-eyed astonishment of the plain citizen; and Chester Harding who went to see Daniel Boone in Missouri, and did the famous portrait of him on a kitchen oilcloth, now at the Filson Club in Louisville.

3

This pioneer group who blazed the first trail from the farms and factories of Ohio to the realms of art was followed by a brood of giants who widened the trail and followed it farther. Many of them are prominent not only in the State but in the international development of art. Their work and influence established Ohio as a begetter or foster mother of artists. A mere listing of a few names more or less closely connected with Ohio tells the story: John Twachtman, Robert Frederick Blum, Clement J. Barnhorn and Charles Niehaus, all Cincinnati-born men; Henry Mosler who was in Cincinnati during the 1870s; Kenyon

Cox of Warren; Otto Bacher and Max Bohm of Cleveland; and, of course, Frank Duveneck himself. Several of the Ohio museums have good examples of the work of these and other Ohio men, especially the Art Museum at Cincinnati where, besides those usually on display, they have a whole basement full in storage. So far as I can gather, nobody down there even knows how many they do have, for there is no catalogue.

These artists, though associated with Ohio, were, like our writers, neither provincial nor particularly state conscious, and I doubt if any of them, not even Duveneck himself, ever said in his heart, "Go to, now. I am an Ohio artist." This generation had its own rigid pattern for a career. They not only went East as soon as they had outgrown their Ohio town, or as soon as they could manage the change, but most of them kept going eastward and landed in, or helped found, one of the many art circles that flourished enthusiastically and self-confidently, even profitably, in European cities. The schools at Munich and Düsseldorf, at Florence and Venice, at Paris and Rome, each with its own theories and techniques, each with its quota of Ohio men, made modern art history in the golden years of Queen Victoria and the era of Ohio men in the White House. We won't follow them so far from the banks of the Ohio, though the doings of Duveneck and his "boys," among whom were Ohioans Twachtman and Bacher, at Munich, Florence, and Venice, and their experiments and triumphs in etching are of high interest. They accidentally discovered, for instance, that the paper being used by a market woman around her butter took excellent prints of their etchings, and they bought their paper as well as their butter at the market. Fine

examples of this work by the Ohioans is on display at the Cleveland and the Cincinnati museums of art.

Many of these men found their life in Europe too happy and free to think of returning to provincial America or Ohio where nude paintings and sculpture were still indecent; but some of them did sail back to studios in Philadelphia and New York where commissions were getting more common. The great Duveneck came back to Cincinnati in 1888, after the death of his wife in Florence, and settled there for a long and productive career that ended only with his death in 1919. This was indeed a homecoming for the socially shy but forceful Duveneck. For he was born at Covington, Kentucky, just across the river, and actually linked by the Suspension Bridge much more closely with Cincinnati than some of the sections back in the hills above the Basin. His first work was helping the Benedictine Friars of Covington make altars for this Catholic center.

His long and phenomenally successful career abroad as artist and teacher gave him a vast prestige on his return. He fell into a quiet way of life, taught at the Art Academy where he was dean of the faculty, and acted as advisor to the Museum that adjoins it. Some of his many canvases owned by the Museum are always on display, and if you arrive there at one of the more fortunate moments you may see three large rooms full of them showing the full force of his genius. They are worth all the climb from the precipitous parking lot up the most tortuous series of steps outside and inside that I know of in any gallery.

Following Duveneck's death, Mr. James R. Hopkins succeeded him and carried on his classes. Mr. Hopkins, our greatest living Ohio artist, had been at the Art Academy

since 1914. He went to Paris in 1920, but was persuaded to come to the Ohio State University in 1923 as head of the Department of Fine Arts. His portraits, especially the kindly, understanding studies of Appalachian highland types, are a part of the distinguished body of American art. He is also a portrait painter of distinction; I always stop to contemplate his study of the late President William Oxley Thompson, rich in color, and at once dynamic and in repose, that hangs above the stairway in the Administration building at the University. One of the pleasures of the Faculty Club is the sight of Mr. Hopkins' paintings that he generously permits to hang there from time to time; they always give me a midday lift of spirit, particularly when his "The Circuit Rider" on his slow white mule, his "A Cumberland Silhouette," and his tender and exact "A Mountain Courtship" are on display. I myself have ridden that mule and eaten corn pone with these people and can offer the artist a mere writer's praise for what he has captured here. I also like to look in at his campus studio behind Hayes Hall to catch a glimpse of work in progress by Mr. Hopkins, and perhaps get sight of an arresting and individual canvas by his young colleague Mr. Hoyt L. Sherman who often paints there.

After Duveneck, who was born in 1848, came at seventeen year intervals two other great Ohio men, Robert Henri (1865-1929) and George Bellows (1882-1925). Henri, born in Cincinnati, went East, and was for many years director of the New York School of Art. His assurance, his rugged independence and his ability as a teacher had a great influence on our art. His famous painting "Snow" is in the Luxembourg gallery, a purchase of the French government. His "Spanish Dancer" hangs in the Bellows room at the Colum-

bus Gallery of Fine Arts. And his "The Equestrian," "Girl with Fan," "Young Woman in Black," "Laughing Girl," "Spanish Gypsy," and other well-known paintings are widely exhibited.

Henri's pupil, George Bellows, has the greatest interest for Ohioans, for this outstanding modern American artist was a Columbus boy, and until his senior year in 1904, a student at the Ohio State University where he was among other things a star baseball player with big league prospects. His first journey to the East had a baseball angle, but his genius for art took charge of him. After his first successes he settled down in New York in the charming house at 126 East 19th Street until untimely death cut him off. His life-long interest in sports and men in action enlivened many of his masterpieces. His vigorous "A Stag at Sharkey's" is owned by the Cleveland Museum of Art, and his "Polo Game at Lakewood" is on display in the Bellows room at the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts, along with "Portrait of My Mother," "Black Mood," "Summer Night," and "The Surf," and a bronze bust portrait of George Bellows by Robert I. Aitken. Pictures like "The Sawdust Trail" and "The Death of Edith Cavell," and the many family portraits evoke alike the understanding of the layman and the praise of artists.

Bellows' famous and prize-winning portrait of the late William Oxley Thompson, President of the Ohio State University, is still in the possession of Mrs. Bellows. It is exceedingly rich in color and stunning as a painting, though in my own opinion it makes the great President and Presbyterian preacher look very much like a rich Cincinnati pork packer in the era of Boss Cox. Three other portraits by

Bellows hang in the Faculty meeting room to glare down on the high debates that are waged there, and another painting hangs in the lounge of the Faculty Club. The Cleveland gallery now has a set of his virile lithographs, and most of the great museums of the country have one or more examples of his work. Bellows received honor and some money, but we still have no sure answer to his challenge, "It is for society to discover what return it can make to its artists."

I find it interesting that among the artists just listed there were on featured display as a part of the golden treasury and historical development of American art at the Century of Progress exhibition at the Art Institute at Chicago, four paintings by Bellows, two by Duveneck, one by Henri, and one by Mr. Hopkins.

4

Ohio has always had a fondness for sculpture. Every town has its statues of distinguished men, its symbolic figures, fountains and war memorials on the courthouse grounds, at the entrance to public buildings, on the public square or in the parks, and scattered about the college campuses. Barnard's Lincoln, Niehaus' Garfield, Rebisso's William Henry Harrison, Ivone's Stephen Foster, are among the many famous statues in the Cincinnati parks; Cleveland has an equal number; and there are plenty of them in Columbus, Dayton, Toledo and other Ohio towns. The schools were ready markets for plaster casts of American statesmen and Greek and Roman senators and orators whose busts on an oak pedestal ornamented many a dark corner in schoolrooms and college chapels. This interest in lifelike decoration produced, in the Grant to Garfield era, those cast-iron likenesses of great

Dane and St. Bernard dogs that used to be seen on good lawns behind the iron picket fences, and the little Negro grooms at the curb holding a ring as a hitching post.

In addition to scores of competent journeymen, Ohio has had two sculptors of international repute; Hiram Powers (1805-1873) and John Quincy Adams Ward (1830-1910). Vermont claims Powers by right of birth, since he was a son of a poor Woodstock farmer; but Ohio holds title to him as an artist because he came to Cincinnati as a boy, worked for Wilson the clock-maker, then as a modeler for the celebrated Western Museum of M. d'Orfeuille, one of those amazing collections of waxwork figures, electrical devices, and other wonders, including a realistic Dante's Inferno, that astonished the natives in those days. With the encouragement and patronage of Nicholas Longworth, he set up a studio of his own and executed portrait busts of prominent people. Later, still with Longworth's aid, he went East, and opened a famous studio in Washington where he made likenesses of Washington, Calhoun, Webster, John Marshall, and others among the great. Then in 1837 he went to Florence to live and work for the rest of his life.

Fine examples of his work, smooth, lifelike, and expertly carved, even to the tight lips and wattle neck of incomparable Benjamin Franklin, may be seen at the Cincinnati Museum of Art. Some of his statues were sensational. The "Greek Slave" and "Eve Disconsolate" caused a modest storm among the drawing rooms of the Queen City when they were exhibited there. For the "Greek Slave" was a polished flow of warm curves of feminine grace representing a nude woman demurely posed with hands manacled; "Eve" was her sister, and their daring administered a shock to the

spectators. We need not engage in the critical fight over the permanent merits of the Powers-Canova-Thorwaldsen school of sculpture. Taste in art has its fashions and each fashion its own rationale. But all agree that as a technician in marble Powers has no superior, and that he was Ohio's first great sculptor.

J. Q. A. Ward is probably better known to most people who pay attention to sculpture. He was a native Ohioan, born over in Urbana, where he modeled his first creations, dogs and horses, in clay gathered in the fields nearby. He was enthralled by Powers' work which he saw at Cincinnati. He went East and studied with Henry Kirk Brown. His career was divided between Ohio and New York, and his work is on public view in both places as well as in the national capital and a dozen other cities. His celebrated statuette "The Emancipated Slave" is at the Cincinnati Museum of Art. At Washington every tourist passes by his "Garfield," put up by the Army of the Cumberland, and his "General Thomas"; in Hartford they have seen his "General Putnam"; in Columbus his "Dr. Lincoln Goodale"; and in New York, among many, the colossals of Commodore M. C. Perry, and George Washington. If you notice statues of "Shakespeare," "Seventh Regiment Soldier," "The Pilgrim," and "The Indian Hunter," as you wander among the green acres of New York's Central Park, you are looking at the work of this Ohio boy from Champaign County.

In both sculpture and painting the strong men keep coming on. Erwin F. Frey, born at Lima in 1892, and now at the Ohio State University, is Ohio's successor in sculpture to Powers and Ward, and, in the opinion of many critics, a greater man than they. He has worked and studied at Cin-

cinnati, in New York, and in Paris, but he has kept his roots in his native State. His widely exhibited "Isolt of the White Hands," carved into pure lyric poetry out of five feet of hard Georgia marble, his austere and powerful "Resignation," his tender "Mother and Child," his portrait busts and other works are, in the appreciative words of Philip Rhys Adams, "sensitive without being fragile, tender without being weak," and they have "a certain spiritual sensuousness which is neither regret nor escape." A part of the compensation of life at the Ohio State University is the sound of Erwin Frey's chisel on stone coming from his studio behind Hayes Hall on a winter afternoon at dusk, and the sight of the bareheaded sculptor there among the chips and his creations struggling out of hunks of marble into life and freedom.

5

Portrait painters no longer tramp over Ohio counties to spend a month at a hospitable house painting the heads of members of the family into ready-made forms and costumes on canvas. But nearly every larger town has its art class, studio, or private group that paints Ohio landscapes, houses of the 1870s, filling stations, rooftops, portraits and angular nudes; and the spirit of art is alive and native as never before. Several pages would be required merely to list the artists of talent now living and working in Ohio. The most spectacular outward sign of this interest is the growth of active, functioning art museums in Ohio and their frequent displays of the work of local artists.

We have already climbed the steep steps and stairways of the Cincinnati Museum of Art, and watched the students

come and go from the adjoining Art Academy where the feet of great men like Duveneck, Twachtman, and Niehaus still echo. A few miles away to the north on a bluff overlooking the Great Miami, its tributaries, and the business heart of the city across the river behind its dike, is the Dayton Art Institute, an Italian renaissance villa of warm-colored stone approached by steps and terraces, where all day long children, students, and ordinary citizens come and go to work, learn, or look at the exhibits that are frequently changed.

The Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts, invitingly set on East Broad Street just a few minutes walk from High Street, and directed by Philip R. Adams, is visited weekly by hundreds of school children and adults, and its little theater is a gathering place for diverse groups about town. It contains, in addition to the Bellows room, and other interesting objects, the fine Howald collection of old and modern masters, three of which were on display at the Century of Progress exhibition: Pendergast's "Resting at St. Malo"; Hartley's "The Window"; and Kuniyoshi's "The Swimmer."

The Cleveland Museum of Art in its beautiful park setting, facing a landscaped pool, near the great hall where the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra works and plays, in the east end of the city, with its Huntington, Hurlbut, Wade, and other collections, is nationally famous. And the Toledo Museum of Art, a vast and graceful expanse of white marble covering eight acres of floor space, is one of the six largest art museums in the nation, and a surprise to most visitors to this busy industrial and trans-shipping lake port city. The Libbey collection of ancient and modern glass and ceramics is a marvel in itself; but right by it is an almost

equally astonishing collection of books and manuscripts. The museum has about four hundred paintings, representing the great from all periods, including Hans Holbein, the Younger, Velazquez, Reynolds, Matisse, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and several of the Ohioans we have mentioned. Four large galleries are kept free for temporary exhibits like the Van Gogh show that attracted such unusual attendance at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. People come into Toledo from the surrounding towns and villages, on invitation of the museum, to enjoy its facilities; and as a result this museum is rated as having "the largest per capita attendance of any art museum on the continent," with 360,000 or more visitors a year. And there are interesting galleries at Oberlin, Youngstown, Akron, and other Ohio towns.

I walk slowly down the steps from one of these big, spotless, parquetté palaces—gently urged outside a few minutes before closing time by uniformed guards and doormen—with head filled with images of Libbey cut glass, Twachtman's autumnal landscapes, and Bellows' green athletes, and I reflect on the course we have journeyed from the self-taught sign painters and waxwork modelers on our frontier a few decades ago to the studios of Ohioans in Paris and Florence; from these mansions, now set on the sites once chosen by Indians for their tents, and housing some of the best of the world's art collected at fantastic premium prices, to the dozens of fine Ohio artists now scattered over the State and painting under governmental subsidy.

Though it is still true that the chances for financial success of an artist, unless he is also a teacher in an art school, are still even more slender, outside of WPA, than they were for the itinerant sign painters, chair decorators, and portraitists

of frontier Ohio; it is also true that we have more art and more museums for exhibiting it than ever before, and those institutions are doing a fine work in encouraging appreciation and possibly even the desire to own objects of art on the part of the public.

Among Ohio Writers

I

OHIO HAS NEVER BEEN THOUGHT OF AS A LITERARY CENTER. Up in the Green Mountain State they have an active "League of Vermont Writers" with a membership list of nearly five hundred names, including Sinclair Lewis (Minnesota), Dorothy Canfield Fisher (Kansas) and Alexander Woollcott (New Jersey), but leaving out Rudyard Kipling (India). Vermont is favored as a summer pasture for the writing animal; Ohio is not. The *World Almanac* will tell you that Ohio is a political, not a literary, breeding ground. Any partially educated man can name you off-hand a list of nationally famous Ohio generals, Presidents of the United States, notorious governors, business men, and big-time politicians, even a few great jurists; but the chances are a thousand to one that he cannot cite you an Ohio author as he would name with some familiarity Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Louisa May Alcott of Massachusetts, or General Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, and maybe more, from Indiana.

In fact when Ted Robinson, our oldest and most distinguished book reviewer of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, was asked a couple of years ago to write about Ohio authors for the *Saturday Review of Literature*, it took him, he said,

“ten minutes to think of more than three.” After much cogitation he “set down tentatively the names of Sherwood Anderson, Louis Bromfield, William Riley Burnett, Jim Tully, Hugh S. Fullerton, Katharine Brush, Rollo Walter Brown, Harlan Hatcher, Burton E. Stevenson, Walter Havighurst, James Bell Naylor, Langston Hughes and . . . Harry Kemp.” For these he could discover no “greatest common denominator”; he found it significant that Ohio authors were scattered over the face of the earth, and rightly concluded that Ohio was cosmopolitan and too thickly settled with too many foci in separated districts to gather its authors into a common group.

But there is plenty of writing in Ohio, and always has been. Some of it is almost universally known. If I should set down a random list of ten titles like the following, our partially educated men will probably be familiar with them all:

1. “Pictures of Memory” (“Among the beautiful pictures that hang on memory’s wall”)
2. “Nearer Home” (“One Sweetly Solemn Thought”)
3. “Sheridan’s Ride”
4. “Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling”
5. “Rain on the Roof”
6. “Darling Nellie Gray”
7. “Dixie”
8. “Brown Thrush”
9. “The Flag Goes By”
10. “Down by the Old Mill Stream”

They were all written by Ohio men and women,¹ and yet no one would ever connect them with Ohio. Each of these,

¹ (1) Alice Cary; (2) Phoebe Cary; (3) Thomas Buchanan Read; (4) William L. Thompson; (5) Coates Kinney; (6) Benjamin Russell Hanby; (7) Daniel

and many more, hit the public fancy, or was learned by heart from McGuffey's *Readers* by generations of schoolboys; McGuffey himself being an Ohioan born in Pennsylvania, who, after flunking the examinations for a post as teacher at Warren, Ohio, became a college professor and President of Miami University, of Cincinnati College, and Ohio University.

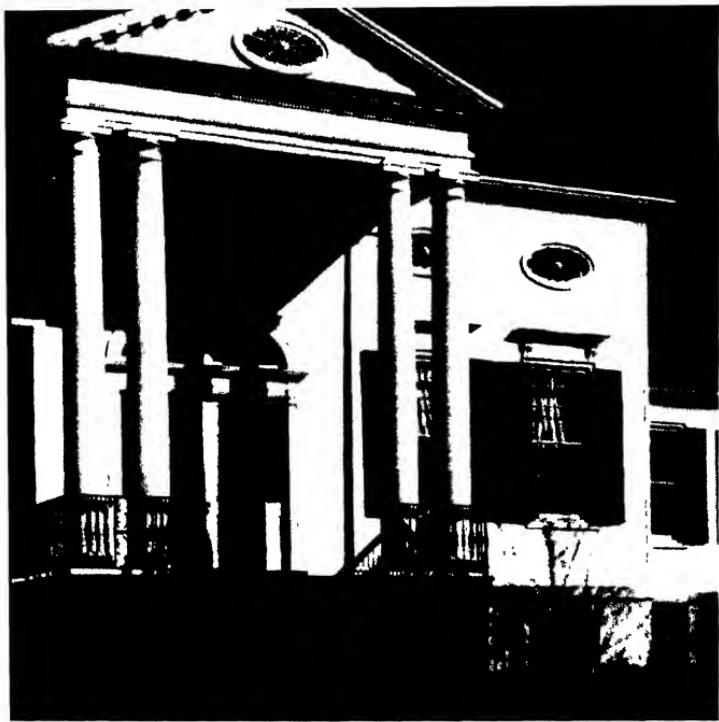
From its earliest settlement, Ohio has always been highly literate with a good percentage of educated and discriminating readers. There was a newspaper at Cincinnati ten years before Ohio became a State. It was called the *Centinel of the North-Western Territory*, edited by the able and learned William Maxwell of Cincinnati, and it featured on the front page of its first issue of four pages on Saturday, November 9, 1793, "The Monk-Calais" passage from Laurence Sterne's *A Sentimental Journey*—and certainly a page one, three and a half column story of such distinction speaks volumes for the culture of the new settlers in this cluster of frontier cabins. All these early newspapers—the *Western Spy and Hamilton Gazette* (May 28, 1799); the *Scioto Gazette* (April 25, 1800); the *Ohio Gazette and the Territorial and Virginia Herald* (December 7, 1801); etc.—found space for poems and prose of classic English, usually the eighteenth century poets.

These first Ohioans also founded libraries. The Belpre Farmers Library, happy name, was established by the New England settlers in 1798, and was the first public library in the West. Cincinnati had a library by 1802, Dayton by 1805, and there were sixty-six incorporated in the State by

1830. The most interesting and instructive of these, for our purpose, was the "Coonskin Library" collected by the Marietta community in 1804. This library did not get its name from the bindings, as some people think, but because hard money was scarce and the pioneers paid their two and a half dollar subscriptions with coonskins. Thomas Ewing contributed ten coonskins—"all my hoarded wealth"; and when the library was available, these few books seemed to him "like an almost unbounded intellectual treasure." Samuel Brown bought the original fifty-one volumes in Boston. The Library, now in the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society Museum, contained *Paradise Lost*, Ossian's poems, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Dick's works, Plutarch's *Lives*, Histories of Persia, Greece, England, etc., Irving's *Columbus*, Scott's *Napoleon*, Locke's *Essays*, a Catechism of Health, Goldsmith's works, Scott's Waverley novels, Fanny Burney's *Evelina*, et cetera,—all reading of unimpeachable strength.

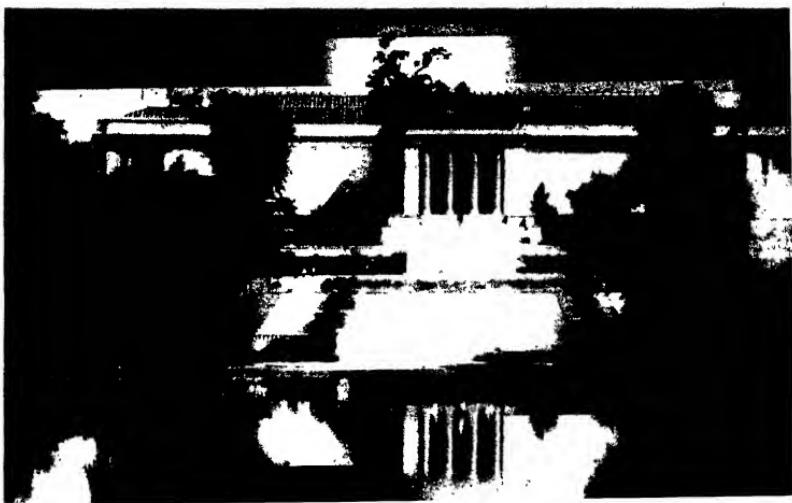
Ohio also began early to write for herself. She has never been state conscious about it, but she has never lacked writers either in number or in greatness. The Ohioana Library at Columbus, founded by Mrs. Myers Y. Cooper in 1929, contains at present books or pamphlets by 1688 authors excluding those in anthologies, and Mrs. Cooper's growing bibliography lists some three thousand more writers connected with Ohio but not yet represented in the collection. Every type and form of writing has been cultivated in the century and a half of Ohio history. There are few masterpieces, but many old favorites, as our list has shown.

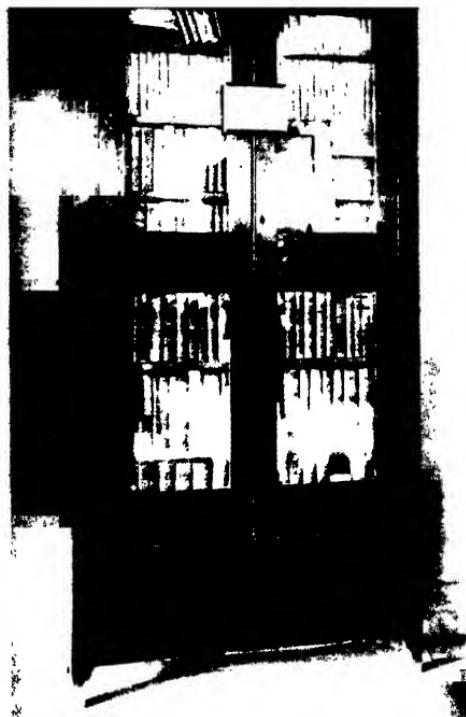
Poets in particular have practised their art continuously since the first lonely days of the frontier. The poets' corners



By Frank J. Roos, Jr.

TAFT HOUSE, CINCINNATI (1820)





THE COONSKIN LIBRARY

From Ohio State Museum



of our newspapers have always been crowded to overflowing. Back in 1824 the editor of the Cincinnati *Literary Gazette* refused an effusion from a Kentucky versifier on geographical grounds: "Poetry is in so flourishing a state on our side of the river that the limits allotted to this department are preoccupied." That is the first attempt, so far as I know, to set up and give protection to an Ohio school of writers. The poets are still group-minded. The Verse Writers' Guild, with headquarters in Columbus, was founded in 1928, and its frequent meetings bring together the Ohio poets. In Cleveland are the headquarters of the active Ohio Poetry Society, established in 1932. There are many smaller groups of the same type, notably The Singing Quill, with its own little magazine; and, thanks to Tessa Sweasy Webb, Ohio is the only state in the Union that celebrates a Poetry Day by an act of the legislature—the third Friday of October.

2

The biggest names among Ohio writers usually succumbed to the lure of the East and remained in Ohio no longer than necessary. This pattern, indeed, became an old Ohio custom as men and women of literary ambitions kept leaving their native State to settle in Boston or New York. There were, for example, our two gifts to the Victorian world—the Cary sisters. Alice (1820-1871) and Phoebe (1825-1871) were born in an old gray farmhouse on the Hamilton pike, eight miles from Fountain Square, Cincinnati. They began to write verses in their teens that were published in Cincinnati papers, and then in the eastern magazines. Whittier praised them, Poe extolled the musical perfection of "Pictures of Memory," and Horace Greeley visited these "rural maidens"

in 1849. Three years later these "pure and sweet" Ohio, country girls left their stepmother and the farm for a New York apartment, and for fifteen years made their rooms a famous Sunday evening salon. Phoebe's "One sweetly solemn thought," we may add, was written at the farm—and when she was eighteen.

William Dean Howells, Ohio's greatest literary figure, also left the State at the first opportunity, but not before he had enough Ohio in his bones and tissues to last him into his eighty-third year. He was born at Martin's Ferry on the Ohio River in 1837. His father, who had migrated down the Ohio by flatboat and keel-boat, moved about considerably during William Dean's earlier years following his trade of printer and editor. They lived respectively at Hamilton and Dayton on the Great Miami where journalism bankrupted them; in a cabin on the Little Miami trying unsuccessfully to make a sawmill and grist-mill into a paper-mill around which would be gathered "a sort of communal settlement of suitable people"; in Columbus where they got on modestly; and in Jefferson in the extreme northeastern corner of the Western Reserve where his father finally made a go of it. William Dean returned to Columbus in 1856 to work on the *Ohio State Journal*. Then he wrote a Republican campaign biography of Lincoln for the election of 1860, and was rewarded with the grateful President's appointment to the consulship at Venice in 1861. He thereupon left the State permanently, except for brief visits.

Howells wrote a hundred volumes, mostly about Europe and the East, and became the arbiter of critical judgment for multitudes of readers of the *Atlantic* and *Harpers*. Few of his novels dealt directly with Ohio, but a little study of

them will show that he was always making use of the people he had known in Ohio towns, even though the setting was Boston and their names Lapham, Kilburn, or Kelwyn. More and more in his old age he turned his thoughts back to Ohio, sentimentalized the places of his boyhood, and wondered why in the world he had ever left his "friends and incentives" in Columbus for the East. *Years of My Youth* (1916) is the record of Ohio's hold upon him, but in practise he always preferred an apartment in New York to a house along the Scioto.

Ambrose Bierce (1842-1914?), bitter critic of the gentlemanly suave Dean—he called Howells "that lousy cat of our letters"—was Ohio-born, in Meigs County down on the Ohio River, but he went off to the Civil War, to London, to California to work for Hearst, and vanished either in the Grand Canyon or in Mexico, no one knows which. He had a more profound effect on Crane, London, and Norris, than did Howells himself, but he founded no Ohio school, and was nearer in spirit to Oscar Wilde than to his early Ohio neighbors.

Brand Whitlock (1869-1934) was pure Ohio, the son of a Methodist minister who was moved about from town to town in the State where the family had been long established. He became a celebrated lawyer, was widely publicized as mayor of Toledo for four terms, and then as our war minister to Belgium. He wrote a good deal about Ohio in his novels of the muckrake and post-war periods, and in his first-rate autobiography, *Forty Years of It*. But he lived his riper years abroad remembering gratefully the beautiful, rolling fields around Urbana, thinking how nice the woods were when the leaves turned, and hoping to go back there to

end his days. He died in France in 1934. In 1939 he was placed in Ohio Journalism's Hall of Fame.

O. Henry began his writing career in Ohio, but he was here only under duress at the Ohio State Penitentiary, and we must forgive him if he fled both the grim gray walls and the State itself when his three-year sentence was up on July 24, 1901. We are very happy indeed that his Ohio years were not without their reward.

Zane Grey was a Zanesville boy, a descendant of the celebrated Zane of Ohio's history, though his connection as a literary man with Ohio is extremely tenuous.

Jim Tully (you may choose between 1888 and 1891 as his birthdate) was born at St. Marys, the wool town in western Ohio, and was reared, or rather grew up, as he says, in an orphanage at Cincinnati from the age of seven to eleven, and on a farm where he was "kicked around for three years." He, too, may be excused for running away from Ohio as a hobo, and for living at present in California, and there writing his hard-boiled stories based upon his life and wanderings. Another tramp upon life, Harry Kemp, born in Youngstown in 1883, went off to Massachusetts and Kansas for his education, and became a professional wanderer for the pure fun and freedom there was in it. He finally wandered to New York, where he now lives. His autobiographies and poems about his travels had a wide vogue in the 1920s.

Sherwood Anderson also left us for his own good reasons. He saw a good many raw edges of Ohio life at his birthplace (1876) down at Camden near Miami University; then up at Clyde, a Winesburg village just east of Fremont, where the family lived for awhile; and finally at Elyria where he

managed a paint factory like a respectable citizen until the literary madness seized him right in the middle of the dictation of a letter to his stenographer, and he grabbed his hat, left the business cold, and went off on a long hunt for the meaning of it all that took him to Chicago, to the West, to New Orleans, to New York, to Virginia, and back to New York. His novels and short stories, and particularly his autobiographies reproduce without mitigation but often with a dreamy beauty the rather bleak and barren Ohio he knew, and the irritations and humiliations he suffered as a puzzled and frustrated boy, embarrassed by his ne'er-do-well father, and learning about life delivering papers and working around the livery stable. Nevertheless, he had a kind of inverted love for his native State and its possibilities, as we have seen in his piece about "Ohio: I'll Say We've Done Well," and he once said "I have always thought of myself as an Ohioan, and no doubt shall always remain, inside myself, an Ohioan." He has founded no school either, but he was in the advance guard in the sex era of the 1920s, and a stricter generation was known to have burned his *Winesburg, Ohio*, the characters for which, he swears, were taken from his fellow-lodgers in a Chicago rooming house, "many of whom had never lived in a village." Anderson belongs with the post-war literati of the big towns, and with Ohio as a part of the cosmopolitan Union rather than as a piece of ground.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar (1872-1906), one of the greatest of Negro poets, was a Dayton, Ohio, boy. All his best poetry was written in his native town, and it was William Dean Howells who discovered it and made it widely known. For a brief moment it looked as if an Ohio school was grow-

ing up. But Dunbar, too, followed the star to the East, and faded out tragically in Washington, D. C., in the early days of this century. Ridgley Torrence was born at Xenia (1875) and wrote many of his poems and his Negro plays out of his stored-up memories of the life he lived and saw in this little central Ohio town. He left Ohio for Princeton many years ago, and has lived his life in and around New York.

James Thurber is a Columbus boy, and a fellow Ohio State alumnus. He once occupied the apartment above mine with a view of the Olentangy River, and it used to be very pleasant to hear him run up the steps two at a time and start pounding the keys of his typewriter whose magic soon took him off to Paris, and then back to success in New York. He carried away with him plenty of Ohio, at its most diverting, and marketed it to our great delight in the *New Yorker*; in his own brand of autobiography, *My Life and Hard Times*; in his smash hit play with another Ohio State man, Elliot Nugent, about a Professor of English at Ohio State, *The Male Animal*; and other equally gay pieces.

Hart Crane (1899-1932), greatest among Ohio's poets, was unadulterated Ohio out of New England ancestry, born, reared, and tormented into poetry in the Western Reserve. But Warren, Akron, Cleveland, and his father's thriving candy business in which he was forced to labor were loathsome beside romantic Greenwich Village, Brooklyn Bridge, and the Isle of Pines in the gay twenties, and he too got away at the first opportunity, degenerated, and drowned himself in the Atlantic Ocean. Some of his loveliest lines recall scenes from his Ohio days.

Rollo Walter Brown (1880) from Crooksville in the mining region of Ohio, left the State in his early twenties

for Harvard, and has followed his professional career as writer and Professor of English outside Ohio. In the field of fiction his best work is his series of Ohio novels.

William R. Burnett has the distinction of establishing the vogue of gangster novels, plays, and motion pictures with his sensational and flawlessly written *Little Caesar* in 1929. He was born in Springfield, Ohio (1899), and lived for several years in Columbus where he worked in one of the State Departments and practised his art on the side. Following his first great success, he left Ohio, and now lives and writes in California.

But this list of émigrés with Ohio roots could go on and on till it might weary the patient reader. For it includes Jean Starr Untermeyer who was born and reared in Zanesville, and wrote some of her loveliest lines about this pottery town in the Muskingum Valley and its hills. It includes the late Thomas Alexander Boyd, born and reared at Defiance on the Maumee River; Dorothy Canfield Fisher, whom we reluctantly yield to Kansas and Vermont, but who spent four years in Ohio (thereby qualifying for identity with the State, according to the requirements of the vigorous Ohio Society of New York) who was graduated from the Ohio State University where her father was president, and who has always taken a keen interest in Ohio's welfare; Kay Boyle, who lived and began writing in Cincinnati before she married and went to France to live; Katharine Brush, who lived seven years in East Liverpool, the pottery town on the Ohio River, and, in *Red-Headed Woman* and other fiction, molded pots of her own design that boiled throughout the nation; Ludwig Lewisohn, who lived in Columbus from 1911-1919, a hard period when war hysteria made the

life of a cultivated German very difficult, as he showed in *Upstream*; and the late O. O. McIntyre, who lived in New York and romanticized Gallipolis-on-the-Ohio as the idyllic town in this high-geared world, and who is buried in the cemetery on the hill above this town, commanding one of the most stunning views along the Ohio River. But we may not include Ohio-born Fanny Hurst because, as she says, "I was taken to Hamilton for the exclusive purpose of being born there in an old grandparental homestead, and returned to St. Louis while still in the beety, underdone infantile stage." She lists herself in *Who's Who* as born in Missouri.

3

This exhibit begins to look as though the way to be an Ohio author is to get out of the State as soon as possible. But this is not exactly true. Burton Stevenson (1872) has found his native Chillicothe a congenial place in which to live and work, and he has produced there enough high-grade writing and editing, while running a library, to amaze all his fellow citizens. His neighbor, Dard Hunter, born over at Steubenville (1883), also finds Chillicothe a good spot to live in and do his unique work of writing, printing, paper making, and all that goes with making a book. Those who "have seen his house will understand, in part, why.

There were others, of course, even in that generation. Then with the decade of the thirties the émigré pattern seemed to change. American writers returned from Paris to New York and its Connecticut backyard, and in many instances to their native states. Strangely enough they found them rather pleasant and fruitful. A boom in Americanism and back to state earth got started and grew into something

resembling the antithesis of the rush to the big towns in the twenties. Louis Bromfield, our best known writer, is a brilliant illustration. He left the family farm near Mansfield, just outside the Western Reserve, for college to learn farming. He landed in France as an ambulance driver. As a versatile and highly successful novelist, he lived, or had headquarters, in New York City, kept a place at Senlis, outside Paris, visited India, and commuted back and forth to New York. He wrote *The Farm* for his children, and a few others, no doubt, to tell them about Ohio before the World War. Then Hitler's ominous shadow fell across Senlis itself, the town was blacked out, Bromfield's cars were commandeered, and this native son fulfilled a long and growing desire to return to Ohio. He bought four hundred acres of rolling Richland County near his old home town, and, in Bromfield's private meaning of the term, settled there. The Mansfield townsmen gawk at his station wagon with "Mala-bar Farm" printed on its side, at his uniformed Negro chauffeur, and at the celebrities who visit the master of these fields. For Ohio is proud to have so illustrious a son back more or less on the home grounds.

A mile or so west of Chillicothe on a hill overlooking Paint Creek Valley lives Charles Allen Smart, author of several novels, and the autobiographical and discursive *R.F.D.* which was so deservedly a favorite book among American readers through 1938-39. Mr. Smart had returned to his native Ohio after several years in the East as teacher and worker at various jobs. In the depths of the depression he settled in at Oak Hill farm, which he inherited from his aunt, and combined the joys and sorrows of sophisticate farming with the "cash crop" of writing. He has captured

the spirit of those years in the mid-thirties, and has come as near as any man ever has to creating in words the lives and characters of Ohio farmers, and the poetic beauties of the changing seasons over his own historic acres.

Herman Fetzer, better known as Jake Falstaff, born, reared, and educated in Ohio, and a newspaperman in Akron and Cleveland, stayed at home where death cut him down in 1935 just as his career was unfolding, and when Ted Robinson was advisedly using the word genius to designate the quality of his poetry. The finest of his work, *The Bulls of Spring*, appeared two years after his untimely death. Down in Cincinnati the mystifying personality, Gustav Eckstein, lives among his canaries, and in his laboratory in the physiology department at the University of Cincinnati where he entertains his friends and writes those unusual books about scientists and canaries that have captivated those readers who have discovered them.

Ruth McKenney, a Cleveland and an Ohio State University girl, writes for the *New Yorker*, and scored two hits of different marksmanship in *My Sister Eileen* and her forthright study of labor strife in Akron, *Industrial Valley*. Alberta Pierson Hannum, another Ohio and Ohio State University woman of great talent, lives in West Virginia, but on the river looking across into her native State. Geneva Stephenson, still another Ohio State University young woman (we have a kind of Ohio State School of Fiction) lives, teaches, and writes in Columbus while her *Spring Journey* is a best-seller here and abroad. And Walter Havighurst, though born in Wisconsin (1901), has become Ohioan after more than a decade here, first as a student at Ohio Wesleyan, and then at Oxford, Ohio, where he teaches

English at Miami University and writes his distinguished prose. Indeed, there is more nearly an Ohio group of writers at this time than ever before.

And I have made no mention of Thomas Harbaugh, the Ohioan who wrote the Nick Carter series that you may once have been forbidden to read. Nor Earl Derr Biggers, of Warren, Ohio, who wrote *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, and created the Charlie Chan series. Nor Harriet Beecher Stowe, who lived for eighteen years in Cincinnati, and conceived there her famous novel in which she used people, scenes, and information gathered in and around that city—and helped on the Civil War. Nor grand old Henry Howe who traveled Ohio and compiled his famous and invaluable *Historical Collections of Ohio*. Nor Alexander C. Ross of Zanesville who wrote the rollicking campaign song that helped elect the first Ohioan to the presidency—"Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." Nor Clarence Darrow of Kinsman, who lived in a curious octagonal house, became our most celebrated criminal lawyer, and wrote an unusually frank autobiography. Nor yet Platt Spencer of Jefferson, the Howells town, who invented the system of writing that you may have had to learn; and Joshua A. Giddings of this same famous little Ash-
tabula County town, who wrote the first Republican Party platform. With him and a row of . . . —remembering with some embarrassment Mrs. Cooper's three thousand names —we must end. For in letters as in politics, commerce, and geography, Ohio is, as she always has been, alive and virile as the crossroads of the nation.

Ohio Men in the White House

I

IN A PERIOD OF EIGHTY YEARS (1840-1920) EIGHT PRESIDENTS of the United States came from Ohio. Seven of the last fourteen occupants of the White House were Ohio men, and all of them were once living in the State at the same time. For over twelve critical years in the nation's history, the State monopolized the chief office and held a continuous lease on the White House, beginning with Grant's two terms, 1869-1877, and following with Hayes's four years; and the monopoly would have continued for at least one more term, possibly two, if it had not been for the tragic assassination of Garfield only six months after he took over the Mansion. After a short interval, Benjamin Harrison was elected. All four were Civil War generals, elected by the soldier vote. We might have had still another and more famous Ohio general for President, making it five in a row, if William Tecumseh Sherman hadn't hammered down his absolute refusal to the Chicago Republican Convention of 1884 in the memorable declaration, "If nominated I will not accept; if elected I will not serve." Though his fellow Ohioan and West Pointer, Grant, was willing to let his name come up for a third term, this forthright, sandy-haired, "fighting prophet," whom the boys around his native Lan-

caster called "Cump," having seen the near debacle brought on Grant's administration by his friends, declared to Blaine, "I would account myself a fool, a madman, an ass" to embark on such a career, and expose himself to the same kind of thing. I suppose this is the only Ohio man who ever refused such an offer. Four Ohioans have been President since that time, at four or eight year intervals down to Harding.

The dominance of Ohio in the White House since the Civil War, and the kind of men we have sent there, is quite an interesting commentary on the State and the Union. Every one of these men had some outstanding merits of one kind or another, of course, but we suspect that they were not always nominated and elected because of conspicuous talents for that particular office. They weren't exactly brilliant, any of them; they were good, personally honest, and well-meaning, but usually pedestrian, conservative Republican party men. Their eminence was in large part a measure of the powerful position and influence which their native State had acquired in the national life. Ohio had been prominent in the Indian wars; she was conspicuous in the War of 1812, when William Henry Harrison became a national hero; and she had been far in the lead with men, officers, and money in the Civil War. Ohio generals led and won that war for the North; and the nation, with a little emotional help from the waving of the "bloody shirt" before the electorate, and the appeal to "vote as you shot," turned to these generals, one after the other, for leadership in the reconstruction.

Ohio was already the crossroads of the nation, the typical cosmopolitan State, populous, eager, active, and politically

minded, and forging ahead in agriculture, industry, and population. At the same time Ohio was sending on in waves her stalwart sons and daughters into the expanding states lying westward, and these new pioneers looked back to Ohio as a colony looks to the mother country. The State was pivotal in nearly every sense, but especially in numbers, location, and influence. When William Henry Harrison was elected President in 1840, Ohio was the third most thickly settled state with a population of 1,519,467, an increase of sixty-three per cent in a single decade. This number had been increased by a million at the time of Grant's elevation; by half a million when Hayes succeeded him, by another half million down through Garfield's brief tenure to Benjamin Harrison's term, by still another half million when McKinley took office, by another six hundred thousand down to Taft's nomination, and a million more between Taft and Harding, bringing the total in 1920 to 5,759,394. Well over a million has been added since. Ohio has more populous towns and villages than any other state, fifty-nine of them with over ten thousand people. In short, Ohio has a lot of votes.

Population may not be the whole story, but it has its place. Ohio's huge vote, normally Republican in national issues, has usually gone to her native sons when they ran for high office. And an Ohio native son, once nominated by one of the major parties, has nearly a hundred per cent chance of election. None in fact has ever been defeated since Harrison lost to Van Buren in 1836, except for a second term in the case of Benjamin Harrison, who carried Ohio but lost the election to Cleveland; and Taft, who had to share the vote with Roosevelt, and both lost to Wilson. Governor James M. Cox was the only Ohio nominee of a

major party who failed to become President, but he was a Democrat running against Harding, a rival Ohio Republican newspaperman. As a matter of fact in that year, 1920, Ohio couldn't lose, for she had three candidates for the presidency —a Republican, a Democrat, and a Prohibitionist.

Ohio thinks, however, that her favorite sons themselves had something to do with the honors, both because of what they were and had accomplished as men, and because they typified the rugged, individualistic, and democratic new pattern of the national life that was rising so fast west of the Allegheny Mountains; a pattern that had been dramatized before the world by William Henry Harrison and Abraham Lincoln.

All these men were of good American stock brought out of the East by ambitious and hardy parents. If they lived in poverty on the frontier, it was only as a natural and inevitable stage in the growth of a new section of the country, and there was always a great future just ahead. Here was indeed the land of opportunity, where poor but ambitious boys like Grant, Sherman, Hayes, Garfield, and McKinley could seize their chances in the traditional American fashion. They helped to create the very legend that explained them. They are interesting men to contemplate.

2

There was William Henry Harrison (1773-1841), a good example of that first generation to come to our wilderness. He was born in Virginia, but came out to North Bend, married John Cleves Symmes' daughter, and took a leading part in the formation and government of the State. He was a scholar and a gentleman as well as a statesman and a

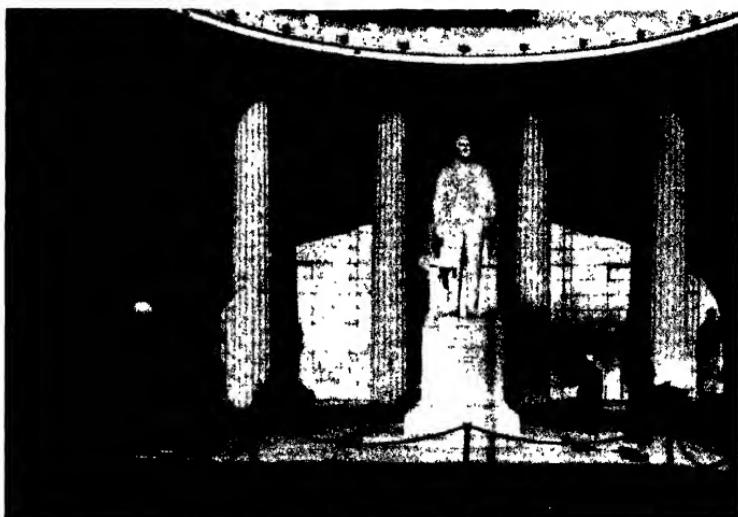
general. He made and published an exacting study of the Ohio Indians and the Mound Builders. He explored and surveyed Miami Fort on Fort Hill at the mouth of the Great Miami near his farm at North Bend. Yet he was as much at home in the wilderness fighting the British and the Indians, whom he thoroughly understood, as he was in his library writing scholarly monographs. As a lieutenant under Mad Anthony, a signer of the Greenville Treaty, a delegate to Congress, and as Governor of Indiana Territory for a decade, he was already well-known to his countrymen before he won the highly publicized victories over Tecumseh's Indians in 1811 at Tippecanoe Creek in northern Indiana and over the British and Indians at the battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813. He was then sent to Congress, and in 1824 to the United States Senate. In 1840 he was the successful Whig candidate for the Presidency. Between times he retired to his farm at North Bend, to his long and spacious house with the old log cabin center and the dining room to the left of it where his guests drank hard cider—both made famous in the campaign songs.

The Ohio frontier had never enjoyed so much excitement as during that summer when it elected its first President. Despite his wide experience and his fame, Harrison was to the complacent East a western yokel, to the rising West the humble farmer from North Bend, a man of the people. The people of the new Western Democracy liked and trusted him, as they disliked and feared the sleek Eastern aristocrat, Martin Van Buren. And when the Baltimore *American* scornfully insulted Harrison, and through him the Ohio he so well represented, with the famous taunt, "Give him a barrel of hard cider and settle a pension of two thou-



THE MEMORIAL
PRESIDENT HARI
AT MARION

By Ewing Galloway, N.



ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL
CHURCH AT GRANVILLE

By Frank J. Roos, Jr.



sand a year upon him, and, our word for it, he will sit the remainder of his days content in a log cabin," it dramatized the issues. Ohioans couldn't let that pass. They made it into a campaign slogan—log cabin and hard cider. They built log cabins of buckeye logs, and, to the stirring songs of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" and "The Buckeye Cabin Song," they marched by the thousands to campaign meetings in all parts of the State, drank barrels of hard cider, and elected their man. But Harrison died after one month in the White House, the first President to die in office; and about the only result of the campaign in the opinion of many good Ohio mothers was alarm at the thought of the inadequate Vice-President Tyler becoming President, and consternation over the widespread drunkenness among their boys who had developed a taste for drink during that demoralizing summer when to guzzle hard cider was to prove the virility of Ohio. Harrison's body was brought down the Ohio River to Cincinnati on the steamer "Raritan," and, after appropriate ceremonies, taken on to North Bend on the same boat, and buried there, some three months after his death, in the peace and the quiet of the hill overlooking the vast bend in the Ohio River. A tall, severely simple monument of cream-colored Bedford limestone pays tribute to the "humble farmer" of the region—and railroad engines from the tracks along the river bank age and darken it with their smoke.

3

Ohio's second President, and the nation's eighteenth, Ulysses S. Grant was even more rigidly in the self-made tradition of the West. His birthplace at Point Pleasant, a peaceful little Ohio River town on US52 about twenty-

five miles above Cincinnati, may now be seen in its restored condition. For years the cabin was enclosed and on exhibit at the State Fair Grounds in Columbus, but Mr. George Eckleberry and the late, famed cartoonist, Billy Ireland, started a campaign that ended when the cabin was taken back to that quiet spot on the slope by the side of the road overlooking the new Grant Memorial Bridge and the Ohio River. The location floods when the Ohio runs up as it did in 1883, 1913, and 1937. During the last big flood, the cabin was held down with rocks on its roof.

The Grants were poor. The year after Ulysses, who was named Hiram, was born, the family moved up to the neat and prosperous little county-seat of Brown County, Georgetown, where the Grant house, the school, and the tannery where Jesse and his son Ulysses worked, are shown with pride. They stand only a few blocks away from the quaint courthouse where the boys gather on summer evenings just as they did in "Lyss" Grant's day, though with little outward sign of another Ulysses among them.

The Grant stories are good ones, but somehow they never hit the imagination of the folk as the Lincoln anecdotes did, and the Grant legend has become moribund. They used to tell about young Ulysses asking his teacher what the word "can't" meant, and how pleased Grant always was because the word wasn't even in the dictionary. He himself loved to tell about buying a colt when he was only eight years old. Mr. Ralston asked twenty-five dollars for it. Grant's father said it was worth only twenty dollars, but he might pay twenty-five if necessary. The boy went to Ralston and said, "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer you twenty-two dollars

and fifty cents; and if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five dollars." And when as President he was nearly washed under with the scandalous dishonesty of his friends, this story was cited as an early instance of his life-long habit of believing everyone as honest as himself.

Grant was not a very good student at West Point to which he was appointed at the age of seventeen, and his early career in the army was irregular and unsatisfactory. He resigned in 1854, and went to Galena, Illinois, to join his father and brothers in their tannery. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was definitely a failure in life, but after 1861 his rise was meteoric. The conclusion of the war proved him an able general, his conduct at Appomattox while receiving Lee's surrender revealed a noble and considerate man; and both qualities caught the fancy of the country. He was elected President in 1865 by a huge majority. The knavish conduct of his friends and appointees stank in the nostrils of the whole country, but the hands of good old honest but puzzled Grant were personally clean, and when he ran again in 1872, he was re-elected by a sweeping majority.

No one, I believe, not even Ohioans, claim greatness for the General as President. He let the carpetbaggers get away with murder in the prostrate South, harshness smothered out the generosity shown at Appomattox, and the poor Ohio village boy was shamelessly manipulated by shrewd Eastern men of wealth who knew how to use him. The joy of his triumphal tour of the world came to gall and ashes in the fourteen million dollar wreckage of the firm of Grant and Ward which Grant's fatal trust in gamblers let him in for in 1884. Again Grant's personal honesty was vindicated as the tenacious old General stripped himself of all his property as

a gesture toward meeting the bill. Dying of cancer, he set to work on his memoirs which he barely managed to get finished before his death at Mt. MacGregor, New York, July 23, 1885.

Ohioans often wonder why Grant was not buried in his native State. As a matter of fact Grant really left Ohio for good when he went to West Point, and though Point Pleasant and Georgetown are Grant shrines, they are associated only with his struggling boyhood. He retained no Ohio connections, and was, as ex-President, a New Yorker. He wanted to be buried at West Point, but gave up the idea because his wife (Julia Dent of St. Louis) could not be buried by him. The family preferred to have his tomb in New York City's Central Park, but the officials at Washington, D. C., who wanted his body there, roared against the idea of burying the General and former President in a playground. The Mayor of New York proposed a temporary mausoleum in Riverside Park overlooking the Hudson with an appropriate permanent memorial that would be the center of a future development of the park, then north of the city. His suggestion was followed, and a funeral second only in pomp to that of Lincoln was conducted. Horace Porter, of Grant's military staff, got behind a movement which received gifts from ninety thousand contributors, and the famous landmark tomb on Riverside Drive, traditional hangout of the sailors when the fleet is in, was erected. Ohio's President Benjamin Harrison laid the cornerstone in 1892, and Ohio's President McKinley dedicated it, April 27, 1897. Sherman violently disapproved of the location. On the portal of the monument are the warrior's words, "Let Us Have Peace."

4

If Grant was an Ohioan only until he reached college age, Rutherford Birchard Hayes (1822-1893), who succeeded him, was unadulterated Ohio. His people had come out from Vermont in 1817, just five years before Hayes was born. He spent his first years in that ideal little Ohio county-seat town of Delaware on the Olentangy, since 1842 the home of Ohio Wesleyan University. The brick-fronted house of his birth that used to stand on William Street has lately yielded place to a filling station, and while you buy a tank of gas you may read a memorial plaque and think about the third President from Ohio. Hayes' father died before he saw him, and shortly afterwards a brother was drowned under the ice of the Olentangy. His Uncle Sardis Birchard helped the family; he took them to Fremont when Rutherford Birchard was five, and thus Fremont instead of Delaware became the Hayes' home town.

Hayes was schooled at Norwalk, Ohio, and Middletown, Connecticut; then was graduated with high distinction at the Episcopalian Kenyon College, founded at Gambier, Ohio, just two years after he was born, and at Harvard Law. He practised law at Fremont and then at Cincinnati, where his old office building, with its beautiful spiral stairway, well, and skylight, still stands on Third Street, now a headquarters for poor artists. He went on the party that took Ralph Waldo Emerson out to Fort Ancient, but when, as President, Hayes recalled the episode to Emerson, the sage did not remember the young man.

Hayes came nearer to losing that election of 1876 than Ohio candidates usually do, for the race was so close that

the decision over Tilden was not reached until two days before the inauguration, and then by a one vote margin, eight to seven. Hayes was a great and a considerate man, but he lacked color and showmanship, and was never a popular idol. His fine qualities were more appreciated by visitors to Spiegel Grove, his Fremont estate, than by politicians in Washington. But he gave his country in that critical reconstruction period one of the best and most courageous administrations in its history. Its cleanliness was almost godly after the corruption in high places under Grant. Its wise statesmanship was summed up in his own declaration, "It is my earnest purpose to put forth my best efforts in behalf of a civil policy which will forever wipe out in our political affairs the color line, and the distinction between North and South, that we may have not merely a united North or a united South but a united Country. . . . Our flag should wave over States, not over conquered provinces." What he preached he practised, and when his term was over and his job done, he refused renomination and retired to his library and his peaceful acres at Fremont where he lived graciously with his charming and vivacious wife until his death in 1893. He is buried in a simple tomb on the grounds. Spiegel Grove, with its museum and library of American history, is now a national shrine, owned by the State of Ohio. If any single person ever represented the singular essence that is Ohio, Rutherford B. Hayes was the man.

James Abram Garfield (1831-1881), who succeeded Hayes, was also pure Ohio in the best Log Cabin to White House tradition. His father, a stout, wrestling man, came

out from New York in 1830, and bought a farm, now known as the Garfield Homestead, on the Chagrin River about sixteen miles east of Cleveland. He overdid himself while fighting a fire, and died of pneumonia in 1833, leaving his young wife, four babies, a log cabin, and some oxen in the wilderness.

Garfield's rise to fame and his tragic death at the hand of Guiteau dramatized his origin for the entire world in a flood of books of the "Towpath to the White House" type. Big, vigorous, intelligent, and ambitious, James worked on the family farm, studied hard, and went to the little Disciple denominational school at Hiram then known as Western Reserve Eclectic Institute. It is too bad to cast reflection on a good legend, but as a matter of fact Garfield spent only ten days on the canal towpaths. At the age of seventeen he went to Cleveland to ship as a sailor, but he met a cousin who gave him a job driving the horses that pulled the "Evening Star," a canal boat loaded with copper ore, from Cleveland via Akron to Beaver, and thence by steam tow to Pittsburgh. He was promoted to better-paid jobs on the boat for his other three trips. The future President did all his assignments well, including the unavoidable fist fights at the locks and wharfs.

Garfield taught school, and in his middle twenties studied with Mark Hopkins at Williams College, where he was graduated first in his class in 1856. He taught Greek and Latin at Hiram, and in 1857 became president of the college (there were five on the faculty). I believe he was the only preacher, evangelist, and baptizer ever sent to the White House. When the revivalist hysteria swept over all Ohio denominations in 1857-58, Garfield conducted meetings,

preached twenty-seven sermons in twenty-seven days, and converted seven students. With astonishing versatility he became a general, and a distinguished one, in the Civil War; then, on Lincoln's advice, he resigned in 1863 and took his seat in the House to which he had been elected the year before. Eight times he was reelected, and for seventeen years he served. Then, as a Republican compromise candidate, he defeated Hancock for the Presidency in 1880.

Garfield's own home, called Lawnfield, from which he conducted his campaign, is just outside the lake village of Mentor, the center of Mormon life in Ohio. He bought the place in 1877, expecting to develop a prize stock farm there. The somewhat rambling two-and-a-half story, thirty-room house, the old part frame, the new "Queen Ann" wing of stone, is still owned and used by the Garfield heirs. Garfield is buried in a huge mosque-like tomb with a conical tower in the Lakeview Cemetery at Cleveland. He might have been Ohio's greatest President.

6

Seven years after Garfield was assassinated, a fifth Ohio man, and another Civil War general, then living in Indiana, was made President. He was Benjamin Harrison, grandson of the great William Henry, great-grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and son of Senator John Scott Harrison. He was born in a brick house, now in decay, at North Bend in 1833, was graduated from Miami University in 1852, and studied law in Cincinnati. He married a daughter of President Scott of Oxford Female Seminary, later Oxford College for Women, and now a part of Miami. In 1854 he went to Indianapolis to live, and tried to become

a Hoosier. He defeated Grover Cleveland for the election of 1888, but only by a narrow margin and after a political deal in New York. His soldiers had called him "Little Ben," and his party leaders treated him as Little Ben. He modestly accepted his role as a party man, yielded the initiative to Congress, and played second fiddle to his more spectacular colleagues, especially Secretary of State Blaine and "Czar" Reed, Speaker of the House, who coined the famous saying: "This is a billion dollar country" to defend Congress' first billion dollar budget. In his contest for second term, Harrison was defeated by Cleveland who made a spectacular come-back. He died in Indianapolis, March 13, 1901, and is buried there.

7

Even William McKinley (1843-1901), Ohio's sixth President, was a Civil War veteran, but not a general; he had enlisted as a private and ended the war as a major. He was born at Niles, Ohio, in the Mahoning Valley. The house has been moved to the outskirts of the town, and a memorial building has been erected in his honor. He followed the usual Ohio pattern: the local schools, a term or two at Allegheny College, a period of school teaching, reading law, and then setting up a practise. McKinley chose to practise his profession in Canton; he married well, and for years lived in the old homestead of his wife, a large, square, three-story mansard-roofed house with dozens of shutters and arched windows overlooking the Public Square in Canton not far from what used to be known as the McKinley Block where the Major had his law offices.

Big, kind, and gentle, with an easy friendliness of manner, he was preordained for a career in Ohio and national poli-

tics. Like Garfield he was elected and reelected to Congress from 1876 to 1890. He was twice governor of Ohio during a turbulent time of strikes and famine in the coal fields and of mob violence and attempted lynchings in Ohio communities. Naturally mild though he was, he promptly sent the militia wherever law and order were threatened; but he was equally prompt to send food to the needy. He was the champion of the protective tariff, and the overwhelming favorite of the Republicans in the nominations for the Presidency in 1896. In his famous front porch campaign, later copied by Harding, he easily defeated Bryan and became the nation's twenty-fifth President during the imperialistic era and the war with Spain.

He was renominated and reelected in 1900, with Theodore Roosevelt as Vice-President, again defeating free-silver Bryan by a landslide vote. Six months after his second inauguration he was shot down at the Buffalo Exposition by the anarchist Czolgosz. He is buried at Canton in a huge circular memorial tomb with a graceful dome. From the tomb a long wide flight of steps leads down to the reflecting basins bordered with trees—a proper memorial to Ohio's best loved and most typical old-line Republican President.

8

Our last two men in the White House have been unequivocal Ohio at its best and with all its limitations. William Howard Taft (1857-1930) was a Cincinnati boy, affectionately known among his friends at Mount Auburn and on Grandin Road as Will, Bill, and Mr. President. Like Hayes' father, the first Ohio Taft, the stern-mouthed Alphonso, who had an uncomfortable resemblance to Wil-

liam Jennings Bryan, came out of Vermont. He made good in the law practise at Cincinnati, married twice and had five children by each wife, built the roomy, hybrid, but not unattractive house out in the north hills, where it still stands, and where chubby, good-natured William Howard was born and reared.

Taft's birth, family, breeding, social life, and education were Ohio at its top level best. He had a happy childhood, attended the superior Woodward High School, and, in the Taft tradition, went to Yale where he lived comfortably but still under the New England discipline of his frugal father, and was graduated in 1878. He settled down as a lawyer in Cincinnati and was something of the eligible young man about town until 1886, when he married the fascinating, ambitious, and later celebrated Helen (Nellie) Herron, also of a prominent local family. Taft's rise in the public service was rapid from that day on. In the year of his marriage he became a judge on the Cincinnati Superior Court. Benjamin Harrison made him U. S. Solicitor-General, and Federal Judge of the 6th District. McKinley pulled him away from this job, which he loved, and sent him off to govern our newly acquired and rebellious "little brown brothers" of the Philippines. He did a really monumental work there. Theodore Roosevelt practically forced him into various difficult missions, into his cabinet as Secretary of War, and then threw his mantle over him as his heir to the Presidency. Taft handily defeated Bryan in the 1908 election. He took his own defeat four years later with philosophic good humor, became a professor of law at Yale, and then spent the happiest years of his life as Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. He resigned just before his death

in 1930, and was buried at Arlington, though he should have been brought to Cincinnati.

Ohio at least, perhaps the nation, is only just beginning to appreciate Taft's able work as President in consolidating the line-buck gains of Roosevelt, and ironing out a thousand problems of domestic and foreign policy, from "dollar diplomacy" to "trust-busting" the Standard Oil and Tobacco monopolies. But for some reason he was never widely popular in his native State, not even in his own party. Jovial, fat, and chuckling, Taft was regularly cartooned in many Ohio newspapers as a brother of the bloated trusts, with a gold watch-chain across his ample paunch, and handle-bar mustache above a complacent grin. He had lost the common touch, and his quiet achievements were dwarfed between the spectacular vaudeville of T. R. and the messianic prominence of Woodrow Wilson. But he was, none the less, solid, far-seeing, and enormously capable as chief executive. Though he left Ohio in 1900, he never pulled up his roots as Grant and Harrison did. They remained sunk deep in Cincinnati, in his native Ohio, to which he returned again and again for love of his family, his friends, and the Ohio hills around the Basin. His friend and neighbor, Clara Longworth de Chambrun, paid him the perfect tribute, "He was a man who could be always right and not be disliked on that account."

9

Warren Gamaliel Harding (1865-1923), our eighth and to date our last Ohio man in the White House, had behind him a conventional political record as a reliable Republican Senator and wheel-horse on whom the party could always count. Son of a country doctor, he was born on a farm near

Corsica (Blooming Grove) a few miles west and south of Mansfield. His formal education was desultory, and ended with a session or two at Ohio Central College, long since defunct. He married and settled in Marion where he edited and published the Marion *Star* and had a hand in various enterprises. His house with its famous front porch stands on a spacious Marion street. He was defeated for the office of Governor in 1910 by Democratic Judson Harmon, but won the Senatorial election of 1915. He supported Taft against Roosevelt in the three-way election of 1912, and was chairman of the 1916 convention that nominated Hughes. With this record, Harding was an important Dark Horse in 1920. He was selected as a compromise candidate in a smoke-filled room at 2 A.M. in a Chicago hotel, and, with the help of Harry M. Daugherty got the nomination on the tenth ballot. He won over Cox by a landslide. Kind, gentle, and trusting, an easy-going party man, ponderous and turgid in style, he returned the country to a complacent normalcy after the strenuous idealism of Wilson. Though personally honest, his administration was the most noisome in history, not even excepting that of Grant. The flock of self-seeking friends, blackly labeled by the country as the Ohio Gang, that descended upon Washington under his patronage gave Ohio her only disastrous set-back in her long and honorable administration of national affairs. She has been slow to recover from the blow, and, since that debacle, has been longer without a President than at any interval since 1869. Yet Harding retained the affection of the nation, and when he died at San Francisco, August 2, 1923, officially of apoplexy, a wave of emotion and sympathy swept over the entire country. The magnificent memorial on the south edge of Marion, just

east of the Scioto trail, with its flawless circle of simple white Doric columns of Georgia marble, by all odds the finest thing of its kind in the United States, symbolizes this affection for a well-meaning, friendly man, and pity for his callous betrayal.

All things considered, however, these Ohio men have set a remarkable record as chief executives of the nation in the perilous period from the Civil War to the peace with Germany and the Washington Conference on post-World War disarmament. But the cost to them has been great. The life expectancy of Ohio Presidents is short, with Fate stalking behind them into the White House. Scandal rocked two administrations; two Presidents died in office; and two were shot. But two of them were among the nation's ablest administrators, the beloved McKinley is a saint in the hierarchy of his party, and apparently Ohio has only just begun to mother Presidents. Incidentally, Ohio has not bothered to breed Vice-Presidents, though three have turned up more or less by chance: Thomas A. Hendricks, in Cleveland's first term; Charles W. Fairbanks, in Roosevelt's term; and Charles G. Dawes, in Coolidge's.

What is Ohio?

I

I HOPE THAT THESE CHAPTERS HAVE SHOWN SOMETHING of the quality of our Ohio forefathers and what they and we have been doing with this State since we got it away from the Indians. I have given some thought to the kind of people we have become in the process in this century and a half of our life in the land of the Buckeye—and the apple orchards.

I have known Ohio people all my life. For the last two decades I have spent a lot of time contemplating us and our ways to see if we do have any characteristics that are singular to Ohio. I am not sure that we do. We have a peculiar way of pronouncing the name of the State. It is not what you might expect if you have heard the riddle we Ohioans learn on our grandfather's knee: "What is round on each end and high in the middle?" It sounds more like two quick Indian grunts—Uh-hia—with a tomahawk stroke on the *i*. It is hard for a New York man to say, and an Englishman simply can't manage it. I once spent an evening in London trying to teach the fine points of the word to one of His Majesty's subjects. But the next day he still rolled it out O-i-o, with full value to the *O*'s. Our speech in general is good, standard, countryman's northern with erect *r*'s and

virile rather than grammatical verb forms. After a hard day of spring plowing in Highland County, a man is all wore out. And his team, flecked white with salty sweat, probably had drinked at the creek on the way home to supper.

You will seldom hear Ohio people mention the State as though it were the crown and jewel of the Republic. We leave that form of local pride to our neighbors across the Ohio and the Great Miami Rivers. I never in my life heard a Buckeye get into his voice that quiver of ecstasy that is second nature to a Corncracker when he mentions his blue-grass and his mountains and his folks. In fact I never heard an Ohioan say much about his State one way or another. Ohio is a stalwart leader in the nation, wealthy, powerful, self-assured, and we proceed quietly from this assumption without troubling to be vocal about it.

That doesn't mean that Ohioans do not love their State. When they leave it for other parts they miss it and take proper steps to keep green their memories. I notice this all through the states to the west where successive waves of Ohio's young generations went to take up land. In Iowa and Nebraska, Ohio men cherish the home place of their grandfathers back in the East, in Ohio, and speak affectionately of their mother State. And in New York, as well as in Chicago, the Ohio Society is the largest and most active of all the state organizations. When I go among these groups I get a new insight into the strong but reticent bond of State patriotism that holds the hearts of Ohioans close to the land between Lake Erie and the Ohio. I remember how oddly pleased we were one autumn when we were living in Massachusetts to find in the door of our car parked at Sudbury a greeting from some fellow citizen on a blank

check of a Cadiz bank—Clark Gable's home town. We never saw the greeter, but we knew how he felt about it. And when Fanny Hurst's mother came all the way back from Missouri to her old homestead at Hamilton just to have her baby born to greatness on the sacred soil, she was only doing a little more boldly what genuine Ohioans all do in one way and another.

2

We have around seven million people in Ohio now. They live in every imaginable kind of community. They are sprawled all over big, amorphous Cleveland, from the new Federal Houses down near the spot on the Cuyahoga where Moses Cleaveland landed, back along the industrial flats, out through the slums, and on and on and on to swanky Shaker Heights where the rich have turned into a landscaped private reflecting basin for their mansions the mill ponds of the ancient communal group of farmers that gave the heights above the lake its pleasant name. They live in homogeneous groups according to nationality in the big cities. They live in the smoke-screened Mahoning Valley, crowded in steel workers' houses in the grimy flats of Youngstown, or scattered in the big castles of Little Steel on great estates on the hills. They swarm in the rubber capital at Akron, or retire into seclusion behind masses of shrubbery on vast lawns on the hills above the Cuyahoga gorge. They live modestly and unobtrusively in the old towns with stable industries like Chillicothe, Zanesville, Coshocton and Mansfield. They go their quiet ways in semi-rural towns like Marietta, Hillsboro, and Mechanicsburg. They are congested in the Basin at Cincinnati, exposed to floods in the decaying streets along the river, and at ease

on the hills in mansions reached by roads so carefully screened off at the entrance that you can pass by without dreaming that the be-shrubbed pilasters are not on somebody's private yard. They live in more little towns and villages than the people of any other state: Somerset and New Lexington on their hills, Hudson and Streetsboro around the green, old canal villages and National Road towns, and at crossroads centers with a filling-station, grain elevator, and a general store. They live in fine country houses on the big highways and in little shacks reached only by a mud lane easement across a neighbor's farm. They live on huge collectivist-sized farms in the fat valleys, and on submarginal and even abandoned lands in the hilly southeast. And the one thing typically Ohio about all this is its extremity and diversity.

In fact the variety surpasses the belief of our citizens who have not poked around in the quiet corners of our State. The typical Ohio towns are, of course, commonplace knowledge. But colorful cities like Cincinnati have exhilarating little communities tucked away in the hollows that back up from the Basin. And scattered around over the State are the most surprising and unexpected oddities. In western Ohio you come upon villages like New Bremen and Minster —German settlements gathered around a cathedral whose spires are thrust up starkly above the flat plain and visible for miles as you drive past the thrifty farms each with a mailbox bearing good, mouthfilling German names. If you stop at the local eating place and dance hall you may be refreshed with beer, gooseliver, and pumpernickel all made in the village. There are also still a few French villages and cemeteries over there with French names fading above

the abandoned harness shops, and clock-maker shops, carved on the stones, and still bright on the rural mailboxes. These communities seem at first sight as alien to the Ohio plains as those Connecticut fishing villages set down in the Western Reserve.

In contrast to these spick-and-span communities are the strange little pockets in the hill regions to the south completely unknown to most Ohioans. They lie up grass-grown dirt roads that look like ancient Indian trails where they are visited only by the census taker and the sheriff if at all. Here on the edge of the big state forests, screened by woods and underbrush, they eke out an existence by poaching on these forbidden preserves for small game, by cooking up astonishing pot mixtures, including savory morsels of rattlesnakes (don't be incredulous; you may buy canned rattlesnake now at fashionable grocery stores), by raising thin patches of corn and hogs, by making moonshine and weaving beautiful baskets from strips of white-oak bark.

In the Ross, Pike, Highland County region the people are a picturesque mingling of Shawnee Indians, whose ancestors escaped the reservations and took refuge here; of Negroes whose forefathers fled from slavery across the Ohio to these isolated hollows; and of poor whites, many with jail records, who have found refuge in the hills. They have all the individuality common to such groups. The copper-colored ones wear bandannas on their heads; many of them in the winter wrap their legs in coffee sacks to keep off the cold. Imbecility and witchcraft are common. And in a cemetery there, a writing friend of mine, who is doing a novel about this region, saw the grave of a man beside the grave

of his amputated leg which he had mournfully buried in a pine box many years before.

We call the attractive section north of Granville the Welsh Hills because the Welsh followed the New Englanders there and thriftily took over the section. The region around Jackson might have had the same name for the same reasons because Welsh communities are thick; they date back to the era of the salt works and the booming charcoal furnaces of a century ago. To this day they keep some of their best customs—including their singing festivals.

And so the communities go, all round the State, if you are interested in searching them out.

3

As soon as you have crossed from Ohio over into Pennsylvania and find yourself among those trim fields and meadows on the hills, those homelike stone and brick houses by their enormous red barns with the mystic insignia above the doors or in the gables, or when you cross the Ohio River and find yourself among the tobacco patches, the pastures with their horseponds, the rows of limestone fences, and the strange feel of leisure about the white houses and the Negro quarters; you know at once that these are not Ohio, even if you can't be sure just what in Ohio corresponds to these things. Perhaps it is the urban and national cross-roads character of Ohio that makes it seem less individual than these states.

For Ohio is known among statisticians as the index state of the nation; if you want to know the national average for almost any item like the proportion of doctors to the population (about one to eight hundred) or like savings or insur-

ance or number of automobiles or college graduates—just look at the figures for Ohio and in most cases they will be the same as for the nation at large. Ohioans do more things, more often, in more places than most of their neighbors. They rush around a good deal, buying, selling, making things, raising things, very restless and active. They worry more about getting the children educated, married, and well placed. They worry more about paying their taxes, and their preacher (some of them), about keeping the schools open, the busses running, the fire departments staffed, the garbage collected, the roads repaired, the poor fed, and their governments—all of them, including WPA—going and reasonably efficient and not too scandalously dishonest. They don't have any genius for the fine art of just settin' like the Kentuckians, nor the passion for order and neatness like the Pennsylvanians. They don't like to be bothered too much about reforms in their antiquated and even disgraceful prisons, especially that ancient and over-crowded rat trap by the Scioto in Columbus where all those prisoners got burned to death a decade ago; nor their hospitals for their public charges. They are modest and unimaginative in supporting their fine structure of universities. But they get by, at least, and in these human respects differ little from other democratic Americans.

On the other hand we do go in heavily for literacy and for libraries. I have already lingered over the zealous efforts of our forefathers to get books in circulation in the first frontier settlements. The good Thomas Ewing and the farmers around Belpre would (perhaps do) take great satisfaction in our present library system. For we now have two hundred and sixty-seven tax supported libraries in our State

—not counting our college and private collections; and we have more than a score of bookmobiles: carefully designed book trucks that take books to rural doors all over Ohio just like the U. S. Mail or the bread delivery. They circulate more than a million and a half books a year with this handy system. Our active State Library serves the citizens in outlying sections throughout Ohio in astonishing fashion with its traveling libraries and its individual loans. We have six of the leading thirty-six public libraries as listed in the *World Almanac*, and that worthy compendium somehow overlooked the Columbus libraries. It is a man's own fault if he is ignorant or bored in the State of Ohio.

4

In more personal matters we seem to people south of the Ohio a little stiff and reserved toward strangers, as though we lived in the midst of the Grand Central Station instead of the hospitable West. We seem to be sizing them up rather coolly before we take them by the hand and offer them bread and a chair. They find this frank and unsmiling skepticism somewhat disconcerting, and they even speak of it as our "A-hi-a manners," though people who come among us from Wisconsin and Minnesota or from down East, feel that they have arrived in the warm South. This complaint against our reserved manner was made by the earlier travellers who unanimously noted down in their journals our lack of interest in them—all, that is, except Charles Dickens whom we annoyed even more by a too active curiosity about him and his party.

The fact of the apparent frigidity is certain—on the surface. I can discover only a few localities in Ohio where the

tradition of visiting back and forth, characteristic of Kentucky, is carried on. The front door is closed, the front shades drawn, and there is no invitation to leisure or merriment. But these appearances may easily deceive you. Katharine Brush wrote home to Massachusetts from East Liverpool, Ohio, where she lived for several years in the early twenties, "You simply never saw such friendly people. Compared with stand-offish New Englanders, they're simply wonderful." Of course that was before they had accused her of shop-lifting, as she tells so cheerfully in the Ohio sections of her autobiography, *This Is On Me*. And another and more conservative New Englander, Mary Ellen Chase, not only enjoyed Ohio more than any of the forty-eight states in which she lectured because "So many people in Ohio have been friendly to me," but also surprisingly enough to foreigners, for its "inimitable art colony of cooks," and because it is "the one state in the Union which has given me neither a chicken patty nor vanilla ice-cream with chocolate sauce to eat."

Miss Chase was luckier on the whole than I have been, but Ohio can be like that. I have enjoyed few experiences more than a threshing day, dinner and supper, on Ohio farms; or sheep-shearing time; or, especially in southern Ohio, apple time, when there was laughter and the general sense of good living in the big kitchen and around the barn. Even rural Ohioans are less constrained during these rituals, and become human enough to suit the Kentuckians from the first tier of hill counties east of the Bluegrass. I think Ohio may have got too much of its general tone from those tight-lipped and stiff-necked New Englanders who poured into the State, and for a century held a costly

monopoly on our schools and pulpits. I am not sure but that we Ohioans as a people are still a little scared of these stern Puritan ghosts and let them censor our natural gifts for the art of gentle living.

5

Our people are always much in the news and they are probably even a little above the national average in fame for their works. We offer everything beginning with the "Desire Under The Elms" theme of the mother down Xenia way who murdered her children because, she said, "he didn't like them"; and when he learned what she had done he said, "I guess I'll go to the store and get some butter." Our papers, as you might expect, carry a goodly number of these acts of diversified men.

But over in Dayton are three big airports and many landing fields, vast green meadows crisscrossed with concrete runways by day, huge rectangular necklaces of red beads by night, to remind us of two young Dayton boys, Wilbur and Orville Wright, bicycle repairmen and jacks of all trades, who tinkered with flying machines in their shop and in a nearby pasture field, and flew for the first time a practical airplane on the sands at Kittyhawk, North Carolina, a week before Christmas, 1903.

Up in the center of the Firelands in Milan, a little village of 678 souls (Norwalk long ago stole from it the county-seat and bigness), is the birthplace of Thomas Alva Edison. The little cottage of red brick under big trees at the north end of the town looks across the valley down which, when Edison was born, went huge quantities of grain by canal to the lake in boats made at this serene and leisurely village.

And we could fill up a very big book even with such brief reminders of Ohio men, not otherwise mentioned here, who are known to the nation—John D. Rockefeller, Tom Corwin, the Van Sweringens, “Golden Rule” Johnson, Charles F. Kettering, Daniel Frohman, Cass Gilbert, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Clarence Darrow, Lowell Thomas, et cetera, et cetera. For the pattern of diversity with which we began as settlements continues to this day in all its forms.

We even have a high quota of oddities. Ever since the first pioneering days, eccentric people have been wont to appear from time to time among us. We had the “Leatherwood God,” one of many religious fanatics, who became a legend—not a very happy one, to be sure, even when treated by William Dean Howells. He appeared miraculously from nowhere in the midst of a camp-meeting over near Salesville in 1828, and interrupted the sermonic oratory by shouting the word “Salvation.” This startled the people no less than his claim that he was God Almighty, and was about to bring to earth the New Jerusalem. He gathered bands of followers, and grew strong; but when he failed to perform the miracle of making a seamless garment, he was driven into hiding and then out of the State by the unbelievers.

Over around Clark County a legend is growing up about the Hermit of Mad River who lived for nearly forty years in a cabin built in a tree eighty feet above the ground and reached by tortuous ladders. He became a learned man, and an artist, whose mode of life and accomplishments, as well as his odd appearance, brought visitors from everywhere to his tree. Another of equal proportions centers around the religious hermit of Hewitt’s Cave along the Scioto Trail,

who, like King David, and Prince Hamlet, feigned insanity to gain protection, and roamed the hills of Ross County. An inscription at the cave reads: "William Hewitt, the Hermit, occupied this cave for fourteen years while all was wilderness around him. He died in 1834, aged 70 years." On a hill in Muskingum County lives a naturally gifted and self-taught sculptor, an undertaker by profession, who in his spare moments has carved the native outcropping stone on his place into rather Egyptian-limbed statues, fascinating in their crude vigor, of Presidents, celebrities, animals and other subjects, and set them up around the brow of the ridge for all who come to see. This cheerful oddity overlooking the valley and other rows of hills is now known as Baughman's Park.

One of the most diverting of our eccentrics lived and, in his fashion, practised herb medicine in Dayton, where he advertised himself as "the discoverer of a cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, and big neck," and asked pay in proportion to cure—no cure, no pay; half cure, half pay; work well done, full pay. He lived alone in stinking surroundings on the main street of the town between the hospital and the medical center, and on the route of the funeral processions. And when a cortège passed by on its way to the cemetery the doctor dressed up, put on a silk hat, and stood on the street with a placard sign for all to see: "Not my patient."

We have had scores of these interesting fellows, and they, too, are Ohio, along with Grant, Mad Ann Bailey, Sherman, and Harry Micajah Daugherty.

6

Our farm and manufacturing products are as varied as our men. We grow almost everything there is in Ohio. We have vineyards on the lake; we have sugar-beet fields; we have great onion swamps, and tobacco patches; we have acres of gardens under glass near the cities, and big wheat fields and corn lands, and hay meadows, and orchards. We have nurseries everywhere. We have a peony festival at Van Wert in the northwest, and we have maple groves that yield even better syrup than Vermont itself produces. The abundant fat flocks and herds, the brood mares and colts, the pigs and chickens, ducks and geese, turkeys and guinea fowl, thick on the farms, give life and color to the countryside everywhere. And one does not have to be either sentimental or provincially Ohioan to be inspired at the big State Fair held in Columbus late each August by the sight of farm boys exhibiting their pure-bred sheep, their cows, horses, and hogs; and farm women arranging for display their prize fruits, corn, garden stuff, and handiwork; all giving some insight into the stability and pride and variety of life in rural Ohio.

For that life is probably more satisfactory than ever before in the history of the State. Something important happens to 4H boys and girls who grow prize corn, care for a personal pet farm animal, who raise a disowned lamb, and cart it in for exhibit at the County Fair. Few Ohio farms are far from paved roads and a fair-sized town. There are summer camps for the women, cooperative live-stock markets for the men, and fine big community-center township schools for all. I have dedicated some of these buildings, and have

been at their commencements, and still I marvel at the way the local women serve meals in the gymnasium from the school kitchen, and the way the people flock in to the movies and the doings at these schools. All this, too, is Ohio.

We make almost everything ever heard tell of in this State. I once thought of setting down a bald list of Ohio products beginning, say, with aircraft, aluminum ware, automotive manufacturing, books, boating, playing cards, cans, carriages, cranes, and on down through drugs, elevators, fire engines, fiberglass and glass building blocks, harness, leather, and lithographing equipment, to radios, railroad cars and engines, soap, watches, and yeast. But I soon found that the list would grow tedious long before I had made a good start on the ramifications of aircraft alone, to say nothing of ambulances, hearses, trailers, pots, pans, paper, roller bearings, safety razors, fertilizer, bolts, baseballs, and golf clubs. We even manufacture bees, in a manner of speaking, sell them by the package like raisins, and ship queens to all parts of the world. Ohio had the first silk factory in the United States; it was set up at Mount Pleasant in 1841. Its owners bought silkworm eggs in France, hatched them in sheds, fed them on twenty-five acres of mulberry trees, wove silk on a "drawboy loom," took first prize at the Crystal Palace Exposition in London in 1851, and, they say, made a waistcoat of "Buckeye Burr" (light buff) which Henry Clay delighted to wear. You may see samples of this Ohio silk in our Museum at Columbus. The good poet Longfellow at a Cambridge dinner in 1849 served Ohio champagne made at Cincinnati from Catawba grapes grown on the river bluffs there by Nicholas Longworth. Whatever men can want, Ohio can make—and probably does.

It is quite possible that all these facts leave us as far afield as when we started on our search for what is singularly Ohio in Ohio. Perhaps, as the social scientists say, we are only a national average, a convenient yard stick, typical in all things, singular in nothing. But we Ohioans know that there is an illusive something more ("and how much it is"), the subtle X that colors our politics and religion; that gives tone to our big cities, and our country acres; that emanates from the college campuses and university halls; that broods over the hills of the Muskingum valley and over the lake shore and the plains; and we call it simply Ohio. It is a unity in all this diversity. Putnam, Cutler, Worthington, Kilburn, Symmes, Cleaveland might recognize it if they visited us today, and they would approve of much of it. Cuming and Flint would support Anderson's loving satire, and still be happily surprised at the adult into which the crude child who annoyed them has grown. Of course even we are not wholly satisfied with ourselves and our State, and we mourn its scars and its weaknesses. But we lament only in the spirit of divine Odysseus:

*Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are,—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.*

THE END

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